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THE LACE SHAWL

From the Painting by
Dorothy Stevens

MAY 3 1922

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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THE NEW GOVERNMENT IN ACTION

BY T. M. FRASER

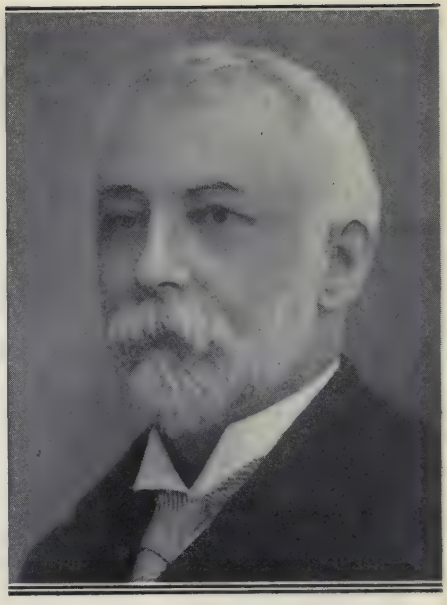
CANADA'S Fourteenth Parliament is entering on the third month of its existence. The third Liberal Government since Confederation has been functioning for about three months. In either case the period is perhaps all too brief for a considered judgment as to what the country may expect from its new administration. Both are fresh from the hands of their creators, entering into what is, to the majority of the members, a new world; in some cases, strange and "gawky" as new boys at school; in the case of the Progressive members in the House, particularly, charged with responsibilities even more difficult to discharge than are those of the Government.

If there ever was a time in the history of Canada when an administration needed the sympathy and consideration of the people, it is now. There is a cynical dictum from an old Canadian master of political strategy to the effect that "elections are not won with prayers"; but prayers may quite conceivably he helpful to an administration after it has emerged successfully from the trials of an election.

We may assume that the readers of *The Canadian Magazine* remote from the strife of tongues which wages so fiercely and, one is inclined to judge, often so foolishly at Ottawa, are sufficiently detached to be prepared to view with sympathy the task which this new administration has assumed; and at the same time to realize, as the present Government is now probably realizing more completely, the weight of the burden laid down by its predecessors in office. We may agree with Pope, that,

"For forms of government, let fools contest;
What'er is best administered is best",

HON. W. C. KENNEDY,
Minister of Railways



HON. W. S. FIELDING,
Minister of Finance

and give credit to the war-administration and its successor for at least an earnest attempt to deal with very difficult problems.

Hon. Mr. King's tenure of office really depends very largely on the complacency of the sixty-five Progressive members who, while they have already plainly expressed themselves as being less in sympathy with their fellow-oppositionists led by Mr. Meighen than with the administration, occupy a distinctly detached position with respect to both the old parties. They have not as yet shown any inclination to use their strength in a tyrannous way; but there has been no test yet on issues which they consider of vital importance to their cause. So long as the Government remains on its "good behavior" they may no doubt be depended on to do likewise; but a snap vote or a careless chance remark has upset a government before now, and may do so again.

In 1884 Gladstone was returned to power with a majority within two of the aggregate of his two opponents. About a month later his Government was defeated on Mr. Jesse Colling's trivial amendment to the address to the effect that every agricultural laborer should have "three acres and a cow".

The change which has taken place in the orientation of the Canadian House, as seen from the coign of vantage which the Press Gallery affords, is somewhat striking. Mr. Meighen and his following, which last session presented a solid phalanx to the right of Mr. Speaker, is now rather obscurely placed in the left hand corner of the chamber, and presents the appearance of being telescoped by the considerably larger body of Progressives. Thus far they are not the aggressive body which it was expected Conservatives under Mr. Meighen's leadership would present in opposition. Last session, when the demise of the Government was pretty generally anticipated as soon as it went to the country, it was the custom for political gossipers to look

HON. W. L. MACKENZIE KING,
who leads the new Dominion Government with cautious determination

forward with ghoulish anticipation to what Mr. Meighen would "do", as the Leader of the Opposition and critic of the next government, to those who were so unhappy as to be the subjects of his biting sarcasm and agile mind. But at that time the expectation was that the worst which fortune

HON. DR. BELAND,
D.S.C.R. and Public Health

HON. GEORGE P. GRAHAM,
Minister of Militia

could deal out to the then premier would be to send him back at the head of a powerful, fighting opposition.

What has actually happened is that the official Opposition, both in numbers and personnel, is one of the weakest which the House has seen for a long time. Numerically, it constitutes only about one-fifth of the membership; and out of fifty average members of Parliament, it is not to be expected that a strong front-line can be secured. Mr. Meighen himself is, unquestionably, as resourceful and dangerous an opposition critic as any government could have facing it. There is no man in Parliament who can get quicker to the weak point of the enemy's line, or pierce it more effectively; nor, as is the special strategy of opposition, more easily "make the worse appear the best reason, to perplex and dash maturest counsel".

When Mr. Meighen addresses the House, he usually turns not to Mr. Speaker nor to the Government benches, but instinctively towards the Progressives; and his clear and crisp reasoning, his patient and apparently frank marshalling of facts, his air of being completely convinced of the justice of the position he is taking, is certainly effective. Mr. Meighen's weakness is that he sometimes leaves the impression that he is not so much concerned with convincing the country and securing the eventual triumph of a principle, as of swaying a jury and securing an immediate tactical advantage in the House; and he is the possessor of a double-edged talent for sarcasm and dialectic display which may amuse and entertain while it does not convince.

While it would be unfair to some very keen fighters to say that Mr. Meighen is the whole Opposition, he is unquestionably the greater part of it. His financial critic, Sir Henry Drayton, is a man of parts; but he was not notably helpful to the former Government in the rough and tumble of the House, nor is he effective in opposition, as compared with financial critics like Sir George Foster or Mr.

HON. JAMES MURDOCK,
Minister of Labor

HON. T. A. LOW,
Minister without portfolio

Fielding, for example. Those former Liberals General Mewburn and Hon. Hugh Guthrie leave the impression of men who are *with* a party, but not *of* it. Mr. Stevens of Vancouver, a well-informed and ready debater, ready to fight at the drop of a hat; Mr. J. B. M. Baxter; Mr. J. A. Stewart and Dr. Manion are really the spear-head of Hon. Mr. Meighen's offensive.

To thoroughly place the field which confronts the Government before getting to the Government itself, we must take some account of the Progressives. They are anything but negligible; indeed, they are the most potentially dangerous element the Government has to face, while far from being much aid and comfort to the official Opposition. To some extent, they represent those irregular forces which hang upon the flanks of hostile armies ready to profit from the exigencies of either. Thus far, they have shown only the velvet glove; but they make no pretence of concealing the fact that it encases the iron hand, which will put forth its power if deemed necessary.

The Progressives are primarily sympathetic to the party in power; but how far that sympathy extends will be ascertained only when the policy of the Government is developed on the tariff and other issues which Mr. Crerar and his followers have close at heart. In the meantime, by joining solidly with the Government on the first division of the session—on a straight vote of want of confidence—they have helped to give it a good start.

The treasury benches present a pretty formidable array of experience, at least. The new cabinet has frequently been compared with the Laurier Government of 1896, which Liberals have been accustomed to call the Canadian "Cabinet of All the Talents". Ten of the eighteen have already had cabinet experience, either federal or provincial. There are three former provincial premiers—Messrs. Gouin, Fielding, and Stewart. The only member of the Government wholly without legislative experience

HON. A. B. COPP
Secretary of State

SIR LOMER GOUIN,
Minister of Justice

is the Minister of Labor, Hon. James Murdock. While there is always a "tail", made up of men whom no one would classify as the first rank, in every government, it might fairly be said that the present administration is not much lower in ability than the first Laurier cabinet.

HON. ERNEST LAPOINTE,
Minister of Marine and Fisheries

HON. CHARLES STEWART,
Minister of the Interior

HON. J. A. ROBB,
Minister of Trade and Commerce

HON. J. E SINCLAIR,
Minister without Portfolio

Of course, the present Premier has suffered from comparison with his predecessor. Such comparisons are unfair, because Laurier was as much a man apart among Canadian public men of our day as Gladstone was in his own country and time. Mr. King is not a Laurier, but he is improving,

HON. JACQUES BUREAU,
Minister of Customs

HON. W. R. MOTHERWELL,
Minister of Agriculture

SENATOR DANDURAND,
Minister without Portfolio

HON. CHARLES MURPHY,
Postmaster-General

and while his oratory is swift and flowing it is more the discourse of the popular speaker or the fluent college professor. He is far more discursive, though more eloquent, than Mr. Meighen; which is one reason why he is more effective on the platform and less so in the House.

While Mr. King is fourteen years older than when he was first elected to Parliament in 1908, while his hair has become thinner, and he has a few more lines in his face, it is still the face of the eternal boy—the good-natured boy. His placidity is an asset sometimes to the extent of annoying his opponents, and one wishes he could be goaded into even a momentary fury with the cold, metallic, contemptuous opponent who delights to put him on the rack. But Mr. King in a temper is almost inconceivable. He will defend with vigor a position which he has taken, but he will not lose his poise. He, like Mr. Meighen, is faithful in attendance in the House, and he listens attentively and very courteously to every word spoken.

Faithfulness might be described as the outstanding characteristic of the Prime Minister. He has been a faithful son and brother, and a faithful friend. As a young man he took up the cares and responsibilities of a large paternal household, and carried it on to the end, which came a few days ago with the burial in Toronto of an invalid brother's remains. Faithfulness to the memory of a friend is even less common, and possibly even more admirable than to family connections.

This faithfulness Mr. King showed in high degree in the memorial he wrote of the late Albert Harper, friend for all his short life, who was drowned while trying to save Miss Blair from the Ottawa river, and whose mounment stands at the entrance to the grounds of Parliament. With whatever measure of ability or success Premier King carries on his duties as Leader of Government and of the Liberay party, he will undoubtedly be faithful to what his conception of those duties is.

HON. D. D. MacKENZIE,
Solicitor-General

HON. DR. J. H. KING,
Minister of Public Works

On the Prime Minister's right sits Hon. W. S. Fielding, who in a life well over the allotted span has had but two occupations — journalism and politics. The probable culmination of Mr. Fielding's career came in August, 1919, when at the Liberal convention in Ottawa he stumbled on the top step. Thereafter he abandoned all hope of the great prize of Canadian political life, and one to which, if ability only had counted, he might be said to have been fairly entitled. It has been the habit of political commentators to ascribe Mr. Fielding's defeat at that convention to the fixed determination of Quebec that the man who had deserted Laurier should never be his successor. Mr. Fielding has many enemies in Quebec; but it was not Quebec alone that encompassed his defeat. He had friends there also; powerful friends like Sir Lomer Gouin, who worked hard to swing the Quebec vote into line behind him. There was a body of irreconcilables in Quebec; but there was an almost equally large body in the Maritime Provinces, who admired but did not love Mr. Fielding, and did not want him for leader of the party. Some time ago there appeared in a Canadian journal an enthusiastic appreciation of the Minister of Finance, which spoke of him as "having led back to Ottawa a solid sixteen from the Province of Nova Scotia". The solid ones themselves were anything but pleased with this way of putting the case. "Lead us!" they will say. "We carried Mr. Fielding back with us."

Now, those men are in Parliament to-day, and they are as enthusiastic as ever for Mr. Fielding in action in the House. They admire, as who could help but admire, the fertility of resource, the readiness and effectiveness in debate, the clearness of intellect, the experience always available in an emergency, the cold but never-failing courtesy, all the qualities which are his. But they say of Mr. Fielding, as the Conservatives said of Sir George Foster, that he accepts loyalty and support without ever recognizing its obligations; that he never turns his back to an enemy or his face to a friend.

Of his value to the administration, there is no doubt. His resourcefulness has already helped it out of more than one awkward situation, and will likely do so many times again before this Parliament ends. Whether he will prove physically able to handle the enormous budren imposed on a finance minister in Canada to-day, remains to be seen. Mr. Fielding has himself pointed out that the budget in recent years has been six or seven times as great as it was in the last years of the Laurier administration; the attendant work and worry of the department is proportionately increased; and, meanwhile, he is more than ten years older.

In speaking of the Government in action, it is here we must dwell longest. Thus far, the only tangible matter of first-class importance introduced in the House has been the estimates for the coming year. On examination, they cannot be called anything but disappointing. They were laid on the table of the House without a word from the Minister, and any claims for reductions have not been made by him.

The total reduction expected was more than one hundred million dollars. The shipbuilding programme of the previous Government ended last year. Consequently ten million dollars was spent then which will not be spent this year. There will be $23,000,000 less on Soldiers Land Settlement; $2,500,000 less on housing; $5,000,000 less on Soldiers Civil Re-establishment. The principal item by which this difference in the amount of the estimates is obtained is a sum of $81,000,000 less in the total of the railway estimates. This, in the view of the Opposition, is made up of advances necessarily made last year on account of Canadian National Railway betterments, being a portion of the amount necessary to put that road in shape after it was taken over.

Nevertheless, as Mr. Fielding pointed out in the House, no member of the Government side has made any claim for economy in the estimates; that has been left to ardent newspaper champions who have not analyzed them closely. That they are smaller than those of last year, however this has been accomplished, is sufficient for the ordinary worried taxpayer.

To the left of the Premier sits Sir Lomer Gouin—silent, placid, grim. Opponents of the Government persist in making of him a man of mystery—and, by turns, a man of mastery. They will have it that he is the power behind the throne. He came to the House with the prestige of a long and successful administration in Quebec, where he fought every inch of the way to the position he ultimately attained. When he entered politics there, all those which are commonly called the reactionary influences were opposed to him; when he came to Ottawa he was charged by his critics as coming to represent those same influences. As, during his career, he does not seem to have lost the confidence of the common people of his native province, it seems only fair for us to take him for what he declared himself, in his one brief speech in the House, to be—"a man of good will", whose only ambition is to serve his country in his own modest way.

Nevertheless, so long as he sits there, silently watching all that is going on, and listening intently to all that is said, he will continue to maintain the suspicion of his critics and to intrigue the imagination of all. He appears less a man than a force, and for the present there will be interest to note in which way that force will be directed.

There are eighteen members in this Government. It will obviously exhaust the space of this magazine and possibly the patience and interest of its readers to deal with them all at such length as I have devoted to the outstanding figures. Few of them have yet been in action in the House. One of the newest political figures,

however, has been. This is Mr. James Murdock, the Minister of Labor, who, in the discussion of his estimates, fell afoul of some of the Opposition critics and endured a pretty hard time. To be frank, the first appearance of the Minister of Labor on any legislative stage did not seem to take the House by storm.

Any Parliament is as a rule sympathetic to a new member if he shows a certain amount of appreciation of the fact that he is new, and approaches his duties with a proper spirit of modesty. There was not the slightest indication in Mr. Murdock's demeanor that he was any more impressed by the dignity of his surroundings or the responsibility of his position than if he had been back in the lodge room. He speaks in a plain and absolutely self-confident way, in a voice which might be heard far beyond the confines of Parliament; but he has the fault to a very great degree of being tautological, and, as he was reminded by a Progressive member, the spirit of pugnacity which he was quick to exhibit never tends to expedite business. Several little incidents which occurred during the progress of this debate on the Labor estimates led observers in the House to express the opinion that the first break that comes in the cabinet ranks—and there never was a cabinet in which a break did not come sooner or later—will probably be associated with the name of the Minister of Labor.

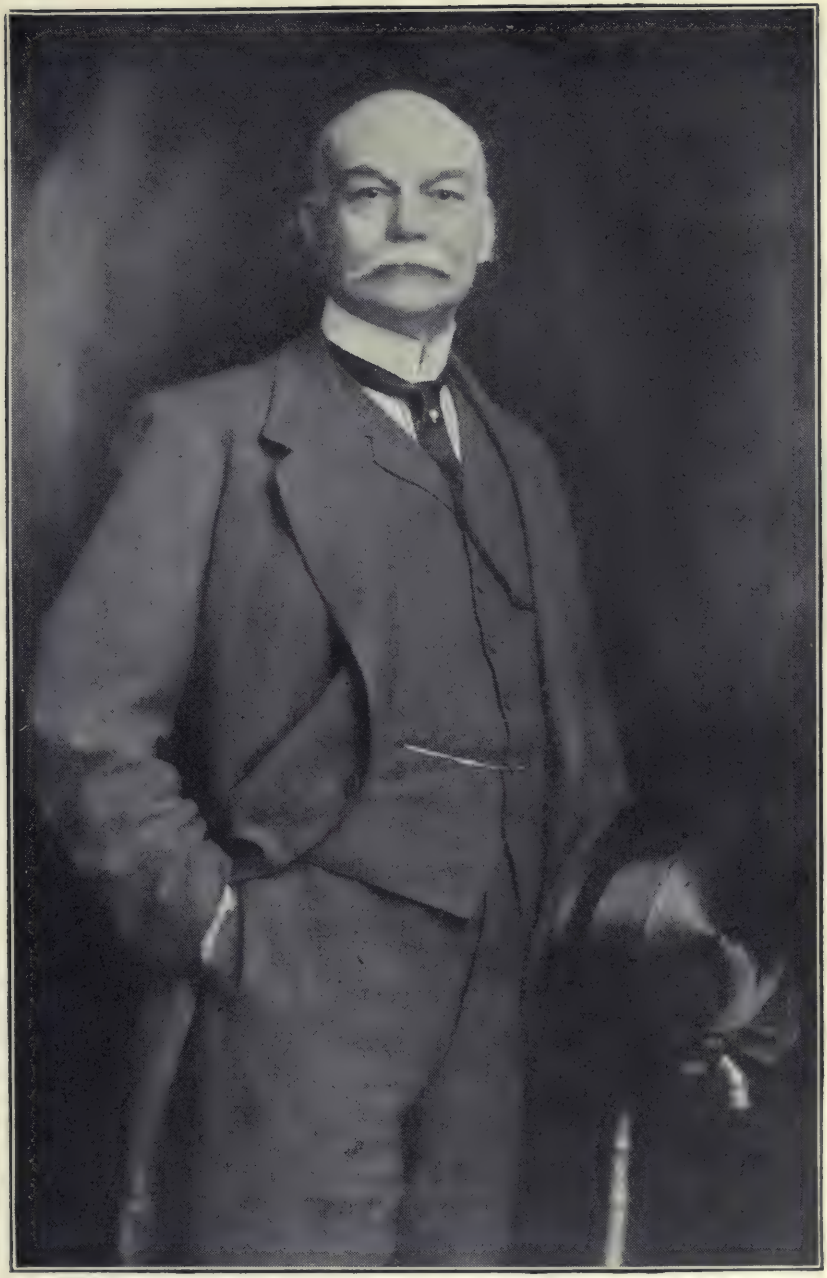
On the whole, the most captious critic must admit that the Government is proceeding very cautiously, and apparently with due regard to its responsibilities to the country and its position in the House. Its members, on the whole, are conciliatory; the fullest discussion of every subject introduced has been encouraged; the way, perhaps, is being paved for the budget. That will be the first real test of the administration. It is then the Progressives must declare themselves. If they are dissatisfied enough to propose an amendment, Mr. Meighen must decide whether he wants another appeal to the country, and whether he can vote against an administration which has been persistently charged with simply advocating and proposing to carry on a tariff policy not essentially different from that which he himself advocated. The situation is pregnant with possibilities; and never in the history of Canadian politics has there been a time when wise leadership and the study of tactics was more essential or desirable.

THE HIGH COMMISSIONER

FEW men have left Canada for England on a public mission to whom the press has shown such marked curiosity and attention as it has displayed toward Hon. Peter C. Larkin. The curiosity was two-fold; interest in the personality of the man chosen from among so many, and a piquant desire to unravel the mystery of Canada's new "status", which has been troubling the statesmen of two continents.

Mr. Larkin is the Lipton of this continent, for the rise of the Salada Tea Company is one of the romances of Canadian commerce. One cannot open a newspaper in Canada or the United States that does not display the well-known Salada advertisement. It is no exaggeration to say that this huge enterprise owes its existence to an idea that fertilized in the brain of Mr. Larkin—the advantage of selling tea in packages. The idea took possession of Mr. Larkin, but the retailers and consumers were slow in appreciating the advantage of the change from bulk tea. In the end, courage and persistence won out. To-day, Mr. Larkin is among the wealthiest in Canada, although one would not discover this fact in the quiet, retiring personality that shrinks from publicity, and who is never so happy as when engaged in conversation with a few choice friends. For Mr. Larkin is a brilliant conversationalist, well read and a keen judge of art as well as a patron of art.

On Mr. Larkin the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier was wont to rely for advice in the affairs of the Liberal Party. A large contributor to Liberal funds, and of a rather shy disposition, he left to others the platform publicity from which he shrank. It is safe to say, however, that no one in the Liberal Party enjoyed more fully the confidence of the late leader, and it is an open secret that these relations continue to exist between the present leader, Mr. King, and Hon. P. C. Larkin. When many thought that an older and more experienced leader might be found, it was Mr. Larkin that discovered in Mr. King the promise of a distinguished political career and ripening qualities which the first session of the new Parliament has amply confirmed. In a particular sense Mr. Larkin will represent the Liberal point of view in the relations between Canada and Great Britain. His arrival in London has excited a great deal of curiosity as to what the Liberal viewpoint may be, but it is unlikely that Mr. Larkin will give away his case to the importunate interviewer. He is a man of action rather than of words, and beneath the genial smile is an inflexible will. That the office of High Commissioner, under his direction, will assume a rank of prime importance among the other Dominions represented in London is a foregone conclusion. If the King Government remains in office long enough, it is certain that Canada will play a bigger part in London as a nation of vast potentialities that offers rich attractions to the investor and settler, for it is confidently predicted that Mr. Larkin will give to affairs of state the same energizing influences that he has given to affairs of commerce.



HON. PETER C. LARKIN,
the new Canadian High Commissioner

THE JASMINES AND THE MOTH

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

THE green Jasmines languished in a wild open space near the edge of a forest. It was a very beautiful space, but unlike most of the spaces that men make, it did not look as if it had been planned or set out by line and rule. All the flowers in it were old-fashioned, and they grew up as best they could without man's help or man's hindrance. Because man was wild then, too, and did not think much about flowers or notice them as they grew. But the little wild girl who sometimes came out into the space was learning to love the flowers, perhaps because she was the first girl that ever braided her hair. She tied the braid with flowers, and with flowers also she made her head look gay. She loved, too, to hear little birds singing in the garden, all through the day, and she thought it was the flowers that made them sing.

Singing to himself, a little wild boy sometimes came into the space, and while there he never chased the little wild girl, nor did he with willow wands make red lines upon her ankles. For while in this beautiful space he was no longer a wild boy, nor while there was she a wild girl. He pretended not to care about flowers, even if sometimes he did pluck them for the little girl to put into her hair.

Unlike all the other flowers that grew in this wild space, the Jasmines were just plain green. Green was the color also, as it is to-day, of all the tangled mass of foliage; and because of that it was only natural that the birds and bees, attracted by a red flower here or a blue flower there, should quite overlook the green Jasmines blooming modestly by themselves against their common background,

Yet common as was the color of green by day, it was hopelessly neutral by night. So that the Jasmines, even if they had any thought of being seen when the sun was at high noon, had not even a shred of hope when the moths and beetles bestirred themselves with the falling of night. And it was a law of life that they should be seen, either by birds and bees in daytime, or by moths and beetles in the dusk of evening. For how otherwise could they send to each other their messages, the supreme love messages of their lives?

Living, to them, until now, had been just keeping leaf and stem intact. But when they saw the other flowers sending messages by birds and bees and thus causing to spring up all round myriads of fresh, young flowers, they quailed throughout their slender lengths, fearing they might wither and die without leaving any little ones of their own. That for them would have been the great calamity of nature. And so as they saw the

hollyhocks and primroses and buttercups thrive and multiply, producing wonderful petals of red or pink or yellow, they tried to speak to each other, to lean toward each other, to cast the dust of their beings upon the passing breeze. And try as they might to attract the insects to the honey secreted in their fragile bowls, their efforts were as nothing, for a great hollyhock stood between them, flaunting gaudy colors and opening amorously under the sun. And even the little wild girl, as she ambled in the wild space amongst the wild flowers, choosing the brightest blooms, the while watching for the little wild boy to come dangling his quiver and bow —even the little wild girl treated them with disdain. Much better, so they thought, had she plucked them and ended it all. But they knew that if placed in her hair they would not be bright and gaudy enough to make the wild boy tremble in drawing near. But they could have given just as much honey as the other flowers, if the bees could only have seen them. They wanted to send messages, too, by the bees, because they had not grown up close together, as one might have thought. They were so far apart that they could not speak to or even touch each other, because the large hollyhock stood all the time between them, so large indeed that they could not even see each other, except when the wind swayed them from side to side. Sometimes they could hear a bee buzzing right above them, and then they would open wide their little green faces expectantly. But the bee would never see them, the other flowers were so bright and dazzling. And if the Jasmines hadn't any chance against all the bright flowers by day, what hope had they by night?

By night!

Night to them had been the dreariest time of all. For then everything was dark and gloomy and borbidding. No little wild girl made a darting shadow in the sunlight, the while crooning a song as she waited for her lover. No bee sent up a droning sound. No bird sang high above the trees. So that all the Jasmines could do was to repose there, with the dark and the dew falling upon them, perhaps as a benediction.

And as the dew fell one night, the Jasmines, still awake and fearful, heard and also felt an almost inaudible whirr, a gentle winging sound, a sound that was like soft petals falling in space. And when they heard that sound, they stood, taut and rigid, wondering what gift of the gods had come at last.

And indeed it was a gift of the gods. For this strange thing hovered above them like a wraith, like the ghost of something perhaps seen by day, like a tiny ball of thistledown, a piece of fluttering gauze, a mist, a vapor, an intangible something that was coming closer and purring softly and embracing them in turn with the tenderness of a midsummer breeze. They thrilled with an ecstasy that was the more exquisite because of the fear that was now a memory. And it seemed as if throughout their whole slim lengths, down to the very roots, all the conflict of the tempest, the glory of the sun, the poetry of the moon, the swaying of trees, the tender throbbing of earth, the mystery of night, all the exquisite potions distilled by heavenly alchemists coursed in one passionate, triumphant emotion. So that they gave of the abundance of their honey, and poured forth their souls in messages of love.

But they did not know that the messenger was only a little fluttering white moth seeking its supper.

And when the moth fluttered away again, the whole aspect of the night seemed to change. Moonlight filtered in through the trees, the lark sang sweeter than ever before, and

throughout all throbbed the great pulse of nature.

And then for a long time they wondered, each within itself. Ideas came to them. And each had a different idea from the other. Both now knew that it was better for them to bloom at night, to open their faces to the moon instead of to the sun. But how could they lure again the purring messenger to their honeyed depths? Instinctively they knew that the moth had come to them that night driven by a fairy wand, because in the darkness they were not different from the other flowers. Now, however, they must make themselves different. One thought of making sweet perfume, so sweet indeed that when the moth should come again into the space it should go at once to the source. The other thought of turning into a white flower, so that it could be seen at night, just as the white, gaudy moth could be seen. Both knew that they could not have these things for themselves, but now that their first love messages had been given, they knew that they could have them for their little ones. So they fell asleep at last, perhaps to dream, and it was the long sleep of winter.

Winter gone, spring came again, and the Jasmines were awake early to watch for their little ones. Soon they saw slender green shoots coming up through the ground, and at first they feared that perhaps they were just little hollyhocks. But, sure enough, they were little Jasmines, and they grew up strong and good. The old Jasmines kept their eyes open every night, waiting for the little ones to bloom. And when at last they did bloom, their petals were all white, and they filled the air with perfume. The old Jasmine that had thought of the white petals had had no idea of the sweet perfume, and the one that had thought of the perfume had never dreamed of the white.

Then many more moths came out and saw and smelt all the little Jasmines. They purred and purred from one Jasmine to another, carrying messages back and forth. And everybody was happy. The lark flew away up above all the trees and sang with a clear and mellow note, he was so glad to see the white flowers in the wild garden at night and to smell the sweet smell. The little wild girl and the little wild boy came walking down through the space hand in hand, slowly, just like two lovers. The boy, stooping, picked one of the little white flowers and gave it to the girl. The girl did not put it into her hair as she had put the flowers of the day time. She smelt it, and pressed it to her lips, and held it in her hand a long, long time. And then when the boy went away, dangling his quiver and bow, she kissed the sweet petals of the flower again and again and whispered,

"It's the jasmine, as pure and sweet as my lover's love."

Then she placed the white flower in her bosom and ran back into the deeper darkness.

Therefore is the jasmine white and its perfume sweet with the dew of night. Therefore do moths sleep in the day time and hunt for honey after the sun has set. Therefore are larks happy when the moon has risen, and lovers prone to walk slowly in flowered spaces when all things of earth are at rest.

THE PORT OF MONTREAL

From the Painting by
G. Horne Russell

THE VICK AND THE DEAD

BY MARY MOORE SANBORN

MISS CAREY looked out alertly over the big sunny room.

She was actually aware, by means of that sixth sense, instinct in all animal trainers, that the air was charged with excitement. It manifested itself in such time-honored symptoms as persistent whispers in the lee of raised desk-lids; and the agitated stream of fledgling students to and from the big dictionary. Trips made for the ostensible purpose of grappling with such impediments as obstruct the fairway through Mr. Guffey's Fourth Reader, but actually to deposit a special delivery bulletin which would be retrieved by the next hunter of news and nouns. Tidings of tremendous import were thus deviously circulating, and it gradually became apparent that public interest was focusing breathlessly on the languid person of Mr. Cyril Snaith. That gentleman, his Murillo-like beauty underscored by the brilliant red of a new sweater, lolled negligently in his seat, permitting the general admiration to froth round him unrestrained.

When two smart taps on the bell had failed to elicit any response, Miss Carey realized that the pursuit of knowledge would degenerate into a wild goose chase as far as Room Five was concerned, unless the situation were met and mastered promptly.

Miss Carey was red-haired. She rose, and fixing a compelling eye on Cyril Snaith, once more smote the bell with the palm of authority. Cyril straightened up hastily. A vague sense of guilt oppressed him, but he was uncertain whether to attribute it to moral obliquity, or the water mark on his neck.

Arrived in front of her desk, he pulled his new sweater down with an air of military smartness; and thus achieved a neat disguise for the sparsley buttoned areas of his nether garment.

Lifting his exaggerate pansy-brown eyes, he gazed at her with dulcet innocence. Unfortunately he inspired the irritation of perfection. "It's pretty," she thought, "but is it art?"

"Cyril," said Miss Carey blandly, "would you mind divulging the private advices that have thrown your fellow-citizens into such a ferment this morning? I shouldn't dream of asking you to turn your attention to study, until this evidently important matter is thoroughly aired and discussed in all its aspects."

A spontaneous snigger escaped from the assembly; on Cyril's soulful face there flickered a shadow of reproach.

"In other words," translated Miss Carey hastily, "just what is the news, Cyril please let me in on it, won't you?"

Cyril swelled slightly, and the new sweater betrayed a hiatus hitherto unsuspected by the public. His dignity, though, minimized the gap.

"Why yes, ma'am, Miss Carey, I aimed ter tell you at recess, 'taint nothin' but my sister's got ter be a vamp."

"Cyrill! A vamp? Why does she

have to be a vamp? And how is she going about it?"

"She don't hafter, she's got a chance ter."

"Oh, I see; self-determination."

"Yes, ma'm. One of these fellers from the Sumart Studio seed her down at the ten-cent store, an' he went back and told 'em she was a Dixie Dream. So they came an asked her wouldn't she rather foller actin' than clerkin', an' she said she reckin she would. You see they got a studio right here; least-ways it's out in the shruburbs a piece, an' she's startin' in to-day on a seven-reeler called "The Pearl of Paris." They goin' ter feature her as the Beeb Vamp."

"The *Beeb* vamp, Cyril? You're sure it's not the Boob?"

"No, ma'm, it's a dago word, Beeb."

"Oh!" said Miss Carey in tones of disillusion, "bebe; I suppose boob was too true to be good. But Cyril, how splendid!" She was secretly thrilled herself, at being brought into such familiar contact with a film family. "And now she'll get a big salary, and be able to help you all a lot—won't she?"

Cyril sucked his teeth pensively. "Yes, ma'm," he said without conviction.

"Which sister is it?" pursued Miss Carey, trying to identify the personnage in the care-free Snaith family, thus singled out by the Jade Fortune.

"It's Lula, Miss Carey, but they done turned her into Sahara Amor."

"Oh that *is* a good name"—warmly—"wonderful for a Bebe Vamp. Sahara now, with a sort of passionate hiccup in the middle. And Amor, extremely frenchy."

"Yes, ma'm," said Cyril politely. And Miss Carey, returning his luminous gaze, pondered on the amazing upward jerk of the family fortunes, and the commercialization of eyes in screen drama.

The morning's activities resumed their normally halting course, and when, eventually, they achieved the respite of recess, the shabby little denizens of Room Five surged round Miss Carey to discuss for a while the absorbing topic of Cyril's sudden projection into the limelight. Gradually they ebbed away, leaving only a square, earnest, redcheeked little boy with coppery hair and a speckled nose. An energetic, dynamic little boy named John Vick. He was fortifying himself for the impending period of mental taxation with sandwiches and a small flash of milk. He offered these fraternally to Miss Carey, who, though *instans tyrannus,* was actually his friend. The bond between John Vick and Miss Carey was strongly welded by fire in the hair and blood alike. She had often suspected that Cyril's poetic pallor was due less to romantic destiny, than to the daily snack composed of flabby battercakes and a green banana hastily shoved at him by his temperamental family. The lunch and the looks of the two small strikingly typified cause and effect. John Vick was always provided with appetizing food and showed it; even though his worn little clothes seemed to be held together chiefly by old association.

"Do you aim to go to see her?" he asked suddenly.

"When the play is shown?" she said. "Why yes, of course I shall."

"Aw I bet she aint any good. Whut kin she know about actin', her from a ten-cent store?"

"Oh, she may have learned a lot there; heaps of thrilling things could happen in a ten-cent store. Shoplifters tempted beyond their strength, cruel floorwalkers, jealous salesladies, all that kind of thing. Besides, she's Cyril's sister, so of course I want to see her."

John sighed faintly. "I wisht you could see my sister Katy; I bet you'd like her best."

"Why, John, don't tell me you've got a sister in the movies too?"

"No ma'am, Katy ain't in the movies; I wisht she was. She makes mighty bi ; money though, sewin' out by the day. Folks jes' fights to see

who's goin' to git her next. But—I dunno, actin's diffunt."

"And is she very pretty too?"

"Yes, ma'm, Katy's mighty pretty; all ceptin' her face. But she aint exackly *fillum* pretty somehow. Katy's a mighty pretty girl, though."

"I'm sure Katy's a lovely girl," agreed Miss Carey warmly. "I hope you will bring her here to see me some time."

"I wisht I could. But Katy don't have no time to go round none when she's workin' out. And days off, we all leans mighty heavy on her hips round home."

"Well some day I'll go round to see Katy, then," promised his friend.

Recess was over, and the effulgent Cyril and his satellites were taking their seats. Miss Carey patted John's shoulder.

"I'm sure his sister doesn't know as much about pretty clothes as Katy does," she whispered consolingly.

There ensued an era described in after days by Miss Carey as the Celluloid Curse. During this virulent period Room Five wrote, spoke, and thought exclusively in the jargon of the screen.

Thomas Tillson, cross-examined about Arizona, asserted it to be the spot where William S. Hart skinned old sherriffs. The historic, though anonymous, individual who has the timely signal to Paul Revere, was explained as being "on location" in the tower. And one infautuated youth maintained against all argument and persuasion, that Pearl White was the bravest and greatest woman his country had ever produced; refusing to consider the exploits of the intrepid Molly Pitcher as in the same class at all.

These were only natural manifestations of the popular mania. But an acute irritation filled Miss Carey when she became aware that Cyril Snaith was giving condescending instruction in the registering of such emotions as were recognized at the Sumart Studio. In the midst of an earnest effort to expound the intricacies of fractions, it was peculiarly maddening to turn from the board and find not only most of the prisoners at the bar, but a large proportion of the witnesses as well, ingeniously distorting their features in extraordinary portrayals of "surprise", "joy", "horror," and a number of unidentified emotions. Cyril had achieved a method of closing his eyes to mere slits, and piercing her with a glance of icy keenness, when asked unexpectedly for information regarding the spelling of such sinister strangers as 'eleemosynary', or other annoyances incident to the day's work. His arrival every morning was signalled by a rush of embryo artists eager for the latest details of the filming of "The Pearl of Paris", already in progress. The name Sahara became an open sesame to fairy vistas, and its owner, the tutelary deity of the class-room.

It was a relief to notice the complete detachment of John Vick. Of all Room Five, he alone seemed to escape the prevailing obsession. Once only did he depart from his aloof disdain; when, grasping the lobes of his ears, he pulled heavily on them, causing his mouth to fly open, and his tongue to shoot out to the extreme limit of its endurance. This aroused intense resentment in Cyril, who was standing before him expounding camera etiquette to an eager group. Miss Carey intervened. "Aw," said John carelessly turning away, "I was jes registerin' surprise at him knowin' so much."

And then one day, suddenly, as is its wont, in walked tragedy. Tragedy in the person of John Vick! A subdued John with pale face and shaken voice, who stood in front of the desk and hesitatingly asked to be excused from school.

"I only come so's I wouldn't be marked absent," he half whispered.

Miss Carey sprang up and drew him to her.

"Why John, my dear boy, what is it?" He raised his eyes to hers and quickly lowered them again.

"Katy's dead."

"Oh, no, John, not Katy! Not good, kind Katy?" He nodded dumbly.

"Why, what happened? You didn't say anything yesterday about her being ill; was it an accident?"

John picked at the blotter on her desk; it seemed as though he couldn't trust himself to face the loving concern in her eyes.

"I don't know, Miss Carey. She was all right last night when she come home. She looked fine. She washed the dishes like she always does, to give mother a rest, and she laughed an' carried on all evenin'. An' then this morning she didn't get up, an' mother went to see, an' there she was layin' there in the bed, an'—an—"

Miss Carey's heart sank as she listened. Katy, the wheel-horse, the mainstay, the financial dependence of the family; what would become of them?

"Oh, John," she cried, "I can't tell you how sorry I am. Now I shall never know her, and I wanted to so much. Here,"—she emptied her purse eagerly into his hand—"I know your poor mother will need a little change for lots of things right now, help her out with this."

The children, drifting in by twos and threes, had begun to gather round. Miss Carey sent them to their seats and tapped the bell.

"Children, a very sad thing has happened. John Vick has lost his sister, the one he specially loved. She died this morning. I know you all sympathize with him, and before he goes, you may come up and tell him how sorry you are."

She drew him close to her, and he stood with dignity and composure while his awed mates filed forward, mumbled indistinguishable condolences, and retired. Miss Carey walked out with him, and when screened from observation, bent and kissed him.

"John," she said, "go to the Garden Shop and get some flowers, any kind you like best; whatever Katy would have liked best. I'll 'phone and tell them I'm sending you."

"Thank you, Miss Carey," he muttered. For a moment he stood there, nervously twisting his shabby cap; suddenly he turned and bolted down the steps.

Next morning when Miss Carey came in she found him waiting by her desk again. "I didn't want to be marked absent," he explained. He looked pale and overwrought, and her heart ached, that to the sharpness of childish grief should be added the burden of poverty. And in the midst of his trouble, he still had it on his poor little conscience that he must not fail in his school obligations!

"Honey, how are you getting on; how is your mother?"

"Well, Miss Carey, mother's all broke up of course. She jes' sits there, holdin' Katy's hand, an' she aint et a bite sence——still, she tries mighty hard to be bright, too."

"Oh, I know it's hard, John. When are you going to bury her, and where is it to be?"

"It's goin' to be to-morrow, out to Mount Olivet."

"I'd like to go, John, if—" she hesitated. He looked up at her with startled eyes; and she felt it to be intensely pathetic, that he should be so moved at her perfunctory offer.

"Why, Miss Carey, it's a fur piece out to Mount Olivet; you — you wouldn't scarcely want to take time to go all that way—jes' for Katy's funeral."

"Oh, John, no!" she nearly sobbed; "it's not that, I wish I could go. But my own mother is ill, and I can't leave her just now any more than I have to."

The child gave a little sigh; then he began to move towards the door.

"Well, I wisht was so's you could, we'd be mighty proud to have you."

"John, wait. Have you any suit to wear to the funeral? Anything a

little—newer than that?" Dumbly he shook his head. "Well, I've had some clothes sent me to use as I wish. Come, let's see if there isn't something that will do for you."

He was soon fiitted out with a neat blue serge; and Miss Carey took some comfort in the thought that at least he would do poor Kity honor in the eyes of the watchful neighbors.

"What is it, John, dear?" she asked, as he stopped in the doorway, his bundle under his arm, and gave her a troubled look. He swallowed hard.

"Maybe you'd oughter give this suit to the pore."

"I give it to the person I think should have it—Katy's little brother."

"Katy sure would enjoy seein' me in this suit," he said simply.

She was a little surprised to see him at school the morning of the funeral. He came in later this time, looking very sober in his new blue suit, and answering with quiet dignity the questions put to him by the children. It was almost time for recess when he arrived, and as usual, asked her not to mark him absent.

"She looks awful sweet in her coffin, Miss Carey. It's a gray one, with purple satin inside. Mother put her new plaid silk dress on her, an' she's got your flowers in her hands." Miss Carey controlled a shiver; poor Katy!

"I'm so glad, John, that she has them. What did you get, white roses?"

"No, ma'm; I got tulips, two dozen of them, an' they're all around her. Mighty pretty ones, yellow an' red, kinder striped."

Miss Carey choked an exclamation. What irony that the end of Katy's unostentatious life should have so grotesque a setting! How cruelly capricious Fortune was. Here was Cyril Snaith's empty-headed little sister, by sole virtue of a certain marketable type of features, propelled through no effort of her own, into a life of prosperous ease and, possibly, a kind of fame. While Katy, who had struggled so hard for so little——!

Somehow John seemed reluctant to leave the cheerful schoolroom, and all during recess he was the centre of an eager group who questioned him with morbid avidity displayed by childish minds towards death. He answered very readily. Odds and ends drifted to Miss Carey's ears.

"We're goin' to have the autohearse, an' ten autos to ride in. The ladies she sewed for said they all wants to come. The Piscopals is goin' to hold the las' sad rites—" "An' you say she was well when she went to bed that night?"—John nodded slowly. "An' the nex' mawnin' the Lawd had taken her."

"Well," said Cyril Snaith with deep conviction, "it's all right for the Lawd to take you, but I don't want to be snatched!"

"Oh dear!" sighed Miss Carey.

Yet, after all, it was natural that the child should want some relief from the hushed gloom of the cramped little house with its stark inmate. And it was probably much better for him to be spending this time before the funeral in the noisy familiar room with it's everyday associations, than in the tense atmosphere of grief. If only he wouldn't rehearse all the details so freely! What the doctor said, how soon he got there, who sat up the first night, what they had to eat, who sat up the second night—the questions were endless.

Interest in Sahara and the moving pictures was entirely eclipsed. Poor Katy was at last a star!

John had brought his lunch, it developed. Miss Carey was relieved to see that it was a good one, as invitingly put up as when Katy herself had seen to it with such loving care. He hesitated a moment when she spoke of this, as if he thought, perhaps, he shouldn't have it there.

"Mother wanted me to have it jes' the same as if—"

"Why of course, John dear, there's every reason why you should have it." He was leaving then; the funeral, he said, was at three.

"I wisht the kids could er come; Cyril, an' some of 'em. But there wouldn't be no way for 'em to git out there."

"No, and there's no way for me either. But I'll be thinking of you, dear boy, all the time," said Miss Carey.

She did think a great deal about him that evenng. John Vick, with his clear eyes and sturdy personality, held a very special appeal for her. Not a confiding child, though; she had never known, for instance, that he had any particular affection for Cyril, and yet it had seemed an acute disappointment to him not to have Cyril at the funeral. Dear intense little John Vick!

His eventual return to regular school routine was greeted with a warm and sympathetic welcome. Miss Carey was relieved to see that the strained look of the last few days had gone; the child appeared to be his usual buoyant self again. The poignant keenness of childish sorrow, she thought, is blessedly brief.

Rain kept them within doors that day, and Miss Carey resigned herself to the pandemonium which overwhelmed the accustomed quiet of her recess. The usual groups of lunchers gathered, discussing their momentous affairs. John Vick was the lodestar of the largest circle. Occasional tones of his clear voice reaching her desk indicated that public interest was still centred in matters mortuary.

"They put the wheel with the missin' spoke at the head. But she's goin' to have a big white cross with her name grated on it, an' a angel kneelin' with clasped hands. The ladies she sewed for is goin' to git it." Gratifying murmurs of amazement arose. Cyril Snaith raised sulky eyes.

"Sahara's d'rector says she's a nach-al-born vamp. He says he never see nobody learn them French shrugs so easy."

"Aw, aint you ashamed," exclaimed an indignant bystander, "tryin' to butt in 'bout ole Sahara, when John's sister's jes' this minute died!"

John maintained the hurt silence of reproof. For some days he had been the dominating figure of his little world, and was now enjoying a careless security. It was his supreme moment.

And, as immemorial experience will have it, a friend destroyed him. The *débacle* came with whirling swiftness. Cyril Snaith's endurance had entirely human limits. He turned, and the jealous soul of the eclipsed artist burst out in his shout:

"Aw, his sister ain't dead at all!"

Miss Carey rose hastily.

"Cyril, Cyril control yourself! What do you mean by saying such a heartless thing? Apologize to John at once."

"Well, I know she ain't! I don't hafter!"

"Now, Cyril, you're being silly as well as brutal. I can't think what has come over you. Don't you suppose John knows, poor soul, whether his sister is dead or not?"

John's cheeks and eyes blazed desperately.

"'Course Katy's dead, Miss Carey, I'll stand on his toes an' tell him so!"

"Miss Carey, she aint no sich of a thing! That boy's jes' breedin' knots on his head, tellin' all kinds of tales like that!"

"Hush! Hush!" said Mis Carey, thoroughly aroused. "I won't have such a quarrel here. Both of you will come with me at once to the superintendent's office; and there, Cyril, you will explain what ugly spirit inspired you to make this insane attack on John."

In the awful seclusion of that sanctuary the interrogatory was conducted with efficient thoroughness.

"Now then, Cyril, why on earth do you suddenly rise up after all this trouble we've been through, and say that Katy isn't dead?"

"'Cause she *aint!*"

"Cyril! How do you know?"

"'Cause she's out at the studio today sewin' on some things for Sahara."

Miss Carey turned aghast to her protègé. "An' I told on him 'cause I jes' got plumb plagued with him!"

"Oh, John," cried his friend entreatingly, "this isn't so, is it?" But John's drooping figure was answer sickeningly sufficient.

Cyril returned vindicated and triumphant to his palpitating mates. In the tragic hush of the judgment chamber, the superintendent having pronounced sentence, brought down from the wall a slender cane, placed it by Miss Carey's hand, and walked out.

"I can't believe it yet," she said bewilderedly. "All those details! I know you got the flowers, for I have the bill. What *did* you do with them, John?"

John hung an abject head. I saw a boy goin' into the High School, an' I give 'em an' told him to give 'em to a teacher I seen there. I don't know what her name is."

Miss Carey sighed.

"And the money, what of it?"

Miserable tears started down the averted cheeks. "I bought me a little black cat from a nigger man; he said it was good luck. An' a purple ribbon to tie round her's neck."

Miss Carey shook her head in hopeless perplexity. Gathering her courage and the cane together, she looked at the small trembling back before her and a wholly unreasoning hatred of Cyril Snaith possessed her. She reached out her arm and turned the culprit to her. When he saw that her tears were falling more freely than his own, he straightened up, dried his face, and nerved himself for the ordeal. Miss Carey, passionately reluctant, raised the cane, as if about to strike.

"I *have* to do it, John, he said I Must. But, oh, I hate to hurt you! I can't understand what possessed you. Why *did* you ever do it?" He flung himself against her, his face buried in her frock.

"Oh I didn't have nothin'! I didn't have *nothin'!*" he sobbed. "An' he jes' got so he thought every day was May Day, an' he was the Queen!"

THE WINGED DESIRE

BY BILLEE GLYNN

I.

CARRUGERS was a genius and knew it. If few others did, that was of no matter. He was still "It" in letters ornamental and flourished — a glory-laden, divine-gaited, storm-hurling son of the gods, born to bequeath the world in which he lived. Yes, he knew it. He felt it in every stir of his young blood, as he also carried the dream of it, the old dream of it, in his young eyes. For it had become a mania with him—a mania almost.

But that wasn't all; not by any means. Hadn't he placed that unique classic of country life, his short story, "The Immigrant", with *The Advocate*; a real masterpiece which had attracted no end of attention, especially among his fellow-clerks in the office at Aubrey. Even the editor of the Aubrey weekly had congratulated him upon the effort, and offered him a signed column in his own paper —the column he had been creating with such painstaking ever since, till the high places of his soul revolted.

Moreover, hadn't he placed other short stories with other magazines in the big world outside — the big, hustling, metropolitan world outside — the big, hustling metropolitan world to which his voices ever cried; yes, even in New York City, itself! And if they had been magazines of the lower class, they were none the less magazines—magazines which corroborated the voices of his genius and printed his name in bold, black type on their title-page. So that readers—metropolitan readers—might well cock their eyeglasses (if they wore such) and wonder who he was, whence he came, and what he looked like.

Then, the very cherry-tip of his achievements, had he not sold a poem to one of the biggest magazines of all, a top-notcher whose acceptance and payment of eight dollars for eight lines, had fairly taken his breath away; as it had also spread his wings to the very uttermost of ambition, till they seemed to embrace earth, heaven, and all contained therein. Eight lines only, yet a poem none the less; a poem he had not thought much about at the time, and with regard to which he was certain he could do infinitely better.

Yes, Carrugers was a genius without a doubt. Even his friends had come to that conclusion and admitted it frankly, as his enemies proved the point by disputing it with unnatural emphasis. And encompassing him, ever fluttering him about with a distinctive, negligent charm was the significance of his isolation—the calm, sure glory of one who had not only written things, but had them published, and in the environment of others who had written things and had them published not. For there were others, even in Aubrey—at least one.

Maria Stiggs, society editor of the Aubrey weekly, had, too, for time indefinite, been signing herself, "Lena

Leona Lowland"—and signing herself only. Maria Stiggs, spinster, had, too, been pushing a bony forefinger, clutching a carefully sharpened lead-pencil, in the direction of fame and the magazine—and pushing it only. In other words, Maria Stiggs, possessed of a small income, no man to spend it, and a temper (if not a temperament) to write, had become by her own efforts a more finished spinster, a very finished cynic (especially with regard to editors and "young upstarts") and nothing else. Maria Stiggs was a failure.

Under these circumstances, of course, it is quite apparent that Maria Stiggs had nothing whatever to do with Carrugers. Carrugers tolerated her from the height of the Heaven-born and passed on, his shoulders straightened, his head held high.

It was sad, of course, but everyone could not possess the gift or achieve success. So Carrugers told himself. And Carrugers passed on to other things beside.

When a man's wings trail to the edges of the universe the wish is inevitable, and not far behind, to kick the earth from his feet once and for all at the spot where he stands. Because Carrugers was Carrugers, Aubrey had become too small for him—Aubrey with its five thousand provincial souls and irksome office-work.

So the dream grew, as dreams will—big, vivid, and notwithstandable; grew as the sun grows out of the east to a spring dawn. And to Carrugers, walking home at night—to the little fruit farm on the outskirts of the town, where he lived with his elder brother and a housekeeper—the voices became cries, his surroundings disreputable. Even the sylvan music of the woodlands no longer charmed or stirred his poetic faculties—the birds twittering in the fresh morning air; the shimmering haze-lapt dream of the early hills.

This was nature, perhaps, but he wanted life; to prove himself in the world that knew a man. And to Carrugers, as to all genius,—and perhaps most others besides—opportunity at last came; opportunity not altogether desirable that it double-knocked on his door in the form of death.

When his brother took so suddenly ill and died it became incumbent upon Carrugers to do other than office work in Aubrey. He placed the farm in the hands of a selling agent, and for himself bought a ticket to the Windy City—baggage, one small trunk of clothes and one valise of manuscripts. The latter, Carrugers carried in the valise and the valise in his hand, because trunks were so liable to get lost, and the works of genius with them.

The future stretched before him in prismatic hues. He was young and hopeful; the age at which the world is made for one, not one for the world—but twenty-two!

II.

It was the afternoon following the night of his advent in Chicago that Carrugers, with his Brightest-and-Best stowed safely in an inside pocket, found himself sauntering rather nervously across the editorial sanctum of a well-known magazine, also the Brightest and Best of the big West. He was walking on a strip of mottled brown carpet, he knew, and straight toward a red-haired girl sitting at a typewriter—the manuscript also red and burning in his pocket; as to other things, they were somewhat hazy.

But for this one person the office was apparently vacated. There were desks and other chairs but no one filling them. Carrugers remembered vaguely that it was lunch hour. He was glad of this and also of the red-haired girl. She was plain, luridly plain.

In a voice not at all in accord with the loudness of her appearance, but very soft and silken, she told him that Miss Sidney would attend to him, and

that Miss Sidney was within a certain door on the left. There were other doors on the left, but eventually he found the certain one and Miss Sidney. Then he stood there a little more nervously, his head thrown back, while a young woman ran a cool gray glance all over him.

She wasn't pretty; he knew that even in the battle of his confusion. Her face was too pale—in spite of its focus of red lips and clear, unwavering eyes—and the features were neither classical nor regular. Yet there was something to her—he knew that also. Depths inexpressible in the eyes beneath their frown, and neither the dignity of the chin nor the almost masculine line of the mouth could quite disguise the brooding pathos and delicacy of the lower face. Moreover, she was young. Carrugers felt himself struck by something he knew not what. It was unusual.

Then he stammered, and knowing he had done so, stammered on till he had said what he had to say and quit stammering. It consisted mostly of a variation on the one chord; that he had brought his Brightest-and-Best to the editor of the Brightest and Best, and wished to see him personally; also that he had written for many, many magazines—well, quite a number—and particularly one. No, he used no nom-de-plume; he wrote simply under his own name, J. L. Carrugers.

The young woman regretted, with a smile, having overlooked his work in the magazines; regretted also that the editor was out. But she herself would look after his story and see that it received due consideration. He could call in three days, about. She only hoped they would find it as good as she could wish it to be. Then she frowned and smiled again, and Carrugers bowed himself out without knowing how, and felt himself very much elated without knowing why. What he did know was that he had not in the slightest degree deceived the young lady.

Among the pile of poetry which furnished his valise he had still two other story manuscripts. That same afternoon he took these around to other small publications.

What was there so insuperable about Mount Olympus after all—at any rate to an artist born? The thing was to be on the spot and in touch with the swing, the hap-hazard of real life, its plot and counterplot. And the check for his Brightest-and-Best laughed up at Carrugers, digit-headed. naught-eyed, from the dirty city pavement; the check so glowingly proffered him in the out-stretched, enthusiastic hand of the young woman, eager in her welcome of a new "find"—a hand that Carrugers suddenly recalled was something of a white wonder and worthy of remembrance for itself. Somehow he had forgotten that she was not the editor; not the Great One he had really wanted to see.

That evening, as a way to a theme from real life, he bought a ticket to real art at a burlesque show; and afterward the high-flood, the moon-lust of the big city by candle-light, rolled laughing on his naked soul. It was not till the next day, however, that he found his theme.

Sometimes of a fall morning this great western giantess, a metropolis where all the world come to grin and scrape their shoes, rolls and tosses a little longer than usual in the gray blanket of her sleep before finally throwing off covers for good and rising to the supreme, practical fullness of her life. Also at these times there is often a wet chill drifting off the lake, and it is cold.

Carrugers, an early riser, and lightly clad for such an hour, stood on a street corner and shivered. The fog wrapped him in isolation, held him there numbed and aghast while he watched the huge leviathan of city life struggling into consciousness. Sounds fell about him like leaden hammers. Street cars droned menacingly near and faltered away. And

the tap, tap of increasing footfalls, as the meagre stream of early pedestrians grew in volume; was like the beating of subterranean rain on hollow rocks; bringing faces, inimical faces, that swept to him question-eyed, hungry, vindictive, and swept away again. Battling a gnawing feeling of homesickness and troubled by the question of the faces, Carrugers turned back to his room.

Then something came to him and he wrote—wrote, hungry, passionately; not of the city life with its swarming, stifling millions; but of home—the little farm, rich in its solitude, its peace, and Aubrey, a place of dreams—a maiden aimlessly winding the sunlit coils of her hair by the gleaming mirror of the river. These things he had fancied he hated.

III.

It was this story of his country life that he took to her when he went back to learn the fate of his Brightest-and-Best. That fate he well guessed; but even a genius is sometimes obliged to look after his own checks. Carrugers could no more doubt his Brightest-and-Best than he could doubt his own soul.

So when he went to her with this supreme self-confidence in his eyes the young woman did not immediately tell him; but instead, thrummed the table with the white wonder that was her hand and smiled—a smile of welcome. And anything more in line with his own conceit, or better calculated to keep an author's hopes at high pitch, than that smile, could perhaps not well be imagined. In the pause of it (before she told him the good news, which he meant to accept with equal graciousness. but also as his right) Carrugers felt himself suddenly, generously sorry — sorry — somehow for that suggestion of pathos, of tragedy her face always wore, and which even now deepened her smile. Sometime, he promised himself, she would perhaps tell him and he would write her story—which would surely be some amends. Neither would he forget to mention the white wonder of her hand, nor the significant poise of her head in its hood of dark hair.

Then, right in the midst of his pity, of his generosity, right in the midst of his lingering glance on her lower face where the smile and the pathos most dwelt, her firm, delicate chin drew into sterner lines, and, the smile still hovering about her lips, she told him; told him so kindly that he did not quite comprehend at first, but standing there dumfounded, took to comprehending in a dim, slow, matter-of-fact way other things besides. That she, herself, was reader for the magazine he now undedstood—that she, and she only, had to do with his Brightest-and-Best; that for some unknown reason he had taken a sudden and altogether unnatural dislike to her. Then in the blank space in his mind which followed he was aware of mechanically taking the other manuscript from his pocket and laying it on her table. On her table—beside the other one, and against his own wishes! He picked "the other one" up and turned it over in his hand, looking at it, wonderingly. Then realization came to him like the swift flash of a knife—

With the manuscript crushed in his hand, he swung savagely to the end of the room and back; and paused there, eyeing her passionately—then came to himself and drooped suddenly. With his hand trembling on the table and leaning over it toward her, he asked the question in tense, faltering tones:

"Then what kind — of stories — do you want?"

It was to that question the "some thing" she always held back leapt out.

She arose, the far-down depths of her eyes glowing strangely, and by a touch of her hand drew him to the window.

"There," she exclaimed, pointing to the whirlpool of the street beneath and speaking in a voice of subdued

passion that thrilled him in spite of himself, "there is the kind of stories we want. Stories that echo the very drum-throb of humanity, that breathe atmosphere, and deal with the divine rawness of life. Stories that live and move the same as a man walks and breathes. Neither pink-tea effusions nor concoctions of hysteria; yet stories that laugh and weep as men laugh and weep—wiping away their tears. Stories built on action as the body is built on the skeleton, but clothed in the divine raiment of flesh, of blood, and personality—flesh at its best and at its worst, but always divine. Write me stories like that and I will find you all the fame that can ever come to a man. Go down instead of up. Find your wings in the gutter and they will be wings. Be proud of humanity, live in it, glory in it, and above all tell it true in spite of every form, every convention, and every prejudice known to it. Write as a man not ashamed in the hope of his world nor too ready to take his hat off to a star. Write like that and, till his world ends, man will take his hat off to you."

She paused, pressing her hands together, and looking him in the eyes—now glowing as his face.

"But you—you," he stammered, "—you who talk like this—must surely be a genius yourself."

Her hands settled themselves, and her glance wandered to the street, the pathos growing at her mouth.

"I thought so once," she said, slowly, "but I know better now. It requires someone stronger, someone less afraid of the big forces of life than I. I failed as thousands before me have failed, as thousands will after—and it is no shame to fail at such a task. Only it is better, I think, not to be a genius at all than half a one, a mediocre success. I could not stand that. I don't think anyone could who really knows. It is better only to know that you can *feel* and to try and give the glory to one who *can* write. *Can you?*"

Carrugers met her eyes, *steadily*, but blushed. "I will try," *he said*, more earnest than he had *ever been* before. "I will go now—*and bring* it to you—as soon as possible. I think I know what you mean."

"Do!" she emphasized. Then, as she went to her chair, her manner suddenly changed back to that of the reader, though not without a touch of sympathy.

"You know," she went on, half whimsically, as if in defence of herself, "I am doing you a great favor by this sort of conversation. I am not obliged to talk or give advice, and especially to story-writers. I judge them. It is because I do not wish to judge you too quickly or harshly that I have said these things. But I always judge sooner or later. I always know."

Yet the warning in the words was utterly lost upon her companion. Standing there, still profoundly moved by her first outburst, the big glory of the world, the world of genius she had conjured. seemed suddenly like a full-blown rose to have opened out to him—opened in all its matchless coloring, its perfume, its naked beauty, its delight. And as he put out his hand to pluck the perfect wearing of it, he felt that it was not only for himself but for her—as her companion—she who had failed—to pin the flower of it upon her breast.

So it was that in the impulse of that thrill he bent very close to her.

"I will try not to fail you," he averred, huskily. "Believe me." And then was gone.

IV.

Thus it was that Carrugers began his quest—down there too in glut of the street where his sensitive young soul, in spite of his fervid desire, sometimes stood still and shivered. And because of this, perhaps, he pursued it all the more eagerly, spasmodically, hysterically, so all the more differently. The thing he sought moves in itself calmly, eternally on—the wonder

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of the world when once grappled to the soul, but infinitely unattainable without the original sacrifice. And because when it does not sweep to a man so—the crisis beyond birth, the music forever divine behind the barriers—it is the most impossible of all quests.

Carrugers pursued it with the fury of a young god. And with the travail of man, it seemed to him he had conquered. Down there in the bizarre, glory-touched web of the streets, the rhythmic movement of the mass, the faces and voices of laughing-eyed children, of ragamuffins, hucksters, coquettes; the steel plunge of commerce and the cower of sentiment; passion and placidity—servility, rebellion, compromise, and regret—the whole big singing brew of things—into all this Carrugers bit with the hungry, sensitive lip of his youth—yet bit externally as a child into the rind of a new fruit—and, shaping impressions, stood always eager yet often perplexed.

But the girl had thrust the torch into his hand and how could he fail? He followed the path it pointed till the glare smote him and differences reeled him dizzy. Then in that last moment, by what appeared to his strained intellect a divine streak of luck, he fell unexpectedly on the banana-vender, the center of that thrilling incident of the street, and carried his theme back to his room in triumph.

Yet what had been the result! He remembered standing there, his back to her, his face to the street—where spread his dream, or hers rather—as she read, the hope of success tingling in all his veins. Then he had turned to her voice, to the same smile of sympathy in her eyes, the same firm melancholy of chin he had remarked at their former meeting.

"I am sorry," she had said, "but this is not what we want. I am afraid, after all you did not quite understand. It is not the prose poetry of detail, of outward fact, we desire, but that of elemental fact, bearing the present in bloom."

And so she had gone on with that supreme conceit, that dramatic power of hers, till once again in spite of his hurt he stood thrilled and transfixed; till once again he had kneeled to kiss the feet of her gods and vowed the vow of his success. Fool that he was!

And this time through streets and by-lanes he pursued his quest even more relentlessly; pursued it till he seemed in the earnestness of his endeavor to hold it in the very hollow of his hand. Then setting it down clearly, methodically, painstakingly, he had sent it to her—sent it, not that he feared rejection this time, but that he feared herself. For he had suddenly conceived a strange shyness with regard to her. Fool that he was, indeed!

Now—the manuscript lay there with the two others he had found rejected at the offices of the smaller publications that afternoon; lay there with her cruel little note on top of it.

He read it over again mechanically:

"I cannot say how much I regret returning this to you, but in justice to the magazine I cannot do otherwise. If you read over the manuscript carefully yourself I think you will understand my reasons and appreciate my position in the matter. Perhaps you will try again.

F. SIDNEY.

P.S.—If you should ever need my help, do not be afraid to come to me.

Crushing the note in his hand, Carrugers threw it on the floor and stamped on it. With it had he also thrown him and stamped beneath his feet his faith in her—her right as a failure to judge.

As for her illusionary conception of genius—words were only words after all—what more could they express? He had written action and modern life.

He told himself these things over and over as he paced up and down, fingering nervously the last dollar in his pocket. And as a finale to each

repetition, he also told himself that with provincial editors in provincial towns he was done forever. He would send his manuscripts to New York City, where they knew stories when they saw them. Then did he become aware that it *was* the last dollar in his pocket, and that postage was always at par as well as appetite.

These last two stories had taken time—weeks; and he had little money to begin with. His brother's funeral expenses had eaten up practically everything in the way of ready cash, and there would be nothing more, absolutely nothing, until the farm was sold.

Yet he did buy postage and send his manuscripts to New York City—where they knew stories when they saw them—for all that.

Then he went out to look for a job. About that job, he did not mean to be proud, either. He would even go back to his old work as stenographer for a few weeks until the checks arrived for his stories from New York.

As it happened, however, there proved to be no position of stenographer open for him. Advertisements he pursued morning, noon, and night. He called on brusque managers who snapped inquiries at him, then told him he was too late or that they wanted something else. He filed applications at the employment bureaus of typewriter firms; he stood in long lines of unemployed, patient men and women, converging to a single wicket in a single office, and learned to swear beneath his breath when the wicket closed with a snap before he got to it. He wore his feet out, tramping long distances to save a nickel in carfare—and went home at night to partake of a diet of water and brown bread.

Yet all to no purpose. Though he had long since decided that even the smallest clerkship—in anything or at any wage—would do him if he could get it; and he had tried to get it accordingly .

So it was that he began to envy the common laborer on the street; the dago, sombre-eyed and "brother to the ox," who swung his pick beneath the eye of his foreman in the broiling pavement sun, and mopped his brow with a hand of grim.

At such sights Carrugers now paused, thrilled—thrilled at the man's ten hours, his sureness of work on the morrow. It seemed unaccountable, the piling up of money day after day like that—a thing beyond magic, beyond dreams, beyond expression.

Reflecting over his last crust of bread, Carrugers decided to become a common laborer himself.

He had lived for nearly two weeks on bread, and "the person" of the miserable garret to which he had moved, was threatening seizure and ejectment.

But the fates were against him still. The field of common labor possessed its conditions of employment, too. And heavy-jowled foremen shook their heads over his meagre shoulders, his haggard face, his white, neat hands—and turned him away! They were paying for labor and wanted it. Because he had never been used to it he did not look the part.

So turned the wheel. Then one day at last he stood on the street with no place to go and that former hunger he had thought genius lost forever, it seemed, in the intolerable hunger of his body.

In this condition he wandered into a beer-stall and stood there, his back to the door-jam, jealously watching the patrons of the place pay for their drink and select their sandwich. He did not know how long it was—certainly it was a very long time—but a hand at length fell on his shoulder. A voice, followed with harsh inquiries, blustering suddenly a proposition. Half an hour later, when he too had sipped his drink and eaten his sandwich, he was aware that because someone else had "failed to turn up" he had pledged himself to the low-browed Greek, who was the proprietor, to operate in his department for shining shoes; the wages

three meals a day and commission.

His blood boiled at the thought and yet he was very much surprised at his blood. Three meals stood out distinctly, raputurously so, and the commission meant room rent.

When "the person" of the garret took him back that night on chance because he had found "work," it seemed to him he was having an unusual streak of luck.

His blood continued to boil at times, however, despite the three meals a day and commission. So he fell into the habit of arguing with it calmly.

Was not the shining of shoes, after all, a most delicate art? Society looked down on it, perhaps—but it also required its shoes to be shined—and then he had always looked down on society. Moreover, was it not the most approved of ethics to be humble—and have three meals a day? Perhaps in time he might raise this profession, for profession it was, to a name of its own. Besides, he was expecting something—expecting it in a vague, profound, matter-of-fact way that was like a veil drawn over nothing. It came at last, too.

One night, about a week after he had got his job, he stood staring at his five manuscripts, back from New York City. As if to make their rejection more emphatic they had come to him in a bunch—by the mail deliveries of that day.

Yet it was not them he saw as he stood there staring—but the face of the girl who had first rejected them. Words of hers bore back on him also in his stunned state.

"The stories an editor never wants are stories as bad as his worst; but the stories he always does and always will want are stories as good or better than his best."

He had failed and yet it didn't seem to matter much—nothing mattered. His failure, indeed, brought a sort of deliverance. He knew, for instance—with the same certainty as if he had suddenly fallen into a fortune—that never would he have to shine another shoe for that frowning Greek; that three meals a day, or no meals a day, or a roof over his head did not matter to him any more in the least. Then he remembered for the first time that story of country life which the girl had returned to him, corrected, advising him to take it to another editor. He searched for it in his valise and taking it out, laid it alongside of the others.

Except as further confirmation, so further deliverance, it didn't matter either.

Yet the next morning he followed her instructions—even if in the same spirit. But when the editor to whom she had referred him, accepted the story on the spot, promising payment on publication, it neither thrilled nor stirred him. It set him thinking mechanically, that was all. Perhaps she would also correct the others—not that it made any difference. Yet he went with them to her; and because it was after hours—to her private address as indicated on her card.

V

It seemed to be an age that he stood waiting—frowning into the fireplace; an age that drifted wearily, colorless, and insipid. Then he became suddenly aware that she had entered, some few moments before, through the portières at the side—he remembered vaguely that something had stirred—and was standing there, staring at him; yet not staring, either, for it was a gaze of utter comprehension. And that look in her eyes brought it all back to him—all that he had forgotten how to feel. He put his hand to his head as though something had struck him there—and backed to the door.

"I beg—I beg your pardon," he stammered. "I know—I should not have come. I will go immediately."

But she only smiled a quiet smile and approached him gently.

"I want you to stay," she said. And the pity in her tone hurt him more than all he had suffered.

Yet he did stay—taking the chair she offered him by the burning coals, and sitting there with bowed head. Then bye and bye he knew she had drawn another chair beside him and he felt a touch on his shoulder.

"Won't you tell me about it?" she said, simply.

He did. In a dry, harsh, abrupt tone he told her the wretched story—told her with an austere meagreness, more illustrative than detail—and pausing at intervals to control the fierce beating of that flame in his brain, which threatened to break out in spite of all he could do. At the end of it he raised his eyes and there was a moisture in hers.

Then he made an effort as if to rise—to leave—the manuscript in his hand. But with a little movement toward him, she protested. Something had suddenly come to her, for her eyes were bright as stars.

"Of course, I'll correct them," she said, "but not now. I am going to give you another chance, and I think you will make good. Do you remember—but perhaps—perhaps, you did not know—there was a poem with that first manuscript you left me. It is good; I am going to pay you for it now.

She paused as if in momentary struggle with the color that had flamed into her cheeks; and he looked at her vaguely—understanding her delicate charity but incapable of contradicting it.

Then she went firmly, steadily on. "I want you to buy food with that money—not the kind of food you've been getting, but food that is food. I want you to feel the warmth of blood, of ambition and endeavor in your body again, and then I want you to write—write as you never wrote before or thought of writing. If you will ever be able to write it should be now—now when you've touched the very bottom—when you have lived. And I want you to succeed; I want to give you another chance—Oh, you should know that I do!"

A note of passion had come to her voice and she linked her hands nervously.

He arose abruptly, pacing up and down the room. New fires of energy seemed to have been suddenly lit within him, licking his whole being into shape. A bubbling wine had poured itself on his brain, sparkling with hope.

He paused before her, his eyes gleaming. "I believe you are right; that I should do it now if I've got it in me. And I will. Only have faith in me—have faith!"

He remembered little else after that—except that she thrust the bill in his pocket as he went out. He was walking on air—soft, free, delicious air—and straight to a woman with brght eyes, whose smiles and tears were for him.

VI.

She was sitting by the fire that night when he came with It, a chair drawn near her as though she had been expecting him. He had stepped in quietly and as she did not turn her head, paused there gazing at her a moment; at the mingling of light on the dark hair, the exquisite melancholy of her face in repose. She was his judge and his jury and he was content—even though he had come to her with the hope of the newly-born, knowing he had done his best. Then he moved softly to her side—to the chair that seemed to invite him—and handed It to her. Neither of them spoke, yet there was a dramatic tenseness in the air. She flashed him a smile, that was all, and fluttered the pages—a smile of faith in him!

Then she began to read—her own hope in the words. He turned away his head, his brain throbbing audibly, and gazed into the coals. She read on and on, the words pounding themselves into the silence of the room. She read now with the hovering accent of the critic, ready to pounce on error or defect. She paused once or twice,

then floundered altogether. Yet he did not look up. But he winced beneath the sudden change in her tone as she went on. The coals as he gazed had blurred into one molten mass. The drumming had become a sort of mild thunder in his head. He turned to her—a little gasp in his throat.

"Don't," he stammered, "——Oh, don't!" And once more he sat before her fire with bowed head—a man who had failed!

Only the fire spoke now and the wind outside—and at length he roused himself from the intolerable silence of it. She was not looking at him but into the coals, a pure, unwavering gaze that seemed to include infinities. Her apparent oblivion of him hurt him, strangely. He arose to his feet and began to pace the floor. The drumming in his head was a cataract now—a flood that finally swept away sight. He reeled to his chair and stood leaning over the back of it—gazing at the fire, too, though it was but a dull smutch to his eyes. Then he spoke.

"It was bad enough to fail in any case," he heard himself saying, "but ten times so as it is. You taught me to feel these things—and now—you've taught me to love you."

It had burst out involuntarily and he shuddered even as he said it. The silence that followed was like a black doom hanging over him. Then through the mist that still encompassed him he heard her reply—low, broken, and suggestive.

"But I—I am glad—that you have failed. Every real genius, I think, loves his art too much—to love—a woman!"

Her eyes came to him then—moist, joyful eyes. Yet even now he could not believe. His hands gripping the back of his chair, he looked intently at her.

"Are you forgetting," he asked, bitterly, "that *I am* a failure?"

"No, it is that I am remembering. It is because of that—perhaps—and that I am one, myself."

"But there is nothing now left except the farm," he argued, still battling he profound temptation of his emotion.

She arose and went to him.

"There are ourselves," she said.

LLOYD HARRIS

A CANADIAN MAN OF AFFAIRS

Much is being written just now as to Canada's national status within the Empire and the advisability of direct communication with Washington. In view of that, it is interesting to recall that Mr. Lloyd Harris, while head of the Canadian War Mission at Washington, actually carried on business just as if he were the acknowledged Canadian ambassador. It was a time of crises, a direct communication by wire was maintained between Washington and Ottawa, and affairs were so urgent that there was not time to submit them in accordance with the ordinary Imperial routine. We have every right therefore, to regard Mr. Harris as our first ambassador. That being so, the question again arises, If we had an ambassador in time of strife, why not have one in time of peace?

Mr. Harris undertook the arduous duties of the Canadian War Mission with a splendid equipment and experience. He had lived for years in Europe, extending his business interests there and making known to that great continent the manufactured products of his own home town—Brantford. If men generally would do for their own towns and cities what Lloyd Harris has done for Brantford, we would require more trade commissioners abroad and would demand an absolute ambassador at Washington. For Mr. Harris not only advanced the interests of Brantford, where he still lives, while Member of Parliament, President of the Board of Trade, and Vice-President of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, but he took a lively interest in sports and in many ways helped to make Brantford one of the finest cities in Canada. Apart from his public service, he has extensive private interests. First comes Harris, Cook and Company, of Brantford. After that he has the following connections: Vice-President, Canada Starch Compauy, Limited; Director, Willys-Overland Company, Limited, of Canada; Director, Trusts and Guarantee Company, Limited; President, Russell Motor Car Company, Limited; Director, Dominion Power and Transmission Company, Limited; Director, Steel Company of Canada, Limited; President, Canada Glue Company, Limited; Managing Director, Underfeed Stoker Company of America, Chicago; Vice-President, Canada Cycle and Motor Company, Limited. One of his latest ventures is connected with the Russell Gear and Machine Company, Limited, of Toronto.

Lloyd Harris was born at Beamsville, Ontario, in 1867, and has been a man of affairs ever since leaving Woodstock College at the age of seventeen. He always has stood for his own town first and his own country first. His patriotism is the kind that we need in Canada.

MR. LLOYD HARRIS

TWO CANADIAN CANYONS

BY GRACE H. HUNTER

CANYONS in the Canadian Rockies are as numerous as they are inaccessible. Unless the tourist is lithe as an Indian much of the grandeur of the mountains must remain hidden from him. To view the scenery at close range is possible, however, in some places, even for the traveller who insists on a maximum of comfort with a minimum of physical exertion.

Two great tracts in the heart of the Rockies have been set aside by the Canadian Government for park purposes. Both of these happen to be in Alberta, so that this province will in no distant future rival Quebec as a centre of tourist traffic. At Jasper ten miles on either side of the Grand Trunk Pacific have been reserved for the nation. Though much of this has still to be opened up, it is not the undiscovered solitude of snow peaks that it appears. It has been the theatre of many stirring scenes where men of every race have striven with nature for her wealth hidden in these fastnesses. The very name Jasper is a tribute to a famous fur trader, Jasper Hawes, the site of whose trading-post may still be seen on the banks of the Athabasca. He was only one of many who passed this way either to the Cariboo in search of gold or to Hudson Bay for furs. The incredible hardships endured by these adventurers offer a striking contrast to the luxury of modern travel.

At Jasper, however, the tourist must still be prepared for something of these older travellers' fears. Mountains still spell effort. All the old proverbs aquire new meaning after a sojourn of a few days among these lofty peaks. Mahomet still has to do the walking; the mountain looks on serene, unmoved and unmoving. Though some Edmonton capitalists are planning a modern hotel at Jasper, at present only primitive accommodation is available. The village of Jasper would have roused Ruskin to fury. What may in the future be a picturesque retreat from the world without is an unattractive group of cottages and small stores, with the railway strongly emphasized. The Park Superintendent's quarters are a promise of better things to come. The camp, three miles away, advertised as a convenient centre for tourists might be that of Jasper Hawes himself as regards equipment. Tents there are, to be sure, and cots with some bedding. Ablutions may be performed in the adjacent lake, Beau Vert, if your liking for ice water will carry you so far, or you may have the same in a jug by dipping it out. In the dining tent food of the same Spartan tendencies may be had. It was, to do it justice, more attractive than the meal served to us at the camp in the Yoho Valley where, for a tin of pork and beans, some canned fruit and so-called coffee we paid four dollars, said rations having been served to four persons. But at the Jasper Camp too, the price compelled us to regard it as a first-class resort.

It is from this camp that excursions start for the Maligne Canyon, one of

the finest gorges in the Rocky Mountains. To make it accessible to motor-cars the Government has sonstructed a driveway about nine miles long. This winds in and round the Athabasca river and valley, passing several lovely lakes which redeem the desolation of the landscape. The visitor familiar with the magnificent Douglas firs elsewhere in the Canadian West—in Stanley Park, for example, or on the Malahat Drive in Vancouver Island—will be disappointed to find in Jasper Park chiefly jack pine, spruce and poplar. Fire has swept these areas, leaving few of the old giants standing. Needless to say, these conflagrations occurred before the Government took this tract under its protection. The scrubby nature of the woods seems out of harmony with the majestic mountains all around. The virgin forest stirs the soul; it suggests eternity. Devastated woods are depressing, bearing witness to the stupidity of man.

As the road nears the Maligne Canyon it rises four hundred feet by an ascent described as "gradual". It is steep enough, however, to give the ladies in the crowded vehicles plenty of thrills. The Government having provided the road, might better have looked after transportation facilities. Why allow private greed to spare the cost and spoil the drive?

This Canyon differs from others famous in guide books in that it is so narrow at the top that a daring boy in the party skipped like a mountain goat from side to side. A misstep would have meant a fall of about a hundred and eighty feet into the depths where the water rushes through a cavern so black that it can be heard rather than seen. Below the gorge, which is about half-a-mile long, the Maligne river becomes a threatening torrent. Because it was so dangerous to cross, the early voyageurs called it "Maligne", and it deserves the reproach. The potholes worn by the water are unusually large. The guide horrified the party by jumping into one just over the brink. He was promptly followed by the red-headed boy who had already tempted the wicked flood. The sinister jaws seemed to open and engulf both. What are our producers about that they do not use the scenery provided by Nature for the setting of the grimmest tragedy their invention can create?

The Johnston Canyon near Banff lies along the route of the Canadian Pacific Railway. This district has of course been well known to the travelling public for a generation, but this particular Canyon was made accessible only about three years ago. It is in the Canadian National Park, the tract set apart by the Government in Southern Alberta. Canadian Pacific enterprise has made Banff known all over the world as a health-resort and a centre for outdoor sports. The resident population of Banff is about twelve hundred, but the year before the war nearly seventy-five thousand tourists were registered at the various hotels. At Banff, though the town itself is not specially attracive, you can find all the luxury your purse will permit. The simple life here is of a very different type fro mthat of Jasper. Both sorts will always have their devotees.

The Government has done much in this vicinity to make sight-seeing easier for the average tourist, Three years ago the drive leading to the Johnston Canyon was completed. The unsuspecting visitor gathers from the posters that he will enjoy the view from a motor-car. He should be warned at the outset that mountain scenery is not for the fat or lazy. There is no Board Walk in the Rockies. Those who have toured in the English Lake District will remember being invited to climb the steepest parts of the road in order to spare the horses. The procedure at the Johnston Canyon differs in some details, but the essential fact is the same—the objective has to be attained by individual exertion. A pleasant, easy drive through the Bow

Maligne Canyon in Winter

Cave Entrance to Maligne Canyon

Steps and Bridge over Johnson Conyon

A Waterfall in Johnson Canyon

Valley brings you to the mouth of the Canyon. You wait expectantly to be driven nearer. Instead you see your chauffeur choosing a parking space. He points in the direction of the Canyon and announces benignly that he will await your return. The walk —he calls it that—will take an hour. Two would be closer to the truth, to go the whole way, for speed is out of the question; but it is an interesting and exhilarating experience.

You begin gaily on an easy path, which, however, soon shows signs of rising. It becomes apparent that considerable agility is going to be needed to negotiate the steep flight of steps—forty in one instance—and swinging rustic bridges. Some are giddy at the sight of the swirling water beneath. The trail crosses from side to side of the Canyon, seven rustic bridges making this possible. The timid turn back, but a veteran on crutches hops along with the agility of a mountain goat. We had met a flock of these creatures browsing on the slopes and envied them their sure-footedness. Determined to reach the end we go forward regardless of the taxi parked in the distance, but unaware of the delights ahead. At this juncture thrift seems of less moment than the Friar's monition: "Wisely and slow; they stumble who run fast".

Enchanting vistas beguile the way. At length we reach the falls at the upper end of the Canyon. No grotto painted for Aladdin's palace could rival the fairy charm of this scene. A natural cave in the rocks permits a "close-up" of the falls dashing into two green pools separated by gigantic masses of rock. Rugged slopes on both sides of the Canyon provide a green background of young firs and pines. The Chinese critic, who decreed that in painting a certain noble character, he must give him "a fit background of great peaks and deep ravines" would surely have found an ideal setting here.

The Federal Government deserves the thanks of every Canadian for the work done in the National Parks. If we could develop pride among our people in our beauty and start traffic towards our own resorts it would draw our East and West together. If, as the Commissioner of Dominion Parks says in his Report for 1920, the Government would organize a Tourist Bureau it would be educative as well as profitable. What Switzerland and California have done by publicity can be done for Canada.

THE LAKE OF BAYS AND THEREABOUTS

BY FRANK YEIGH

THE immediate object of this article is to introduce a lake full of bays, a rare specimen in the realm of nature — the Lake-of-Bays—which for many years has won and held its place on the map of beautiful places within the boundaries of Ontario.

"There's a reason," as the advertising catch word has it, for the popularity of any playground or summer land, and there's a reason for the annual stream of cottagers, summer-holidayers and tourists who in ever-increasing numbers find their way to this special garden of delight up north in Ontario.

Let us see it for ourselves—by the imaginative route, at least, or vastly better by the route of reality, letting railways, like the Grand Trunk, or boats like the fleet of the Huntsville and Lake of Bays Navigation Company do the carrying under the best of modern travel conditions, which means comfort, safety and a goodly meed of pleasure.

I always get a lot of fun out of my anticipation of a trip. It's great fun reading guide books and studying timetables when planning an outing and as the starting day approaches, a fine line of enthusiasm is generated at the very thought of exchanging the hot and dusty town for the cool and dustless country of lakes and bays, of islands and curving shores, of deep-hearted woods and delectable trails to inner sanctuaries of nature.

You will discover, as I have, that the day run to Lake of Bays is a preliminary experience full of tonic and pleasure, for there is unfolded with every mile a panorama of scenery rare in its beauty and variety. First, miles on miles of the fairest farming country in the world, then the curve of the exquisite shore line of Lake Simcoe followed by entrancing glimpses of that and other lakes, little and larger, each one acting the siren in tempting one to stop off. Gravenhurst; Bracebridge, with its brown-tinged falls of the Muskoka River, and then Huntsville, where the all-aboard of a few hours before is changed to the all-off orders of the train men.

Huntsville warrants more than a passing paragraph. If there is a more attractive little town in this world of towns, take me there. You feel like settling down for good in such a bright, clean, tidy and prosperous looking place. You are delighted by the fine shops, the imposing homes, the schools and churches and especially the setting of water in lakes and intervening river. And if you are fortunate enough to hear the famous Huntsville band you will listen to a prize winner in this part of Canada.

Huntsville, moreover, is an ideal outfitting town for camper or cottager, and many there are of these two

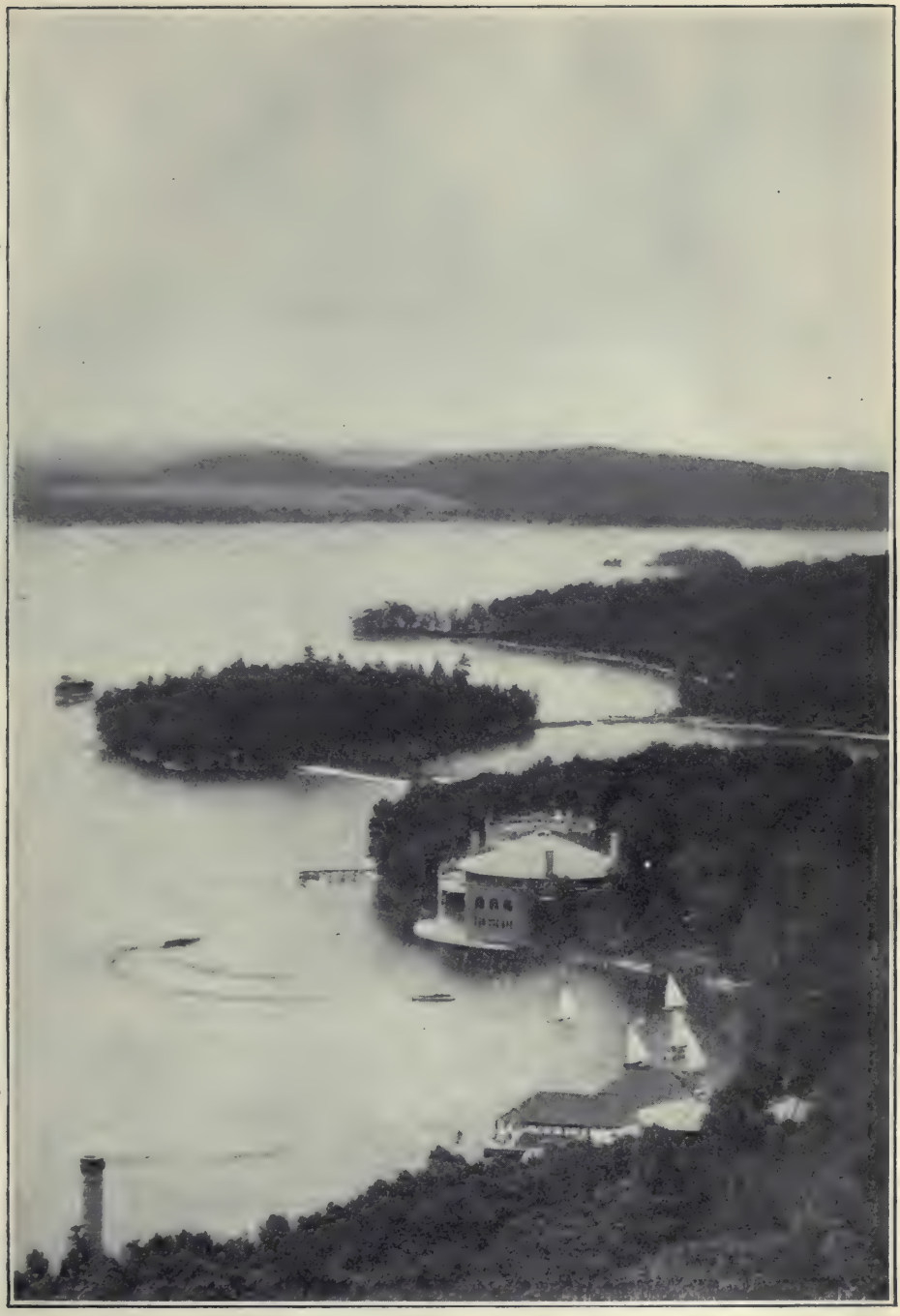
One of the trim steamers that ply on the Lake of Bays

happy classes who make raids on the shops where an abundance of good things are sold.

But our business just now is to get along. That means transfer from train to boat, the one almost bumping into the other, so close are they. It takes but a few minutes to make the exchange and to feel the throb of the propeller as the tidy little steamer starts on the first leg of the water journey into the very heart of the Highlands of Ontario, famous the continent over, made up of ridge after ridge of pine-clad hills near the western end of the Laurentian range that is the vertebra of this corner of the continent.

The fun of it starts with the start. You sail from Vernon Lake into Fairy Lake via a mile or so of the Muskoka River, and you would need to travel far before viewing a lovelier stretch of quiet water, fringed to its edge with tree and bush and plant, with an occasional home peeping at you from behind the nature shield. One would almost be content to pitch his tent hereabouts if it were not the fact that this is but the vestibule to an even more beautiful region beyond. So you keep a-going, or let the boat do it. Every tint of green delights the eye and every stretch of shore line has its own diversified attractiveness.

Fairy Lake is connected with the next sheet of water, Peninsular Lake, by another narrow, twisty channel where your craft is ever making circles or figures as a fancy skater might. It is all water labyrinth, but our captain, I take it, could navigate it with his eyes shut. But in the meantime they're open, and so are ours, believe me, for there is much to feast upon, and yet keep on remembering this is still the vestibule country.



A typical bit of the Lake of Bays, Highlands of Ontario

A Vista of the Lake of Bays

Where's this much advertised Lake of a Thousand Bays? the cynical and impatient traveller might ask. Never mind, it's coming, friend. A portage first, though. That too is worth the price of admission as a most interesting interlude in this variety trip. You are carried for a mile or more on a baby train running over the world's shortest real railway operated as an independent line, and as part of the transportation system of the steamboat company. It is the jolliest kind of an experience, up hill and down again, over a little Great Divide, and then you gaze upon the real objective of the journey for the famous Lake of Bays lies before you in all its matchless beauty, with open arms of invitation, with room for all multiplied a thousand times and with comfort and health and resuscitation thrown into the bargain for good measure.

A shore line broken into a bay every mile or two means a succession of surprises and delights to the beholder from the deck or later on from motor craft or canoe. Have you ever seen a daughter of Eve at her best, as the world says, which means at her dressiest best? Given a spring or summer or autumn day, with a clear sky and clearer air on this ridge of territory, with a procession of vagrant clouds loafing across the horizon and stopping to play with each other betimes—given all this, and you are mighty near if not well within the Land of Heart's Desire and Delight.

It takes two hours to cover the water route on this one lake and to make the numerous ports of call. That's a heap of fun by itself, to get glimpses of the happy human groups crowding the little wharves as they greet their friends. Bless my heart, everybody is young around these parts. Put an Old Timer of eighty in white ducks and a red bowler and he'd fool almost anybody. But take it from me, my reading and therefore

Bathing Beach, Wawa Hotel, Lake of Bays

Splendid stretches ot water for sailing craft

The enchanting surroundings of Bigwin Inn

intelligent and wise friend, if there is anything prettier in this lovely old world than the summer girl on a wharf, with a background of foliage and a foreground of blue water, with a happy, smiling, honest-to-goodness face and the air and carriage of one who is enjoying life naturally—then tell me where it—or she—is. But as a happily married youngster of middle age, with her and her sister and my aunt and a cousin or two along of the Daughters of Eve Society—I dare not amplify that theme.

Talk about summer hotels, you have them here in abundance. The *Wawa,* the *Bigwin Inn,* the *Britannia,* the *Narrows,* the *Bay View,* and every other kind of "view"— hostelry, stand ready with open portals to take you in, in the best sense of the term. Every taste, I should think, is met when it comes to putting people up—for a day or a season. Little tented castles amid the forest add a note of decoration to the landscape; cottagers seem to spring into being overnight, the nice wide-verandah style, with an old-fashioned log cabin claiming as much relative comfort as the swell shelters all along shore.

Let us right now decide to stay a while in this thousand-bay lake with a string of islands to swell the arithmetic. You ask, what'll we do when or now we are here? Land sakes, son, that's easy. Come along and put yourself in my charge for the nonce, though I haven't the slightest idea how long a nonce is. I cannot

decide when I'm happiest in this playground couutry. When its a canoe, with one other and none other—that seems about as satisfactory a human conditions as could be wished; and especially to let the Other One, if she persists, do all the paddling as she faces the west and the fresh breeze around the corner blows her brow free of escaping strands of hair, to scarce feel the slip of the craft through the untroubled waters, to poke your way into the 'eute little inlets with their Diana beeches and pools, to let the world slip by as in a dream and to let it slough off its troubles too for the hour — that surely is a bit of heaven down here below.

Or, to make up a motor launch party, well stocked with in-between meal provisions, to go a visiting to other hotels or cottages or islands, to go shopping over in Dorset or Dwight, where you can sit on the counter and let your feet dangle happily and haplessly below—just as we did—when we were twenty-one.

To have a game of golf—think of it, on a mighty fine course too where you can run up a big score as easily as at home. Colonel Bogey is most elusive here as well as elsewhere, but what's the odds? A good score does not guarantee happiness of itself—though it helps. Yes, here the golfer may golf to his golfing heart's delight—and undo all the tuition work of the Pro at home.

Fishing? Sure, son. Trout for the pulling in; in some of the little contagious lakes, like Kellow Lake, trout, gray and salmon and brook, square-tailed and otherwise as you may order and in the big lake, accommodating fish may be caught if you know beans about bait. Many a good string proves that some fishermen are lucky, as, in the game season, deer, bear and kindred large game are to be had, along with the partridge and duck game birds of the north. Hunters' lodges scattered here and there advertise their use, or you can follow my illustrious example by letting the other fellow do the hunting and fishing while you are willing to consider invitations to test the result around the table.

And that suggests, worldly and fleshly thought that it is, that dinner time or eating time up north is not the least pleasant period of the day or night. Appetites do not need coaxing here, rather restraining; but nature meant us to have good digestions and here's where they are made or repaired. One wonders how the caterers for the summerites set such epicurean tables, from the swell table d' hôte of the big caravanseries to the al fresco lay-out of your friend's wigwam—bungalow—lean-to where bacon-n'eggs are equal to patty-du-fois or whatever the term is, and where a brew of strong tea, from a strong cup, makes life look sweet and keeps the sun shining in its appointed course.

And what sport the youngsters—and oldsters too—have at night time when toes begin to twitch to the strains of an orchestra and dull care is driven farther away than ever before. Even an anchorite would seize a partner under the witchery of a summer night, on the broad verandahs or even on the sandy beaches. If it should rain—perish the thought, but it does once-in-a-while — there are big parlors for all kinds of fun and all kinds of fun is indulged in. Laughter reigns, human intercourse is increased, conversation forgets how to lag and the Man in the Moon winks his broadest with evident approval of all that's going on down below.

And it is worth going up Lake of Bays way alone to see and hear the children, the army of kiddies, get the most out of life. When they're in the canvas, a perfect picture is assured. The numbers to be seen at every turn are evidence that the race is not dying out and that race suicide is still a few decades off. Bless their young and

irresponsible hearts, even if they do wake you up early, what would the summer lands be without the spring-time youngsters?

Some folks will welcome the news that hay fever has never dared to show his undesirable face here. The troublesome attachment of so many sufferers is here left behind and may it be lost while left behind. In fact a spot like this lake world is a great nature sanitarium where the medicine is most pleasant to take and where Youth defies Age, and Health dares Sickness right to their faces.

Another feature of life in the Highlands is found in the camping clubs that are steadily increasing in numbers and popularity. It would be hard to find a more ideal spot for their location or a more worth while holiday for a growing lad where, in addition to having the time of his life, he adds to his stock of knowledge and learns some things that may help him to save life later on. Under the best of supervision, as to conduct and discipline, the boy campers have a privilege unknown to us old chaps. Chains of little lakes surround the Lake of Bays where there is ideal seclusion yet close enough to the central body of water and its larger interests.

Talk about vacation pleasures. Here is one of the out-of-door regions where they are to be had in abundance and of the X X X brand. Many a summer holiday have I been privileged to enjoy in and around the Lake-of-Bays, and may a kind Providence afford me many another. And not to be selfish, may you have one, and many, as well, for there is enough air and health and water and forest and land and beach and fish to go round.

RETURN, O SHULAMITE!

By CHRISTINA WILLEY

LOST is the dewy rosiness of dawn,
Gone is the splendor of the noonday light.
The fruitful summer rain
Waits, till you come again.
Return, O Shulamite!

A shadow dims the happiness of day,
A brooding sorrow saddens all the night,
Dark is the earth and cold—
A wearied star, grown old—
Return, O Shulamite!

Loved wanderer, on you all blessings wait,
Blessings of sound and color, warmth and sight.
No dawn is here, no dew,
No sun-glow, wanting you.
Return, O Shulamite!

IMPRESSIONS OF ONTARIO

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM CALDWELL

V. A VISIT TO A CANADIAN AUTHOR

ONE of the things they used to tell me when I first came to live in Canada, was that the Lower Provinces here were a kind of Scotland in this Dominion of ours sending up a continuous stream of strong, original, forceful men into all the larger cities —out into the great West. into public life generally, even to Harvard University and the States, and so on. Being a Scot myself, I naturally took this in at its alleged and its imaginative value, all the more readily because I had once passed a delightful summer in Halifax, and because I always have had both New-World and Old-World friends serving as professors in Dalhousie University. When on my recent lecturing tour in Ontario, I early found that I could very often refer in one place or another to some one local man, or men, who had reflected a kind of glory on the community in question and on the Province itself. Thus in Strathroy it was both natural and easy for me as a McGill man to hail the town that had given to us our new Principal, the man who will be famous to all time as having been in command of the Canadian Overseas forces at the moment of victory—General Sir Arthur Currie. An old pupil of mine, a young Anglican minister there, had told me on my way to the lecture, that in all probability some relatives of Sir Arthur's would likely be in the audience. In Napanee, again, to take another town, I was able to put myself *en rapport* with my audience by thanking the place for its gift to us at McGill and Canada of one of our best known and most effective medical professers—his brother was still there in Napanee having been Mayor of the town and so on. In the old town of St. Mary's I naturally took the opportunity of rendering my homage to the place that had given to Canada its then Prime Minister, Mr. Arthur Meighen. And I quoted in St. Mary's, as I alreday said, some pertinent remarks from a speech of Mr. Meighen's about every Canadian being possibly either a maker or a breaker of his country. In Belleville I had the opportunity not only of referring to Sir Gilbert Parker as a Canadian who had gone into the life of the Enpire as a whole, but of meeting Sir Gilbert and of having a long talk with him about Canada and England and about many common friends. In London, Ontario, I spoke of being proud to be in the city to which we Montreal people some years ago had to look to find a new Bishop for our Anglican communion. And in Orillia I could hail the town and the birthplace and the chosen summer home of my friend and colleage the famous Stephen Leacock, of whom more in a moment or two. I had by

this time of course acquired the habit of turning the old remark about the Lower Provinces being confessedly the Scotland of Canada in the matter of a supply of leading men to the Dominion, by the contention that, to judge from all appearances, Ontario was at least doing her full share in the sending of prominent men into the public life of the Dominion and the Empire. For is not our present Prime Minister, Mr. Mackenzie King, also an Ontario man? And is not our present High Commissioner in London, Mr. P. C. Larkin, also of Ontario—not to speak of the present prominence of the Ontario Farmer's party and its leaders in the matter of the present and future politics of the Dominion.

I need hardly say that I had been hoping all through my Ontario wanderings that Stephen Leacock would actually be in Orillia when I should turn up there on the lecture platform. I had studiously refrained from previously asking him about the possibility of this. I did not wish to trespass in any way upon his time or his summer occupations. I knew from experience how busy a man he always is (even in winter he rises about six) and also how generous he is apt to be to his friends—the very prince of good fellows when he gets started, and it is very easy to start him. After my lecture, however, (it was pouring cats and dogs) I 'phoned from the Orillia hotel or the Orillia Arms, or whatever it is called, (it is a comfortable old-world place and might quite well be called the Orillia Arms) to Leacock, and following some friend of his, he himself soon came to the receiver, insisting that I should immediately come out to his place. I told him that this was practically impossible and indeed hopeless as I had been lecturing every day for four or five weeks, but that if he and Mrs. Leacock would allow me to come next day after church I would be delighted, but that I did not want to bother him or his guests. I was going to bed early, I said, for a long rest and a quiet day on the morrow, writing some letters and re-arranging my wardrobe and so on. I could do all I wanted, he said, in this connection at his place, as I would have the boat-house and its study and its bedrooms all to myself. I again insisted that I could not even put things together for coming out to him, but that he had better come in and dine with me quietly at the hotel. But it was all useless. He was coming in for me in the car, he said, in about fifteen minutes and would take no refusal, nor would Mrs. Leacock. And sure enough in fifteen minutes, as I was sitting in the side room arguing with a local clergyman who thought that I had in my lecture sacrificed the Empire idea too much to the Commonwealth idea, there was Leacock bursting into the hotel and shouting in his loud voice towards the desk: "Is Professor Caldwell here; I want him at once? His room is off, do you hear, cost or no cost, say what you like, or say what he likes, he is coming out to me till over Monday and I will attend to everything." I mention all this as characteristic of the man, either in his ordinary daily life or in his play, for Leacock has all the *insouciance* and all the impulsiveness, all the *abandon* of the creative artist, or the child of nature—a veritable Play Boy of the Western World. Characteristic, too, was his summer get up, half covered as he was by a hastily thrown on winter overcoat over his semi-boating or semi-lounging outfit, an ill-fitting and bedraggled and crushed and rain-softened canvas hat and an equally soppy clay-covered and mud-covered pair of white duck trousers that had once been new and fashionable. The whole bohemian effect was in the most delightful contrast to the fairly opulent car outside the door (no country doctor's or country minister's Ford

for Leacock) earned by his own pen, and the superior, easy, commanding manner with which he bossed the whole hotel staff and hailed half a dozen people at the same time that he was shouting for me. I began by scolding him for getting wet and inquiring after his wife and his boy, and attempted to turn down his proposal about coming out to his place on the lake. And we were soon leaning up against the hotel desk talking about Ontario and its different "types", and about summer lecturing work, and so on. Leacock keeps away from anything that suggests a college or an education in the summer time, holding out against a hundred requests to go lecturing. I again tried to get him to stay and dine with me but he would not. I could come out, he said, and find everything at his place. I could bring everything or nothing, just as I pleased. He had meantime an errand and he would give me ten minutes to snatch up anything and lock my room without tidying up. Then we would go out and get some more tea, and later supper. There was an informal party at the house of some friends who would like to meet me. Then we would return to his place, and I could take possession of my quarters in the boat house, and he would come in to talk to all hours, or we could go to bed and talk on the morrow. Then I could have the car and do what I liked on the morrow and the three succeeding days, for he found that my itinerary would permit of my using his place as headquarters for three days.

Here then, in mid-Ontario, was I all at once and quite unexpectedly in clover, and in comfort and in independence, in the summer place of a warm-hearted friend who was also a colleague and a famous Canadian, with whom I had many associations and friends in common on both sides of the Atlantic, and even as far as South Africa and Australia, and from whom and with whom I could see still more about Ontario—under the most favorable circumstances and auspices. Here I could get no end of Sunshine Sketches of a Canadian country town. Here was a real "Main Street" in which I could take a prodigious interest with one who knew all about it, and all about Canadian and Empire problems and the new times.

Leacock's summer establishment in Orillia on the lower end of Lake Couchiching is just the sort of place where a real Canadian or a real Britisher (for Leacock is decidedly both) who is also a man of letters and a professor (he does not speak quite respectfully enough of his *metier propre* or of professors) would choose for a summer home and possibly even for a place of retirement towards the end of life. I could see that first evening in the dark, and certainly in three minutes next morning, as Leacock was walking me about, how it had all grown up by natural and experimental stages from the simple summer shack that he put up there in the trees many years ago, while still a struggling and ambitious student and a young teacher of political economy.

I need not attempt to describe the outhouses and the servants' quarters and the tool-sheds and the garage, and the tenting arrangements and the vegetable gardens, and the flower gardens, and the devices for living and eating out of doors that now surround the cozy old central bungalow with its library and its fireplace and its attractive bedrooms and so on. Anyone can picture all this for himself who knows Canadian life and Canadian summer places, anyone who knows what can be done with time and money and skill to a place that one loves and with which one has definite associations. Our author and professor seems to own and control a whole half of the lower end of the lake that seems to widen out somehow at the other end into a still larger lake.

And there are other attractive and impressive places of the leisure class, of the well-to-do, right across the lake from his own. His privacy for many years is assured, buttressed as he is in the rear by a railroad and a country road on the far side of one of his gardens, and flanked on his left by other non-negotiable properties and natural features. And he has a long interesting drive and approach to his place which he also seems to be able to control. These entrances and exits are barred and fortified in a way that would please the most exclusive Englishman with a whole castle and domain to guard. Here then is this delightful and thoroughly Canadian spot our professor, for I am going to call him such (he once wrote me from Australia that nothing would ever induce him to give up his position at old McGill) does a prodigious lot of summer loafing and summer brooding, and a prodigious lot of summer play and summer work (he refuses absolutely to look near universities or summer schools in these months) getting every day a prodigious daily mail that connects him with the outside world and with the New York and London editors who are exploiting him, entertaining, after a preliminary week or two, a long string of summer visitors to whom he and his wife and his Orillia friends (and they have many of the most delightful sort) give simply a glorious anl a most interesting and stimulating time. Leacock digs and works occasionally in his garden for just so long as he feels like it and no longer. He naturally does not care as much, he says, for "stooping" in a potato patch or any other knd of patch, as he once did. He works sometimes with his carpenter and handy man (who can act the part of a valet or a gentleman's servant to perfection at a moment's notice) over something for his darling little son, or perhaps over a new boat for fishing purposes—to stand the rough and tumble of the far-famed Black River near his place. Just at the present time Leacock seems on the whole to have worked his way through all the ordinary preliminary occupations and avocations and cares, and duties of a summer place, and to have become literally a passionate and enthusiastic devotee of the gentle art of Izaak Walton, although the splendiferous and rough-and-tumble fishing that Leacock and his friends go in for on the tumbling and swirling rapids of the Black River is a very different thing from the quiet contemplative pastime of the immortal Izaak on the peaceful and sluggish and smooth streams of dear old England. He has a car that can cover the distance to this glorious Canadian stream (it is as good as any "Devil's River" I have ever seen here) over some pretty primitive roads in some forty-five minutes. And one of his friends has a car that can do the trick in about twenty-eight minutes, going over everything and through everything like electricity. I remember still a return trip that gave me more vivid Impressions of Ontario in a long-drawn-out-few-minutes than I ever want to have again about any country, —I, a sober student and a reflective philosopher, with a trusting wife and son miles away whom I thought I might never see again. Leacock, however, was in his element with perfect confidence in his friend (my stenographer wrote *fiend,* and we both laughed) whom he told me was the best chauffeur in North America. I could see that Leacock has simply to get worked up now and then to the boiling point, and then dash home to that upper room of his in the boat-house and work off his steam on an unexpecting and eagerly-consuming public. They do not know how it is all done. I do.

I cannot but think of my recent summer visit to Leacock without thinking also of a summer visit I paid

the year before the war to H. G. Wells in his summer home in Essex, England. Wells had written to me to come down there from London and I was, to say the least, just as eager to meet him in his summer leisure as I was to meet Leacock in Orillia. But it is only, of course, the summer and the working setting of the two men that I care to speak of here.

Wells came to meet me on foot, not in a dashing car like Leacock, at the tiny station of Little Eaton in Essex. He had written me that the country was interesting and that he lived practically adjoining the grounds and the estate of the Countess of Warwick, who had there one of the stately homes of England. Unlike Leacock's hilarious greeting, I was received by Wells with the calm direct recognition that one Britisher usually gives another. He was glad I had come down, he said. I could drive out or walk (we still do the latter in England, and of course the roads there are infinitely better for this purpose) to his house—the old rectory of the parish or the estate. He had been working, he said, all the morning and would enjoy the two-mile walk if I felt like it, and we could talk all the way through that perfectly beautiful bit of aristocratic English scenery. And we struck at once into deer parks and grazing fields and lawns and farm lands, and lanes, and so on. I saw in a moment that Wells was just as much a worker as I try to be myself, or as I know Leacock to be—with his whole day planned out for work and reading and exercise and relaxation and so on.

Unlike Leacock, Wells is nothing of a humorist or a joker, and we plunged immediately as we walked into a hard serious talk about the social and economic and religious problems of Britain and about some of the problems of the federation of the Empire, I bringing in many of the points of view of the Dominion, and contradicting Wells in some of the impressions and ideas that he had about America. I mean in the main that you have in Wells (as I met him then) of course, firstly the successful man and the man of fame, the maker of opinion, who assumes this latter fact and knows it, not unpleasantly, just as Leacock too forgets it when he is entertaining you and re-creating himself in the summer. But Wells wanted to talk about economic and social questions, whereas Leacock on the whole does not, any more than I care myself to talk philosophy (which is a very hard business and needs much preparation) after being occupied with it professionally all the winter months. Here then is the first contrast: Leacock, the eternally young, joyous play boy and famous writer of the Western world in full, free, happy contrast with all the fine, free, summer life of the new world, overlooking nearly altogether the undoubtedly prevailing economic and mechanical civilization of our entire Western world; and Wells, the man with a professedly economic and scientific philosophy that he was eager to talk about and that he had been actually trying to write into all his books, with a prevailingly negative and critical attitude to the whole social and Imperial setting of Great Britain, in the midst of some of the passing splendors of which he was still writing. There in Essex, in one of the beautiful flower gardens of Lady Warwick's palatial mansion, did he and I sit all that golden August afternoon, with many of the glories and beauties of the feudal past of old England about us (could anything be more different from the Canadian bush and the Canadian lakes and the rural Ontario in which Leacock works?) while Wells poured out his far too confident radicalism and republicanism, and his far too superficially easy economic and scientific philosophy of life. To both of these

things I objected in a way that I could not to the wholesome laughter and the shrewd perception of human nature, and the sallies of the comic spirit in Leacock that connect him not with the economists, and not with Wells, but with the great brotherhood that is headed by men like Rabelais and Aristophanes and Le Sage and Mark Twain and Russel Lowell and our own immortal Dickens (almost the greatest social reformer of mid-Victorian England, and Leacock's travelling companion on all his lecturing trips).

And then, of course, it is but fitting in these Impressions of Ontario to insist again upon the New-World setting of Leacock, and on the matter of its tremendous importance when we think of comparing him with old world writers and their settings. It is this new world and its youth and its "trans-valuation of all values" that has given Leacock his subject matter, and that it would pay men like Wells and Shaw and Arnold Bennett to know better than they do. They would see, perhaps, that new material conditions do not always change men to the extent that they might imagine that it would. There is something eternal in human nature, in its professions and its vanities and its essential humanities. And it is this great fact that Leacock sees in his way. And we owe him a debt for the extent to which he helped to keep the world sane during the war. I cannot help wishing, of course, and I wished it even while with Leacock in Orillia, that he would make the effort somehow (he owes it to Canada and to his profession as a Professor of Political Economy, for I insist, as Auckland Geddes did recently in California, that it is to the real professors and teachers of the country that the world can best look at present for guidance) to put together the human nature that he knows so well with the political economy and the political science that he teaches at McGill. Wells struck me (in 1913) as not taking enough of a recognition of the deeper wants of that human nature of all men over which Leacock makes merry all the time, although the case is quite different now, with Wells after some of his later books and the History of the World—he is on his way to something not far from Christianity itself. But my present point is that Leacock has really, with his education at Toronto and Chicago, and his travel behind him, an environment, and a chance, up there in his Orillia summer home, that compare more than favorably with the chances and the environments of men like Wells, and even the great Anatole France, and Dean Inge and others. He would have a great chance if he could induce some of the Old-World writers and critics just to come over to Orillia there for the summer and take pot-luck, and the luck of the place, and of its environment and its associations. I wish he would do this, and try to work out there with these men and others a philosophy of life and society that would at once be cheerful and attractive and yet in true touch with the problems of our life of to-day, and with the past history of this continent and of the Old World.

FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I.

Publication of the statement of the Canadian Bankers' Association in criticism of State banking through the agency of Provincial Savings Offices and the reply of Hon. Manning Doherty, Minister of Agriculture for Ontario, have served to emphasize the wide gulf between the advocates of private and government enterprise in the field of finance. It is significant that the banks have not challenged the principle of rural credits. Under certain conditions, the regular financial institutions might not consider it safe to lend money on the individual liability of an agricultural applicant for a loan, yet advances might be made safely on the collective guarantee of members of a rural credits society or farm loans association. In Manitoba, the banks financed the rural credits' societies from the inauguration of the system to the early part of 1920, despite the fact that such societies entered into direct competition with the banks by making loans in well-established districts, instead of their operations being restricted to pioneer sections as apparently was the original intention. The withdrawal of the banks' support was due to unwillingness to lend money at the rate of interest arbitrarily fixed by the Government. In Ontario also, the banks offered financial assistsance. They informed the Provincial authorities that, if the Government believed a system of short term rural credits to be necessary, the banks were willing to advance money on the most favorable terms to Farm Loans Associations. They advised that, if long term mortgage loans were to be made, these should be financed by the sale of bonds, as money deposited with the banks or Government subject to withdrawal on demand could not properly be tied up in non-liquid, long-term investments.

The banks' protest is against Government competition with privately-owned banking institutions, and is based on the contentions that such competition is unnecessary, uneconomical, and inimical to public interests. No scheme of rural credits can increase the amount of funds available for loans in Canada. There is no hoarded money to be brought out from old stockings by a slight increase in the rate of interest offered. In effect, any plan of rural credits can accomplish its purpose only to the extent to which it results in diverting money from other borrowers to agriculturists. The Governments of Manitoba and Ontario compete with the banks for deposits of public savings and utilize such money, directly or indirectly, in making loans principally to agriculturists. Thereby they reduce the funds available for loans by the banks to their customers, including farmers. Canada already produces grain and certain other agricultural products much in excess of home market requirements, and it is with difficulty that profitable markets abroad are found for the exportable surplus. At the same time we are dependent upon other

countries for many manufactured goods which could well be produced in this country. Without minimizing the national importance of agriculture, one may question whether, under these conditions, it is sound policy to divert savings deposits—the working capital of the country—from private financial institutions, which apportion such funds to applicants for loans for the most part on the basis of sound business considerations, and arbitrarily to employ this money exclusively for farm loans.

The experiments of Manitoba and Ontario with rural credits under Government control give rise to two principal dangers, the full extent of which is not yet apparent. The splendid branch banking organization in Canada may be somewhat weakened if competition from Government Savings Offices in soliciting public deposits, and competition from rural credits' societies in making loans, so increase the "overhead" and reduce the revenue of certain branch banks as to make necessary their discontinuance. It is not impossible that the cost of some bank services may be advanced, as a direct result of such competition.

The other danger is that the rural credits experiments will prove a costly charge on the general public. The most substantial agriculturists already are served satisfactorily by the banks and there is reason to fear that an undue proportion of applications for Government loans will come from those to whom the banks are unwilling or unable to lend, because of inadequate security or other reasons. Even with the most careful selection, the risks involved in such Government loans will be higher than those in general bank loans, because limited principally to agricultural borrowers and confined to Provincial boundaries, instead of being distributed over the entire Dominion and a wide range of industries. But perhaps the most serious possibility of loss arises from the attitude of borrowers towards loans from the Government. In this connection Hon. Chas. A. Dunning, Provincial Treasurer of Saskatchewan, has given exceedingly significant evidence. Reviewing the experience of the Saskatchewan Farm Loans Board, Mr. Dunning stated recently that in the first year of Government loans interest collections were twenty per cent. less than the amount due. In the second year, this increased to forty per cent., and in 1920 to fifty-four per cent. In 1921, the Provincial Government collected only thirty-seven per cent. of the amount due on the loans which it had made. "Generally speaking, the Board is not paid first, but often is paid last, provided there is anything to pay with," Mr. Dunning said. It would be practically impossible for the best of governments to enforce collections on a strict business basis, in disregard of the fact that the debtor has a vote.

After its disappointing experience with a system of long-term rural credits, the Province of Saskatchewan has avoided deliberately any extension of that system so as to provide short-term loans for agriculturists. Hon. J. E. Caron, Minister of Agriculture for the Province of Quebec, after studying the recent Ontario legislation, has expressed himself as opposed to establishment of a rural credits system by the Quebec Government. The Province of Manitoba has outstanding loans under its rural credits legislation aggregating $3,000,000. It has been claimed that no losses have been incurred, but a very large sum is admitted to be in arrears and such loans have had to be extended. Unquestionably the system has been submitted to a severe and adnormal test, but the result has not been reassuring. The rural credits experiments represent an attempt, under conditions of money shortage, to obtain for farm borrowers a larger share of loanable funds than can be secured through regular financial channels. Farmers in well-established sections probably will have little need, under normal conditions, of any system of rural credits to supplement the accommodation already provided by the banks.

II.

One wonders how long the Federal Parliamentarians will continue to waste time and money in the debate on the Address. Some of the Legislatures, too, follow the doubtful example of the House of Commons. It is difficult to see what benefit the country derives from the practice and as hard to understand how members themselves endure the affliction. They give a single day to the debate in the British Parliament where the problems of government are at least as numerous and complex as those of Canada. "The Silent Administration" could afford to set a better fashion.

A curious notion persists at Ottawa that some odium attaches to use of the closure. In Great Britain, however, they have outgrown that delusion. Application of the closure has become a settled practice but there is still adequate "freedom of speech" and adequate consideration of the measures which come before Parliament. The long debates on the Address and on the Budget belong to an age when Parliament was not so crowded with necessary business and when it was possible in two or three months to reach prorogation. They belong to an age of oratory and personal politics. But we have discarded oratory while in personal politics there is little that is lovely or of good report.

It used to be said that the debate on the Address gave members time to get acquainted with one another and enabled ministers to gauge the temper of Parliament. But with the press and other organs of publicity "too numerous to mention" one doubts if these excuses have any validity. Another common explanation was that members talked interminably because they could get their speeches into Hansard. The chances are, however, that members would talk as often and as wearily if there were no Hansard while the proposal to abolish it is a counsel of despair which would not benefit this generation and would deprive future generations of much valuable social, economic and historical material. The natural remedy is to use closure, require ministers to determine what time shall be allowed for ceremonial debates, and recognize considerations of economy and rules of business in the conduct of public affairs. These debates turn continuously and inevitably upon charges and counter charges of personal and political inconsistency in which the country is seldom interested, which affect the dignity of Parliament and which consume time which members could devote more profitably to their own affairs during the one or two months which could be cut off the average session of the Canadian Parliament.

III.

There is an element in both the old parties that would gladly restore political control over the distribution of patronage. Nor is it certain that the traders in patronage are altogether without support among the Progressives. In Ontario the Drury Government is as careful to put its friends into office as ever was any Liberal or Conservative Administration. The Hearst Government was attacked for its handling of patronage but it will hardly be suggested that there has been any change for the better under the Drury Coalition. No government ever made better appointments than that of which Sir William Hearst was leader. As much cannot be said for the Whitney Administration. With all his virtue and integrity Sir James Whitney could not resist the appeal of the Patronage Committees or withstand the organized pres-

sure of faithful partisans for recognition. His appointments, therefore, were not always the best that could have been made although no serious evils resulted from his laxity and generosity.

There was a greater regard for fitness under Sir William Hearst and perhaps he suffered for his inflexibility. One of these days the Province will discover that no more faithful servant than Sir William Hearst ever served its people, that he was both courageous and capable, and that he was the victim of circumstances and conditions for which he had little if any responsibility. Moreover no man ever took defeat with greater serenity or accepted an adverse popular judgment with more dignity. No doubt he suffered chiefly because he imposed Prohibition upon the Province, but he gave the people what they demanded and fell because the element among Conservatives, which is honestly and sincerely opposed to Prohibition, withdrew its support while the losses were not balanced by any corresponding gains from the ranks of Prohibitionists. There may be no grounds for reproach but it is worth while to keep the facts in remembrance. This is aside from the question of patronage but unquestionably feeling over the loss of political control over local offices affected the Conservative party alike in the last Provincial and in the last Federal election. In Toronto particularly there was intense irritation over patronage and to a degree the feeling extended over the whole country.

It is now clear that many supporters of the King Government are as eager to have a greater control over appointments to office as were Unionists in the last Parliament. Members set a peculiar value upon the right to recommend candidates for office and doubtless feel that they have no other means of rewarding faithful workers in the constituencies. The notion that members would rejoice to be relieved of the irritations and perplexities which attend office-filling gets little support in practical politics. A common feeling, no doubt, is that the patronage which belonged to members has been taken away while that of ministers in great degree remains. It is argued that since lieutenant-governorships and judgeships and senatorships and a multitude of other high appointments are bestowed chiefly as rewards for political service members should be permitted to give favors to more humble constituents who do the drudgery of politics in the wards and in the townships. One feels that the argument is unsound, that political control over the offices affects public morals and the efficiency of the Civil Service, and that the common duties of citizenship should not be discharged with the expectation of reward, but while so much patronage is retained, and perhaps necessarily retained, in the hands of ministers the agitation for restricting the powers of the Civil Service Commission will continue and the couutry will be fortunate if the gate is not opened to the old weaknesses and abuses. The evils of the old system and the danger of the moment are clearly and strongly stated by *The Manitoba Free Press,* while the Toronto *Globe* and other powerful journals resolutely oppose any step backward.

> "The reforming of the Civil Service," *The Free Press* says, "was one of the creditable achievements of the Union Government. It is approved by the vast majority of the people, who want to see a clean, business-like administration. But it seems very evident that a vigorous expression of public opinion is needed at the present time to prevent a removal of some of the restrictions, which eventually might lead to the sweeping away of the whole reform. When a section of the Conservative party in the House attempted during the last session to secure the return to the members of the patronage which

they formerly dispensed, Hon. Dr. Roche, chairman of the Civil Service Commission, strongly deprecated any material departure from the present system, and *The Ottawa Journal,* Conservative, vigorously opposed any attempt to undo the work of civil service reform. The patronage system as we had it in the past was unfair to the civil service and bad in every other way. If active partisans can look for reward in the shape of public offices when their friends are in power there will be plenty of them who will seek to win the elections by hook or by crook. And there are enough excesses now at election time without any additional incentive. Members of Parliament who move for even a partial return of the old patronage evil will take upon themselves a very serious responsibility."

The chief evils of patronage, however, do not lie in appointments to office. Millions of public money have been wasted in the distribution of contracts to powerful supporters of governments and in the purchase of supplies from individuals and companies at prices which permitted a generous contribution to the party Treasury. There is no doubt that senatorships sometimes have a cash value. There are other desirable appointments which do not go to the needy. What would be the outlook for the National Railways if appointments to positions in the service were controlled by Patronage Committees? In the history of the Intercolonial, however, one could find many facts and incidents of high value as instruction and warning. No system of Civil Service examinations will always give the best appointments for particular places. The choice is between two systems of appointments, not between a perfect system and a system wholly evil. Much will always depend upon the character of the Civil Service Commission but the experience of all countries proves that appointment by examination through an independent commission gives a higher average of efficiency, a greater security of tenure to public offices, a better prospect of promotion for diligent service, and is after all more truly democratic than any system of control based on partisan zeal and partisan subservience which human genius can devise. But a civil service commisson can be too rigid and so far as one can see there will always be too great a reserve of patronage in the hands of ministers. What the country has gained in civil service reform it cannot afford to relinquish but the ground will not be held without vigilance and struggle.

IV.

Opponents of the eight-hour law which was adopted in France two years ago declare that the effects upon industry have been disastrous and that though decreased production the economic restoration of the country has been greatly retarded. It is asserted that the wage bill of the railways has been increased from 36 to 58 per cent., that 100,000 additional railway workers have to be employed, and that accidents have increased and efficiency been lessened by the necesssary employment of many poorly trained engineers. It is further declared that production in the mines has been reduced by 20 per cent. and that the cost of labor in the mechanical industries has increased by 50 per cent. No doubt the figures will be challenged and probably the facts are exaggerated to the disadvantage of labor. It does seem to be established, however, that in many industries in which machinery is the chief factor in production the shorter day reduces the volume of output. Where hand labor

is chiefly employed production seems generally to be well maintained and sometimes actually increased. It must be remembered also that in occupations which involve severe physical strain cost is not the only consideration. But it does seem certain that a universal eight-hour day would materially increase the cost of the world's production and proportionately increase the charge for capital and reduce the purchasing power of wages. In many countries, however, labor is so restless and social and industrial conditions so abnormal that it is unsafe to draw final conclusions or attempt positive comparisons with other times and other conditions. No one country, however, can safely fix hours of labor without regard to the practice of other countries and it is significant that many of the most intelligent and authoritative leaders of labor now admit more freely than ever before that shorter hours and higher wages can be justified only by greater production.

V.

The tyranny of opinion which prevails all over the continent has no better illustration than in the attitude of so many prohibitionists towards those who question the advantages of prohibitory legislation. The evils of saloons were generally, if not universally, admitted and deplored. The open bar was evil and that continually. But there are multitudes of honest people who never can be persuaded that there is any moral wrong in taking liquor and who are thoroughly convinced that extreme sumptuary legislation never can be enforced. A law which is held in contempt produces many evils and breeds disrespect for laws which must be enforced. But all this ground has been traversed for generations as for generations experiments with total prohibition have been tried and abandoned.

Those who count upon revolutionary changes in human nature are forever disappointed and those who believe that humanity can be coerced against its preferences and convictions have read history to no purpose. It is grossly unjust to question the sincerity of prohibitionists as it is grossly unjust to suggest that all opponents of prohibition are interested in the saloon and the profits of the liquor traffic. Temperance agitators and social reformers have cleansed many dark places and brought many blessings to mankind. If they should cease from their labors the race would drift back again into many of the evil conditions out of which it has been lifted. It is the fashion to sneer at "uplift" but the term as too commonly used suggests the arrogance and intolerance which are ascribed to the extremists who seem to think that nothing of which they disapprove can be honest or sincere. *The Regina Leader,* unquestionably the most influential newspaper of Saskatchewan, has made a vigorouss protest against the partisans of prohibition who resent its frank confession that the prohibitory act has not been enforced and probably cannot be enforced and the further statement that the law must be enforced or repealed. It says:

> "For attempting to be fair *The Leader* is denounced by those who patently want only their own side placed before the public. When any organized minority succeeds in getting a law on the books which does not meet with popular favor and which cannot be enforced with reasonable success it must expect opposition and counter agitation. The test to which democracy is being put by the prohibition legislation recently enacted in Canada and the United States is

the test of the right of the majority to rule. An organized minority has succeeded in intimidating indifferent legislatures and duping easy-going electorates into enacting legislation which is not working out as was expected it would. The right of the people to repeal that legislation is just as sacred as was their right to create it in the first place. A nation or a province has the same right to change its mind, when it sees it has made a mistake as the individual has. The prohibitionists deny that right. 'We've got you under the lid and whether you like it or not, you are going to stay there.' That is the negation of democracy."

Whether or not prohibition has been imposed upon Canada and the United States by an "organized minority" may be open to debate. It is certain, however, that in many communities the law is flagrantly disregarded and that those who believe prohibition has been a failure hesitate to speak or vote for repeal. In the New Brunswck Legislature a few days ago Mr. Foster, Liberal Premier of the Province, declared his conviction that public sentiment was not behind the prohibitory legislation. The movement for government sale in packages has become formidable in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta. Whatever else may be said, it is clear that there has been a great reaction in public opinion and it is by no means unlikely that three or four Provinces now under prohibition in the near future will follow the example of Quebec and British Columbia.

Nor will any escape be found in more prohibition. Mr. King was guarded in his reply to the Dominion Temperance Alliance. Probably the Moderationists found more comfort in his statement than he meant to give. It is not desirable that Canada should be a Supply House for the United States and most Canadians would favor all practicable measures to restrain bootlegging in this country and to prevent illegal shipment across the border. But it is inconceivable that the Dominion Government would attempt to impose prohibition upon Quebec or British Columbia or enact a national prohibitory law in the teeth of a public sentiment in some of the dry Provinces upon which prohibitionists cannot rely with any great degree of confidence. In the United States prohibition is fortified by a constitutional amendment, but human nature challenges even constitutional amendments.

It is often said that when stocks on hand are exhausted prohibition will become effective. But is it not more likely that in degree as the cellars go dry the bootlegger will flourish and the ranks of the open opponents of prohibition be increased? Unquestionably there is an immense amount of illegal selling in Canada and the extent of home-brewing is amazing. Once four-fifths of the counties of Ontario were under the Scott Act, but after a trial the law was repealed by majorities as large as those by which it was adopted. In many counties of the Atlantic Provinces under county option and in Prince Edward Island under prohibition for long periods drinking was almost as common as under the license system. The attempt to keep liquor out of the Western Territories by the permit system had to be abandoned. If finally government control in Quebec and British Columbia justifies itself total prohibition probably will fail elsewhere, but if government control reproduces the evils of the open bar public sentiment will probably turn again towards absolute and general legal prohibition. Upon these two Canadian Provinces perhaps in greater degree than they realize depends the fortune of prohibition all over the continent.

VI.

The Farmer's Sun does not do itself justice in the endeavor to show that the general election gave a decisive verdict against protection. It points out that Mr. Meighen's candidates polled only 971,000 out of a total vote of more than 3,000,000. *The Sun,* however, will not pretend that the 528,000 votes polled for Liberal candidates in the Province of Quebec were cast against the tariff. No doubt there are voters in Quebec who agree with the official platform of the United Farmers, but so far as one has knowledge not half a dozen candidates in the French Province opposed protection. Indeed Liberal candidates in Quebec almost without exception refused to make the tariff an issue and declared substantially that there were no differences between Liberals and Conservatives on questions of fiscal policy.

In Nova Scotia nearly 172,000 votes were polled against the Meighen Government. We all know that there are many constituencies in Nova Scotia as protectionist as Conservative Toronto or Liberal Montreal and that few Liberal candidates in the Atlantic Provinces gave their support to the fiscal platforms of either the Liberal or farmers' party. In Ontario a majority of the Liberal candidates and even one or two Farmer candidates declared themselves to be as good protectionists as their Conservative opponents. In British Columbia, where over 80,000 votes were polled against the Meighen Government the people are practically united in favor of protection. Even in the three Prairie Provinces over 120,000 votes were polled by Conservative candidates as against 446,000 for the candidates of all other parties. A generous interpretation of the figures polled in the various Provinces would give at most a million votes for avowed low tariff candidates.

The blunt truth is that Mr. King and all his associates in the leadership of the Liberal party evaded the official platform adopted less than two years ago. Even some of the chief newspaper organs of the Farmers' party assured the country again and again that the industries need not be apprehensive that a revolutionary fiscal policy would be put into effect if the 'Progressives' should obtain control of the government. *The Farmer's Sun* cannot afford to appeal to the popular vote in support of its position since it is true beyond controversy, as was said in this department two months ago, that "no more decisive verdict in favor of protection ever was pronounced by the Canadian people".

ONTARIO LEGISLATIVE LIBRARY

THE BREAK-UP

From the Painting by Gardner Symons,
Exhibited by the
Canadian National Exhibition

IN GYVES OF ICE

AN EPISODE IN THE LAND OF FROST

BY WALTER R. NURSEY

OVERHEAD a veil of fibrous sleet dimmed the purple vault of a subarctic sky. Winnowed snowdrifts eddying before a midnight wind were fast forming fantastic dunes on the silver surface of the lake. Above the sound of the subdued grating made by the sleet's abrasion—little louder than of filings of steel drawn by a magnet over a paper sheet—a human appeal rose faintly. Tremoxo and feebly crescendo, the words died in parturition.

**"Shindip! Shindip!! Ah Shindip. Andos omah Shindip!"*

This appeal might have been addressed to the dead. It floated out upon the night, into the frozen desert of desolation a wasted prayer.

The situation was dramatic. Shindip, the man pleaded with, was an Otchipwe Indian. The man *in extremis* was myself.

The scene of my misadventure was in the heart of the Canadian wildlands at the invisible intersection of the ninety-eighth parallel of west longitude with the fifty-third parallel of north latitude. For my own part I am not likely to forget the place—though it lacks all vestige of landmark, for during the long watches of that May night—irreconcilable as it may seem—I was subjected to a cruel term of frigid crucifixion.

Ninety miles to the north of me lay a field of glaucous ice, "an infinite marble slab". To the south this frozen deep extended two hundred miles. To the east forty miles, to the west forty miles—nothing but ice! Round, about and beneath me, ice! *ice!* Even above, out of a sea of translucent cobalt fell stiletto-shaped particles of ice, weaving around me a glittering shroud, colder and less flexible than any coat-of-mail.

I lay with arms outstretched, pinioned as it were with gyves of ice at the junction of the four chilled bars of this intangible geographical cross. Hanging above in the zenith, an oxidized moon—the curve of whose sphere one could follow easily as it protruded from the violet ether—shed the light of a waning cresset over the silent waste. The steely grimness of this frigid plain was intensified by the pale lustre of stars which blinked coldly from the astral heights above. As the frozen particles crossed the moonbeams the air was decorated with flashing showers of prismatic color. It was as if all the diamond-dust from the workshops of heaven was being swept over the threshold of the sky upon the white world below.

In excuse for this climatic condition it is but justice to Keewaytin

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*Note—"Hollow Head! Hollow Head, O! come here Hollow Head!"

to declare that the season was a halting one even for that sub-arctic land. The winter had been notorious, not only for its severity but for the outbreak of smallpox which had ravaged the teepees of Chippewa and Cree and the cabins of the Icelanders at Sandy Bar, then invading Prince Ruperts Land. So fierce was the scourge that hundreds of Indians and Norsemen had bowed to the loathsome pestilence. Weeping and wailing filled the "tents of Shem".

To myself the winter had been one of hardship and adventure. From December to May I had tramped the rasping trossachs of this "land of zero", exploiting the Nelson River country, the frozen heights of the Kissaskatchewan, the flanking terraces of the Obasquia mountains and the tributary wastes on snowshoes. Armed with a roving magisterial commission from the Canadian Government and with the plenary power of a chief health-officer I was the first wandering administrator of a territory more than seven times as large as the United Kingdom and as much incognita as it was vast. In company with leather-coated constables, half-breed dog-drivers, Indian guides, native camp-followers and a stock of vaccine points, caron oil, pills, patience and vitality we had "worn the long winter out" as well as ourselves. Our diversions were vaccinations, nursing of the sick, marrying of the quick, and burying the dead. Quarantines had to be established, remote Indian lodges and the scattered camps of trapper and trader to be inspected. Up to this time I had travelled two thousand miles on foot and though confronted with many dilemmas had escaped serious mishap. With the advent of May came a grim stroke of misfortune.

We were upon our return journey —Hollowhead and I—to my headquarters at the Dog-Head, the narrows of the great lake, the selected point for a sanitary cordon north of the Manitoba boundary, the stamping ground of the Christenaux. So far not a soul from infected south or savage north had succeeded in crossing its yellow-flagged "dead-line".

Our march from the Misquahgoming Seebi — Red River of the North—had been forced and arduous. At Khapicquahwhaming — the Bad Throat river—a hotbed of contagion, we had dispensed consolatory rites to the stricken and were pushing northward into the arboretum of creeping juniper that hems the brawling courses of the Split-Rock. We had crossed Thick-Foot's Reservation on the Blood Vein, with its string of cataracts and the delta of the Pelican with its miles of archipelago. We had plunged through swart corridors of tamarac and spruce and over rock and tundra which extended from the Askandaga in dismal repetition to where polar seas break on the bleak headlands of Ungava and had at last crossed the Omeemeeseebi — the Pigeon River—on our tramp to Berens Fort. Through these tenebrous solitudes—the furlands of the world—the haunt of otter, marten, timber wolf and silver fox, lynx, beaver, and wolverine, whose velvet footfalls leave no audible impress on the snow—we had hurried with a grave purpose. Already rain had fallen and denuded the lake, and brilliant ribbands of heat pierced the spiked foliage of the firs. While sunlight lasted the blink of naked ice was blinding, for where it smote full on the bare surface of beryl-tinted lake it blazed, a shield of burnished brass, and though we blackened noses and cheek-bones with charcoal, bursting eyeballs drove us to wet tea-leaves and the shadows of the bush. The vapors, however, born of rising sap made it impossible to knock off our winter average of forty miles a day. The snow on either side of the forest trail had so sunk that snowshoeing on its slanting ridges was an impossibility. To the pressure of the moccasin the surface would yield and lower one thigh deep into the slush.

As for the dogs, of which we each drove a tandem of four, six were on the verge of collapse. Unceasing tugging on mooseskin collars and "short commons" had broken their courage. Panting, with dripping tongues they staggered along, only kept from falling by the tautness of their traces. The regulation ration of two pounds of buffalo pemmican, or three pounds of tittameg—whitefish—was a banquet of the past. A half ration of poisonous *kenongzhay* (jack fish) was now their only tiffin. Of Shindip's lot Nahtous had slaved himself into a state of vertigo. All but one were crippled, and as they eyed each other in a furtive way, I knowing the ethics of their kind—an uncanny idea haunted me. One alone, **Napoleon*, my "foregoer", a thoroughbred Eskimo husky—presented an extraordinary contrast. He was a combination of ferocity, gentleness, sympathy and sinew. From the tip of his silver tail which arched over iron-gray saddle and rampant crest like a bishop's crosier—with wolfish ears, brave eyes, clear cut jaws, coal-black muzzle, teeth as white as poker-chips and tongue as wet red as the lips of an Otchipwe belle—he was a superb compound of dove and demon. Ribbed like a bark canoe and with the legs of a stag, he could whip anything in dogskin that ever hauled on a shagganappi trace in the "land of the muskeg". *Chicag* (the Skunk) my Cree dog driver—at one time employed by Sir William Butler of "lone land" fame—vowed that *"Cerf Volant"*, Butler's historic Eskimo dog, was never the superior of "Napoleon". But "Poleon's" super doghood amounts to little now, for *bungee mistahtim*—the "little stallion"—as Shindip called him, met his "Waterloo"—while driven by a thief trader—in the treacherous tides of Lac-la-Biche.

Though the cold night winds which stole through sawing branch of pine and hemlock would harden the trail, the windfalls that overhung the path made travel in the shadows of night perilous. Of this Shindip's split cheek bore witness. The *babbeesh* (sinew) in our snowshoes through constant soaking by day and cutting by the freshly formed ice at night was either in a state of pulp or rigid as steel. Interlacing with strands of blanket was no avail, our feet broke the jellied sinew while our hearts well nigh burst in unison with the crossbars. At night the shoestrings frozen hard as wire would gall our toes horribly. But our dogs' feet caused us greater concern than our own, for whilst all but "Poleon", whose paws were as tough as birchwood, were wintershod, crimson footprints defiled the snow and halts would be called to adjust their "duffel-boots" and sympathize with their whimperings.

The time came when the going, though all too light from a commissary's standpoint, proved all too heavy for our played out "gee-gees". Every bit of superfluous cargo was jettisoned. We built an elevated stage-cache and with the exception of axe, kettle, rabbit-skin sleeping-bags, robes, blankets and pemmican, the outfit was discarded.

On the lake the storms of autumn had so tossed the first-formed ice that it lay a mat of up-ended hummocks—a carpet of frozen breakers. These, from rafting and piling pan on pan, had through spring percolation become in places a field of submerged bayonets. This brutal mattress with

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*Note (*Napoleon*)—I bought this dog from M. J. Haney, a sub-contractor on the Canadian Pacific Railway at Lower Fort Garry, Manitoba, now of Toronto. I subsequently gave him to the late Lord Dufferin, then Governor-General of Canada. 'Poleon, however, deeply attached to his dog-driving master, resented civilized bondage and escaped from His Excellency's pleasant custody. The morning after the Governor's departure he clanked into my quarters with a deprecating look and trailing ten feet of chain after a forty mile point-to-point run through swamp and chapparal.

its vertical spikes rested under a foot or more of daytime slush—an inverted harrow—waiting to cripple you for life. Even in less melted places the dogs were unequal to the dead haul. With ash poles of fire-hardened points we took "spells" at pushing on the tail-end of the toboggans, but the labour was too heroic and we abandoned lake travel by daylight.

Though night released us from the purgatory of sunshine the new ice was as brittle as porcelain and a header into the shallow cisterns below spelled permanent disablement. Our objective point north of the Warpath river on the west coast of the Gitche-Sagiagan (The Great-Lake) was diagonally distant some seventy miles—then equivalent to twenty hours of continuous travel. On the stone-strewn marge of this echoing mere awaiting the rising of the star Jubinal—the night god of the northlanders—we allowed the crippled dogs to make a Lazarus of its comrade, while we baked the last bannock and pounded the pemmican into a rubbaboo. Here too we cut a few fagots of dry dogwood and birch-bark, filled our smoke bags with *epahcoosagonin*, the flame-dried inner skin of the red willow, and puffed away at our soapstone *pwoighuns*.

A few white gulls lazily gyrated above the ice floes. A big loon on strong pinion came driving before the wind. The scream of the mosquito-hawk, *"beepeegeeceese, beepeegeeceese,"* reached us from the timber, while from no fixed locality came the hushed hum of developing insect life. We were surrounded by a multitude of physical contradictions.

At night lunar coronas took the place of sun-dogs.

Said Shindip, whispering in the guttural of his race, "It is plain, O Okimah, that Keewaydin the god of the North wind, is angry with us for daring to cross the sounding water. "See"—and he waved his brown hand towards the quivering sky—"we cannot escape. The *"Matchi Manitou"*—(*evil spirit*)—is abroad. Hark to the *coco-coco* (*the horned owl*)—*Neepiwa gnodin, neepiwa coon, neepiwa mikquom, neepiwa kemuhwhun, pahnahmah* (plenty of wind and snow and ice and rain by-and-bye.) Nitah be warned, if we travel this night we perish." Then he turned and salaamed abjectly to some unseen god.

Our "bearings", a star of great magnitude, hung like crystal in the west. Had the headland on the opposite coast north of Cape Kitchinashi been of sufficient altitude it would have split that star as a cobweb divides the face of a theodolite. The sky at last became an incrutable sea of vaporous purple. I hesitated to speak. It seemed sacrilege to mar such profound repose. The fear seized me I might rouse the resentment of the Almighty. For once at least I realized the tangible possessing presence of Omnipotence.

"Marche, Nahtous!! March-e-e! Sac-r-e chien. Marche!!! Marche Brandee! Marche Kishkannoo! Chock! Marche Disco! Mille crapaud tonnerre! I say, you damn dog Marche-ch-ch-e-e! Wahbiska ahnimose, Mar-r-c-he!!!"

My spell of reverent exaltation was shattered as the lash of Shindip's shotted whip fell upon poor Nahtous, Brandy, Kishkahnnoo and Disco with the crack of a rifle.

We were off!

My own dogs needed no punishment and little urging. A shout, a swing on the tailrope of the *tabernac*, a sweep through thin air of the short whipstock merry with tiny bells and jingle of tin bangles, a barking plunge into buck-skin collars, and we challenged the mysteries of midnight.

Over lime-white undulations like ground swells of an ocean, the sleds slid as if on skates. The pace was hot and we held the rested dogs with difficulty. The toboggans would slew a bit, like ships yawing before a sea, and would run upon and beyond the

dogs, when the stillness would be broken by the Muskegoneks gross profanity and a smarting of harness and howls from smarting dog-flesh. Lunar halos held high carnival. The banderoles of sunset were replaced by the pink spears of the Aurora that creaked as they raced across the arches of heaven. But as the time came to "boil-the-kettle" a bank of clouds lined up on the selvedge of the horizon and splashed its yellow wainscot with black blotches. Shindip built a fire on the ice. Then we upedged the toboggans to form a windbreak while the dogs crouched to leeward for whatever warmth the scant embers afforded.

In winter a vast crevasse extends across the grande traverse of this lake. A phenomenon common to all sheets of water in the far north where the ice forms to a great thickness, but in the case of Lake Winnipeg, which is the reservoir for the liquid overflow from an area of little less than a half million square miles—a serious obstacle to the Keewaytin tripman. These fissures are sometimes so impossible that a timid man might follow their cracked courses for miles before effecting a crossing. It was towards the broken littoral of such a strange canal that I headed the dog-trains.

"Okimah," whispered Shindip, as a ruder blast than before made him stagger, "Keewaydin is here, I feel his breath. The *gitchee gnodin* (big-wind) is upon us. Let us turn."

The outlook was not encouraging. Distant clouds were bounding like black footballs over the calling ice. The sky grew luminous and as we looked up—the fleeting shadows exacting extra caution—the lambent masses mounted higher and higher and the low pitched growl of thunder reached us faintly. As we neared the crevasse the footing changed from bad to worse. A knee-deep bank of slush flanked its margin, while alongside its scarp the frozen drifts were piled almost twice a tall man's height above the true ice level. The dogs' yelps echoed as their scoured feet slipped on the cut edges of the hummocks. The agony of a sudden descent of one's mocassined foot on a hidden facet of ice was excruciating. Here in the growing darkness Shindip and I became separated, and though for a time we answered each others' call, later we passed out of earshot—at least there was no response to my challenge. It may have been that we made so much noise in encouraging the dogs, or because of the pervading din of their howlings, or through the swashing of the sledges in the drift, but though I halted and silenced the poor brutes again and again and though I called on Shindip long and loud, the desert of ice returned no answer.

The clouds had shaken their indigo skirts free of the lake's brim and were overhead. Driving a bank of molten mist before them they left in their wake a sea of garish light, a pond of tremulous silver which throbbed as one has seen patches of sky tremble with sheet lightning. The shadows created by this made the crossing of the crevasse more perilous than ever. With the closer presence of the clouds, which had assumed a putrid look, came the mighty roar of wind.

I at last found a spot where the crevasse was greatly contracted. Peering between the ice-green walls I could see the sheen of water. Zigzag down the inner incline I drew the sled until the opposite brink below was but a few feet distant. Dangerous jumping from such treacherous foothold, but—possible. I dragged the nose of the toboggan as near this edge as I could, stayed it with a snow-pack and loosed the dogs. I next made fast my long Red River sash to Napoleon's empty collar and without unhooking any of the four traces, sprang with the slack of belt and harness across the sounding rift.

I landed safely. The two lead traces reached well over. Into these I harnessed Napoleon and Carcajou and seizing the empty collar of the steer-dog's trace gave one yell at "Poleon" and a mighty haul, when in a moment the *tabernac* had bridged with a queer echo the green divide and was balancing on the narrow edge of the floor of the ice-wall opposite.

I had barely time to congratulate myself on escape when in struggling to free my feet from the tangled hummocks, I wedged one foot in the slippery clefts. As the minutes passed and my moccasin was still held as in a vice the incident became a dilemma. The slush reached above my knee. Hoping to wring my foot clear of the hidden ice fangs which like a devil-fish seemed to be dragging me down, I leaned backwards but my ankle was fast as if melted in a mould, and as I felt I was slowly sinking into the crater of a great air-hole the hideous thought chilled me to the marrow.

In a paroxysm I tore myself free but not without an acute spasm of pain. Face to face with the summit of the dyke I arose stooping upon its slanting crest, but my foot refused to support me, and lurching forward wildly clutching as my hands slid over the low frozen bank as upon the face of a glacier, I pitched with a despairing cry into the crevice below.

I have a dreamy recollection of calling upon Shindip to aid me—of the passing of the hurricane—and of seeing through the rift in the drift Jubinal twinkling with cold insolence from the fresh-washed heaven, and to this day I can hear the music of the stars as they sang together. Then the sky grew ambient with a mysterious clarity"the shadow of the invisible—".

The coma which follows exposure overwhelmed me. I was aroused to consciousness by a caress. This was not, as I had dreamed, the touch of a woman's soft hand but Napoleon's wet tongue, licking the rime and snowflakes from my frozen face. Reason and love prevailing, he had bitten himself clear of his harness.

Well on towards morning, when the night gathered up her black skirts and was retreating west, I crawled from my icy winding sheet with difficulty. In the struggle in the crevasse I had wrenched the nail from my—now humbled, but once—great toe! Later I discovered it hung by a ligament. When the day-star set, and the sun drove the swirling morning mists upon the heels of night, I found the dogs. They had managed to wedge the sled in a network of hummocks. They greeted me with much squirming of bodies and furious wagging of tails.

An hour later we took up Shindip's trail. I found him a mile away, crouched alongside the white drifts of the fissure drying his moccasins over a dying punk fire. Poor Hollow-head, he upbraided me roundly for the crisp condition of his leather.

Two months later I carved his grave above the sandstone cliffs of the deserted Dog Head.

No pathway traverses the thickets of fern or rhododendron that conceal Shindip's sepulchre, for these trossachs are unvisited, save by the sunset shadows of towering pines. On every cloudless evening these impalpable mourners advance in weird procession from the forest, cast their silhouettes upon the bark-covered mound and vanish to await the rising of the moon.

Whether Shindip's peace is disturbed by ice-storms, or his happy-hunting-grounds intercepted by a grande crevasse must remain a mystery until the great day of unlocking. For my own part, until the cord is snapped, I shall never forget that night, the wildest I ever spent in those drear latitudes of the "land of zero".

FLAG DAYS FOR CANADIANS

V.—EMPIRE DAY

Queen Victoria, born May 24, 1819

BY W. EVERARD EDMONDS

EMPIRE DAY has been set apart as a day on which we should especially remind ourselves that we are a part of the British Empire. Students of ancient history tell us of the mighty empires founded by Alexander the Great and the Roman Caesars. But never in all history did Macedonian or Roman monarch receive the loyal homage of such vast multitudes as pay allegiance to King George V., the ruler of an empire embracing one-fifth of the land surface of the globe, and inhabited by a population of more than four hundred million souls.

Let us call to mind to-day the builders of this mighty empire. Let us pay a tribute to the memory of the daring discoverers and dauntless explorers who planted the flag of freedom in so many lands—Hawkins and Drake, Wolfe and Clive, Gilbert and Raleigh, Livingstone and Rhodes. Many there were, indeed, whose names we do not know, for they belonged to that great regiment which Kipling has so aptly called "the legion that never was listed". On many a distant shore they left their bones, "on the sand-drift, on the veldt-side, in the fern-scrub", and neither stick nor stone was ever raised to mark their lonely resting places.

Hard on their trail came the rugged pioneers, the men who cleared the scrub and built the roads; who broke the land and sowed and reaped; who, undismayed and unafraid, fought drought and fire and flood. Nor were these men alone; there were women too, brave, true-hearted women who, by making homes for their husbands and little ones in these outposts of empire, laid deep and firm the foundations of a greater Britain than had been. All honor then to our worthy forbears, for were it not for their sterling qualities, their love of freedom, their love of order, their deep religious feeling, their stubborn bulldog courage and staying power, we should not be living in security to-day in a land so far from the cradle of our race.

In remembering these brave women, there is one woman's name which must ever be associated with the celebration of this day. In Canada we associate this day with Victoria Day, and we do well, for Queen Victoria believed that the British race had been chosen to set before the world a great ideal, and she never lost an opportunity of fixing that ideal in the minds of the pro-consuls who went forth to rule in her name. No Knights of the Table Round ever left the hall of King Arthur with higher aims than the men who passed out of the Royal Presence to enter upon their tasks iu every corner of the earth, their most treasured reward for service being their Sovereign's word, "Well done!"

But in remembering the imperial role which Great Britain has been called on to play we must not forget Canada's part in the mighty drama. History shows us that little has been accomplished by any nation in the absence of a national spirit.

"God gave all men all earth to love;
But since men's hearts are small,
Ordained for each one spot should prove
Beloved over all."

Undoubtedly the most direct way we can serve not only our own race but humanity at large is by employing our talents in the service of our own people: first, the people of our own Dominion; and second, the people of the great Empire of which Canada forms a part. Furthermore, if our service is to count for anything we must make oursedves fit for the task. We must be fit of body, for no race of weaklings can hold an empire; we must make ourselves fit for the ignorant or untrained men can hold an empire; we must be fit of soul, for no selfish race can hold an empire.

And of this we may rest assured; we cannot get the sound body, the keen mind and the generous soul without hard work and rigorous self-denial. Never perhaps in the Empire's history has there been a day of trial so fateful, so fraught with good or evil as that which lies before it in the near and immediate future. By the Peace Treaty Britain has been given mandates to rule over large territories in Asia and Africa lately held by other nations. For the wise and just administration of these great areas Britain's sons and daughters in Canada cannot be held directly responsible; yet we are children of the Empire and what concerns one portion must concern all.

This thought should make us watchful and sober. It should make us jealous not only of the good name of Canada but of that of the great commonwealth of nations to which we belong. It should inspire us to become better men and women, and if it does that, God, who has permitted Britain to become a mighty empire, will make her mightier yet. Like a majestic oak which the fiercest gales strive vainly to overthrow, her roots will only become more deeply planted in the friendly soil, while her seeds will be scattered far and wide to bless the earth wherever they may fall.

"She stands a thousand wintered tree,
By countless morns impearled;
Her broad roots coil beneath the sea,
Her branches sweep the world;
Her seeds, by careless winds conveyed,
Clothe the remotest strand
With forests from her scatterings made,
New nations fostered in her shade,
And linking land with land.

"O ye by wandering tempest sown
'Neath every alien star,
Forget not whence the breath was blown
That wafted you afar!
For ye are still her ancient seed
On younger soil let fall—
Children of Britain's island-breed,
To whom the Mother in her need
Perchance may one day call."

PORTRAIT OF AN OLD-TIMER

BY FREDERICK NIVEN

IT is a great honor to know R. J. He was in the Northwest before the railway ran to Winnipeg, when the buffalo herds were not all extirpated, when there were no grain elevators. He remembers what few of the present generation remember—the screams of the wheels of the old Red River carts, sounding far across the prairies, in advance of the slow bullock-hauled brigades. It is good to sit and listen to him talking of those old days: for it is not only history he tells, but humanity.

R. J. is no "character"; don't run away with that impression. But he has character, although he has no grand manner, is not histrionic, is only, to look at casually, an elderly vigorous man of medium height, his short-cut, black hair brindled with gray; square of body, with a stiff knee and a grim face lined at the edges of the eyes. His is a head to "sculp", if only a worthy sculptor could see it—philosophic, keen, humorous; but the sculptors go to the big cities and sculp the celebrities there, of the arts, the sciences, politics; or financiers—often uninteresting heads these latter. They don't go in search of the wonderful faces of men who have peered into blizzards, with death icy at their elbows, and won through, not brutalized but grimly tranquillized, to record in their bronze or marble.

R. J. is a humanist who has never written a book; but any savant could doff to him. He has observed with acuteness. Horses and dogs, and gophers he has watched. But mostly has he watched men. He has been much alone with the elements. He has carried the mails, alone in winter, with a team of dogs, from Battleford to Edmonton, when there was not a ranch between, only the last stray buffalo and antelope, and bands of wandering Cree. He has sat alone thinking things out often, and the evidence of that is in his face.

I like to hear him slur the name of Saskatchewan thus: "I 'member once at Fort S'katchewan——", and then I sit very still and listen. I care not what he talks, for he makes all talk immortal, talk on mules, cussèd mules, on "hosses", on men. Laughter is through it all, the laughter of one who has deeply enjoyed the experience of life. He tells of the old days so that one can see them. Is it a description of a night drive in a buck-board for fifty miles to Fort S'katchewan? He moves his arms once or twice before him telling of the steady plod of the horse; speaking of the mud flying off the revolving wheels in arcs, he raises a hand and gives it a forward curving sweep, and says: "There was the mud too, going 'whump, whump'". He has bossed freighters, hauling strings of wagons from Calgary to Athabasca Landing; has acted for

years as a policeman where being a policeman is utterly different from regulating the traffic at a Yonge Street corner. He was once mobbed by a hundred men, an incident I heard of by chance of mentioning to him something I had read in Trotter's "The Herd Incident". He understood the philisophy of that book—from the life. With nothing bookish in him he can yet consider what is called an "idea". He discussed these waves of emotion, that may make intelligent men unreasoning, with all the insight and thought, if not in the phrases, of the scholar. I have seen, by the way, his hand on his knee, empty, and next moment holding a six-shooter in it, pointed as if by conjuring, to show how it was done in the old days, and can still be done by some if necessity arises.

As Warden of the —— Jail, a post given to him in what it seems more fitting (because of the fire in his eyes, and the vigor even of his gnarled walk) to call his rheumatic than his elderly years, he is wonderful. Justice is in every fibre of him. He is kindlier than he knows, imagining himself stern.

"A fellow," he told me one day, "thanked me this morning for my kindness to him, when he was leaving on expiry of his sentence. I haven't been kind to him! If he had said to me: 'Well, good-bye. I'm glad to quit you,' I could have understood. I would have said: 'All right, my friend. And I'm danged glad to see the last of you.' But thanking me for being kind! That's what gets me!"

Horse-thieves, hold-up men, whiskey-smugglers, dope-fiends; he knows all these, and takes all philosophically, and not without sympathy—a balanced sympathy. He will pause sometimes in talk of them, interrupting his story with a private thought, gazing far off, mouth puckered, as though considering: "There but for the grace of God went R. J.———" In Dartmoor prisoners are more meek, I imagine, than in ——Jail. In the latter place of incarceration the prisoners (for one example of the difference I surmise) sometimes, in winter, hammer on the pipes for more heat, and in summer shout in chorus for more open windows. There is always one exception who finds his cell too hot when the others find theirs cold, or wants to have the windows shut when the others complain of closeness; and the exception is usually not timid about expressing his diversity of outlook. Sometimes the result of such unorthodoxy is bread and water for three days; sometimes it is not. R. J.'s aim is to be just to "those fellows in there".

He is dubious of parsons. The bishop was to have his headquarters here, in this town where I write; but a house large enough for him could not be found, although there are some beautiful and large houses in town. The English settlers dearly love a lord (if not the Lord), and also parsons, although the teachings of Christ seem to have as little interest for them as for most folks, within or without any church, sect, or denomination allegedly founded upon His doctrines. R. J. heard the news regarding the difficulty of finding a Palace for the Shepherd of Souls, and nodded as one grown accustomed to such ways, not astonished. Otherwise he expressed no opinion. He just narrated an incident.

"I never told you the story of the parsons and old P——, of the P—— Hotel, did I?" he said.

I shook my head.

"A big bunch of them came to town here for some reason," he said. "Some kind of pow-wow, or synod, was to be held here, and a few of them got a beautiful jag on. That was before Prohibition, when it was easier to get the stuff. Anyhow, two of them went to the P—— Hotel, and asked for the best rooms. Old P—— gave them

fine and dandy rooms, and they came down and kicked, groused about the accommodation, in the rotunda, high and peevish, before all the guests present there. So P— listened quietly, and then said: 'You can get out of this hotel if you don't like it. I've given you the best rooms in the house, and they seem to have been good enough for mining engineers and lumber bosses, and everybody else who has had them. And I'd just remind you that your Master was born in a stable.' They went back to their rooms again."

I gathered, from that reminiscence of old P—— of the P—— Hotel, that R. J. has his opinion of the bishop who can't find a house here large enough for him to live in.

"No," he said, "parsons get my goat. I remember old Tom ——, the hardest swearer in Athabasca in the old days. He was a big strong man too; but cuss! I saw him once taking a river crossing, and one of his bullocks lay down in the water and wouldn't budge. He went and told it to get up, and it wouldn't; so he grabbed it by the horns then—a big powerful man he was—and shoved its head under water, although it wrestled hard with him, and then he said: 'Now get up!' But it wouldn't. So he grabbed its horns again and shoved its head down, and by gollys, when he did leave go of the horns he had drowned it! When he saw it was dead he got out on the bank and started to cuss. He cussed so hard that he made himself sick. A big strong man he was, who could wrastle an ox, but he cussed so profanely, and at such great length, that he exhausted himself. He had to go into camp right there and go to bed to rest for three days. Well, he died; and a parson was found to bury him. And the parson talked on and on about 'our God-fearing brother, deceased.' God-fearing! Now that got my goat. We all knew what old Tom's good points were, and what his bad points were. If the parson had said that he could wrastle an ox in the sight of the Lord, that would have been true. But God-fearing! In the way the parson meant, anyhow—no!"

And for his dry humor I must tell of a night when I called on him and stayed, I thought, too late. I apologized.

"I have stayed an unconscionable time, I'm afraid," said I, rising.

"That's nothing," he replied. "Don't apologize. I have people come here who stay six months."

I should like some day to write the life of R. J., to tell of the place where he was born, in Toronto (city blocks now cover the space that was once of its gardens), with its feeling of old Colonial home; of his father, Colonel J. , blend of autocratic and bonhomie; his mother, blend of urbane and democratic; of his boarding-school and college days, of his flight to the Wild West of his era, his fights and his love-affairs, his horse-breaking, his endurance in blizzards and in summer heat, his vast capacity for a jest, his affection, bereft of gush, for his children.

He came in to see me last night, put his walking-stick in a corner, and accepting the easy chair I proffered, filled his pipe. Where he sat I could study his face, note the lines of laughter at the corners of eyes and mouth, the mouth grim, yet puckered with fun, the eyes, dark as an Indian's, and with tremendous fire, vitality, yet kindly. I had not seen him for a week, and it was a week ago that we buried Dr. ———.

"I don't understand the way some people are about the dead," said R. J., looking for some place to put the match with which he had lit his pipe. "Thanks," he said, as I pushed into sight a receptacle for the purpose. "Now I haven't heard anybody so much as mention the doc' since they buried him. He's just dead and forgotten. I don't forget the dead. I like to remember them. Sometimes

I'll sot on the verandah for an hour or two in the evening and maybe I look as if I was doing nothing; but I'm thinking about the men I knew in the old days. You might come out there and, if I didn't hear you, you'd see me laugh perhaps. I remember their jokes. I'm living again in the Northwest with them. I hold a session with all the boys, of the old days, that are gone. I fetch one up and go over it all with him, and then send him back and bring up another, and think about the old days and the jokes. Yes, you might hear me laugh out there. I'll tell you one thing I'm not struck on, and that is the way they have of asking friends if they would like to have a last look at the deceased; and they file along and look at his face through the glass panel in the coffin. Now I don't want to do that. I've seen plenty of dead men. It isn't that. But I don't want to see a friend's face like that. They'll file round and peer and look. Well, I don't. I like to remember a man as I saw him last alive. I can fetch up a man out of fifty years ago, sitting on his horse and talking to me. There's Doc' ——— now; I don't want to remember his face in the coffin! I can see him now the way I saw him last, down in the office joshing. He was sitting on the table, joshing and laughing, and swinging his leg."

As he ceased speaking I averted my eyes from his lest he might read in mine the thought that came to me, for he is not a young man. Some day, it struck me with a pang, he too will be a memory, but a vivid memory, a memory of one who may rightly be considered more as an individual than as one of a type, albeit more kin with the men of yesterday than to-day.

EL SENOR POTTER

BY GORDON REDMOND

ONE day as the passenger train pulled into Dutton a foreign-looking gentleman leaped from the day coach, clutched one of the natives firmly by the slack of the braces, in front, and demanded this:

"El Senor Potair, ees he there?"

"How's that?"

"The Senor Potair—how you call heem? Meester Potair—where ees Meester Potair?"

"Potair?"

"He means Potter." This from a bystander.

"Oh, Potter. There is a Potter lives here, but his name ain't Seymour. Starts with S though. There's a Silas Potter——"

"Zat is ze man. Where ees he?"

"How do I know? Takin' a snooze likely. Generally does at this time of day."

"The stranger released his hold on the Duttonian and fell back a couple of steps.

"Let heem beware!" he cried, "I will return in two days," and he darted back into the train.

Dropping into a seat he calmly removed his whiskers, slapped himself approvingly on the knee, and murmured:

"Pretty smooth, old boy, pretty smooth."

Well, an event like that *is* an event, in Dutton. Inside of an hour it was known all over town that Si Potter had been given two days to live, by a member of the Black Hand fraternity; the same evening the entire countryside was discussing the brutal assault on Squire Potter at the railway station that afternoon by a couple of armed desperadoes, and by morning the news had reached as far as Rockland that Judge Potter of Dutton had been murdered in cold blood by a lawless band of train robbers.

Mr. Potter himself was considerably agitated. The thing had a sinister look. But it didn't stampede him quite. He was too sensible for that, and too business-like. He hired a bodyguard of trained detectives from Winnipeg, quietly made his will, and sat down to wait for the return of the foreign-looking stranger.

There was a crowd at the station that day. Mr. Potter was there, with a sheet of galvanized iron around his body under his vest, to ward off bullets and dagger thrusts, and with his trusty bodyguard in close formation around him.

"Let him come," said Mr. Potter, bracing himself as the train pulled in, "Let him come and be——" His words were lost in the rumble of the train.

The crowd held its breath; but the stranger came not. Then they let it go. Still he didn't come.

The bell was clanging, ready to start, the wheels began to move. Disappointment showed on every face—every face but one; that of the Senor Potter. His look was frankly one of unmixed relief.

The last coach was passing, rapidly gathering speed, when whizz! a heavy object landed among the crowd.

"A bomb!"

The crowd left hurriedly for other parts of town, Mr. Potter among them, his metallic shirt clattering with every jump; and presently under the influence of the jogging motion the iron garment began to descend, until, being slightly closed at the top, it caught at the hips, and there was the chief citizen of Dutton galloping along Main Street with a galvanized iron petticoat slatting and banging about his knees.

The Duttonians did not know exactly the effective range of a bomb, so they made sure of it and went as far as they could.

There ensued a dreadful silence, full of suspense. Then a few of the bolder spirits who had sought shelter behind an elevator peeped forth, and froze in their tracks at sight of the station agent actually handling the infernal machine.

"Bundle here for Si Potter," he said, holding it up. "Where did Si go?"

"Home, I guess."

"Straight up and a mile south."

"Looked to me like he was heading for Halifax."

The agent smiled.

"Some of you fellows take it up to the house, will you? There ain't anything to pay on it, although by rights" — scratching his head — "I ought to charge him double rates, it being just flung off that way to save express. It ain't Si's fault though; he can't help it if somebody wants to throw a bundle of old papers off the train at him instead of sending it through the regular way and paying charges on it.

"Well, who's going to trot up to Potter's with the swag?"

Nobody moved, except to edge a little farther away, for the agent was handling the thing carelessly—waving it around in the air, and shaking it—the worst possible thing in the world to do with a bomb.

"Well, I can't wait here all day. He'll have to come for it if he wants it, that's all."

He walked into the station and slapped the mysterious parcel down on the desk, the natives watching from a discreet distance, expecting every moment to see the intrepid station agent sailing over the telegraph wires in microscopic fragments. But nothing of the kind happened.

Then there was a race to carry the news to the house of Potter. I don't know who got there first. There are only seventeen persons in the world who do. Those seventeen live in Dutton, and it seems that each one of the seventeen was the first to acquaint Mr. Potter with a fact which he already knew—that a mysterious package with unknown powers of destruction was awaiting his disposal at the C. P. R. depot.

Mr. Potter did not hesitate a moment, as a more timorous man might have done. He ordered one of the hired detectives to fetch the package. Then he ordered another one, and so ran through the whole twelve, and drew a blank every time.

It was a critical moment. A braver man than Mr. Potter might have faltered. Mr. Potter did, anyway; faltered several times. But he had a reputation to preserve in Dutton, and that thought finally outweighed all other motives. Taking a last look to see that his insurance papers were in order, and slipping a small copy of the New Testament and a picture of his wife and children into his pocket, he went forth to meet his doom.

The entire population of Dutton went with him, and a couple of commercial travellers.

As they approached the fated place the crowd drew back. They were not scared, they just drew back. Mr. Potter's brow grew pale and his knees

smote together; but he went bravely forward alone, entered the station and demanded his property with hardly a quaver in his voice.

"Got anything here for me, Ed?"

The agent carelessly tossed the parcel through the wicket, and Mr. Potter retreated several steps.

It looked like an ordinary large envelope full of legal papers, and not at all like a weapon of destruction, but that only shows the cunning depth of those Black Hand artists. You wouldn't expect them to make a bomb to look like a bomb, and paint the name in big red letters on the outside, would you?

"What do you suppose is in there, Ed?"

"Couldn't say. Ain't afraid of it, are you?"

"Afraid? Well hardly. That is, not exactly. I wouldn't mind seeing somebody else open it though."

"Here, let me see it."

The agent ripped the package open and drew out a sheaf of dainty perfumed notepaper, while Mr. Potter cowered against the farthest wall.

"Look it over, Ed," he prompted.

Ed took a seat on the table, near clicking instruments, and began to read. At first his face showed only mild curiosity, but this quickly deepened into lively interest.

"Uh-huh! By Gum! Well, Petey-Wumpy!" he muttered from time to time.

With eyes still glued to the page, he felt about absent-mindedly with one hand for the arm of a chair, then swung himself off the table and into the chair without ever taking his eyes from the page.

Curiosity conquered fear. Mr. Potter stole from the waiting-room into the office and up behind the station agent's chair. When the crowd outside, mystified by the silence, drew near they found them thus—Mr. Potter's chin on the other's shoulder, and both far far away from Dutton.

Other forms stole into the little office, other eyes rested on the dainty perfumed pages, and that is how the news first spread in Dutton that Mr. Potter had a beautiful female relative locked up in a castle somewhere in Spain, a captive of the Spanish-American war.

Mr. Potter could not remember the girl herself, but he knew quite well the branch of the family to which she belonged.

She was in a peculiar predicament. Only four thousand dollars was needed to set her free, but all her own immense fortune was locked up in property in the southern States. She had written this letter by stealth and bribed a guard to smuggle it out of the counry for her.

She didn't *ask* Mr. Potter to let her have the four thousand, but she intimated that if he did, the most of that southern property was as good as his. All she wanted was her freedom and enough to live on. She would, in fact, come and live with him like a daughter. She didn't care what became of her wealth.

Well, what would you do if a beautiful young heiress niece of yours proposed to come and stay with you and let you spend her money. Are you human, or are you not? Mr. Potter was human.

But how to get the four thousand dollars to the languishing girl? That was the question.

She had been thoughtful enough to provide for that. If Mr. Potter would go to Winnipeg, to an address given in the letter, and whisper "Peseta!" to whomever met him at the door, he would find himself among friends of the luckless girl, and could leave the money there without a question. In Spanish money it would amount to twenty thousand pesetas.

It took Mr. Potter some time to make up his mind. Mrs. Potter lying awake one night heard him tossing and groaning and muttering "Peseta!" in his sleep.

He left for Winnipeg with an air of great secrecy, pretending not to know that every man, woman and

child in fourteen townships knew about the business. Mrs. Potter went with him.

The address given him by the imprisoned niece was in the foreign district in the North End. That was all right. Where would you expect a nest of Spaniards to be?

Mrs. Potter, who had strongly opposed the project all along, tried again at the last moment to induce her spouse to give it up, or at least to take an escort of policemen along; but scorning all protection, and waving her objections aside, he set forth alone on his perilous mission, the twenty thousand pesetas distributed about his person wherever there was room.

His knock at the door of the rendezvous brought out a beautiful foreign-looking lady, as likely to be Spanish as anything else, for all Mr. Potter knew. She seemed slightly nervous, and conducted the interview with almost indecent haste, but she had the right word, and Mr. Potter handed over the money without a murmur.

*

Two weeks later. Mr. and Mrs. Potter sat on their own front verandah in Dutton; he reading, she mending socks.

"I see by the paper," said Mr. Potter casually, "that our friend Red McGinis has rounded up a bunch of crooks in Winnipeg. You remember Red, the leader of that colony of detectives I had out here a while back? Called him Red on account of his hair."

"Yes, I remember him."

"It seems he suspected this gang all along, but he couldn't get anything on them until he caught them passing bogus money. Their real game, however, was what is called the Spanish-American confidence trick."

"Si!"

"Yes?"

"Our four thousand dollars!"

"Exactly."

"I always knew there was something crooked about that outfit."

"So did I."

"But you—you gave them the money."

"Yes; did it on purpose."

"Whatever in the world ails you, Silas Potter; to sit there and talk like that? Four thousand dollars is four thousand dollars."

"Sometimes it's only an imitation of four thousand dollars. That money was counterfeit."

There was a long silence. Then Mrs. Potter said:

"How—where did you——?"

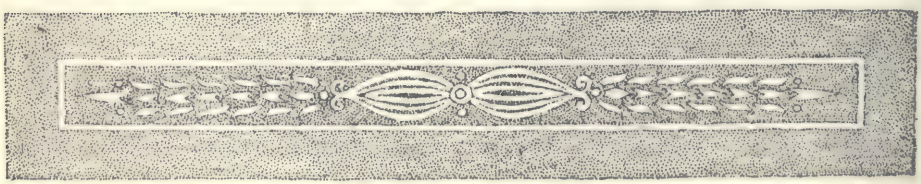
"Detective McGinis."

Another silence. Then:

"I hear the Joneses have picked on a name for their baby girl at last."

"That so?"

"Yes, they're going to call her Peseta."



SKYSCRAPERS

From the Painting by
Colin Campbell Cooper.
Exhibited by the
Canadian National Exhibition

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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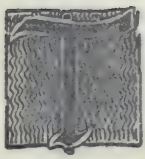
OUR PRESENT KNOWLEDGE OF MAN'S ANCESTRY

BY PROFESSOR JOHN CAMERON



THE question of the ancestry of man has created more hotly-contested controversy than perhaps any other biological subject. Thus the theory of evolution, when first enunciated by Darwin, at once raised a storm of protest. Now, after the lapse of years, when our judgment has beocme sobered by time, we recognize that this attitude was mainly due to the fact that the world in his day was not prepared for its full assimilation and appreciation. The most virulent opponents of Darwinism, as it was termed, made the prime cause of their objection the horrible and indeed unthinkable idea that we could possibly by any chance be descended from monkeys. As a matter of fact, Darwin never made any such declaration, which goes to show how a man's statements can be misinterpreted by unthinking controversialists. Even to-day the problem is by no means allowed to remain in abeyance, and when I am personally invited to enter into a discussion on the subject of evolution, I at once reply, "Are you a biologist?" If not, I always decline to enter the controversial arena, for I hold that the matter cannot be either profitably or dispassionately discussed unless the disputants both possess even more than a superficial knowledge of biology.

No one, with even the most primitive intuition, will deny that man belongs to the highest group of mammals, termed the primates, which includes those dainty little animals called lemurs, the various groups of monkeys, and the anthropoid apes, which from their name appear to be so closely allied to man. Thus it is clear that we must look to the main Primate stem as the trunk of man's ancestral tree, from which he branched off, just as the other groups that I have enumerated. Therefore, no doubt, it will be a relief to most

readers to know that man's relations to the moneky tribe are of the most cold and distant character, for the latter belongs to a collateral offshoot which branched off much farther down the trunk of that tree.

In order to discover our ancestors, we must dig deeply into the surface of the earth, and study their fossil remains. Therefore, as a prelude to this portion of the discussion, it is necessary to explain that the earth's crust underwent terrific upheavals in the dim distant past, and afterwards disposed itself in definite layers or deposits as time went on. These strata, which are considerable in number, have been very carefully studied by geologists, and it will be necessary to mention the names of the six nearest to the surface. In the first place there is the thin layer deposited in comparatively recent times. Then in order come the Pleistocene, the Pliocene, the Miocene, the Oligocene and the Eocene. It is thus clear, from what has just been said, that the deeper we dig in the earth's crust, the more ancient will be the fossil forms we meet with, and, moreover, these *skeletal remains will be found to be quite different from those of any known animal of to-day.* These data all go to prove the steady advance of the evolutionary process.

Let us now trace the primate ancestral stem upwards through these strata, and we ought to find that the lemurs branched off first, then the monkeys, then the anthropoid apes, and finally man (Fig. 1). There are examples of all these four groups or Primates in existence in the world to-day, and therefore the four branches must be carried upwards through all the strata, until they finally reach the earth's surface. It may interest readers to know that geologists regard two million years as the period of time which has elapsed since the human branch became detached from the main stem during the Oligocene period, and even then some declare that this is a conservative estimate. One may add further that, to geologists who are accustomed to juggle with millions of years, a few hundred thousand here or there do not signify much.

Our next duty is to find how far down the fossil remains of man have been discovered in these strata. It may be stated at once that these have only been found in the Recent, the Pleistocene and the very late Pliocene layers. There is thus left an enormous length of human ancestral stem extending downwards through the Pliocene, Miocene and Oligocene strata, to represent which no fossil remains have been so far discovered. As a result, we reach the interesting conclusion, that instead of the one "missing link" Darwin and his followers spoke so glibly about, there must be a whole system of links missing. This, of course, constitutes a grave defect in the evidence supporting the evolutionary scheme, but still there can be no doubt that fossil remains exist in the deeper strata representing these missing links, and it will therefore be left to future investigators to unearth these secrets that lie as yet so zealously concealed in the bosom of nature. The combined sciences of zoology and geology undoubtedly prove to us that they lie there, hidden as yet from our vision.

One very evident fact brought out by these remarks is, that the record of palaeontology, the wonderful science that deals with the study of fossil animals, is, up to date, very incomplete. Thus the main difficulty is, that the fossil remains discovered so far are either definitely those of man or definitely those of ape-like animals, together with such specimens as the Java or the Piltdown cranial fragments, which are so scanty that they provide somewhat inconclusive testimony in regard to man's ancestry. In some cases, the only remains found have consisted of a single tooth. Unfortunately, in most

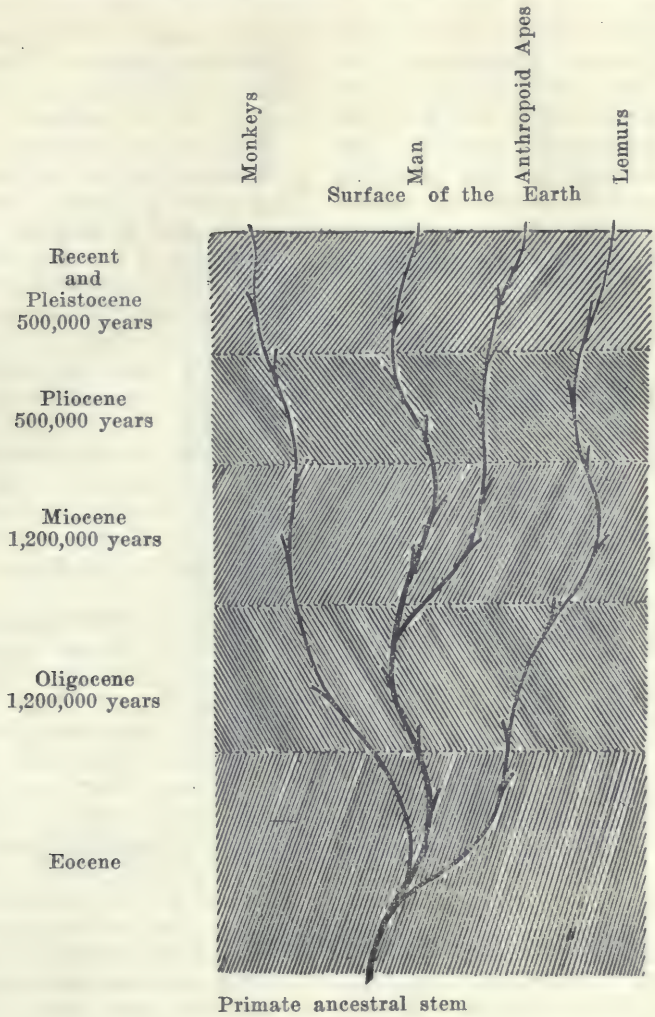


Fig. 1.

of the fossil types of man the roof of the skull is the only portion that has survived the disintegrating effects of time. The facial portion, and particularly the upper jaw, which would provide us with a rich fund of knowledge, are usually completely missing. Similarly, in regard to the limbs, the larger bones have alone survived, while the more fragile bones of the hand and foot have totally perished. Now the hand and the foot are the great witnesses to man's ancestry, for the lower Primates had to live mainly in the trees as a protection from their enemies. Their extremities were therefore specially adapted for an arboreal existence; but in man, with the assumption of the erect attitude of the body, the hands, and particularly the feet, had to be remodelled in accordance with this new phase of terrestrial existence.

We now come to the discussion of two theories which are at present in vogue regarding the problem of man's ancestry. The first of these has existed for many years and assumes that he and the anthropoid apes have been derived from the

same primitive stock. The anthropoids have retained the ancestral dentition, and therefore the heavy projecting jaws, the primitive type of brain, and the quadruped (mainly) use of the limbs, together with a big toe separated markedly from the others, presumably for the purpose of grasping the branches of trees with the feet —a prehensile great toe. On the other hand, the precursors of man gave up their life in the trees, and became terrestrial bipeds using their hind limbs for swift flight, and utilizing their wits more and more in the daily struggle for existence. Their brains thus became their dominant organs, while their jaws, no longer necessary for offensive and defensive purposes, became markedly reduced in size. Perhaps the most remarkable evolutionary adaptation to the new existence was, however, manifested by the limbs. The legs became longer and longer in order to accelerate their speed. The great toes lost their prehensile character, and became closely applied to the other digits, thus providing a more effective basis of support for the body. The human foot with its splendidly modelled arches is, by the way, quite unique in nature.

The other theory, more recently promulgated, is that man's ancestor was a lemur-like creature akin to *Tarsius,* a living representative of the genus. Man in spite of his high grade of evolution, has retained many features of fundamental Primate simplicity, and it is therefore difficult to appreciate how we could have been evolved from the anthropoids where many of these simple characters have been lost, in order to give place to evolutionary specializations of their own. As the enunciator of this theory says, "*Tarsius* is a most highly specialized little creature along his own curious lines, and yet he retains with man a host of those astonishing primitive features that place this odd couple at the base of the Primate stem. He lingers to-day, a specialized primitive Primate, nearer akin to man than any other animal known to the zoologist."

Each of these hypotheses, as at present enunciated, is by no means free from grave objections. For example, the Tarsian hypothesis mainly reclines upon a few simplicities of human structure which do not necessarily prove that the human branch became detached from the main primate stem at a point far behind that at which the anthropoid branch shot off. Personally, I would rather prefer to regard man as the culminating point of the generalized Primate stem, ever soaring higher and higer as his evolutionary development continues to go on superadding perfection to perfection.

Similarly, in reference to the anthropoid or Simian hypothesis, we find grave difficulties encompassing us on every side. Many of my readers have no doubt studied the anthropoid apes in Zoological gardens. I must confess that upon every visit to the Zoo in London, and they were many, I always navigated a straight course for the ape house, possibly due to some subtle attractive influence drawing me inexorably towards my supposed ancestors. If one studies the limbs of these creatures in motion, it will be noted that they prefer to utilize all fours, instead of their hind limbs exclusively. Moreover, when one is enabled to coax them into a biped attitude, they appear clumsy and non-coördinated in all their movements. The most striking fact, however, that can be elicited by these observations is, that the feet are very poorly adapted for progression upon a flat surface, and would evidently be more at ease upon the curved surface of a bough. When standing on the hind limbs, the awkward way in which the big toe detaches itself deliberately from the remainder of the foot is likewise very noteworthy. It is therefore evident that profound

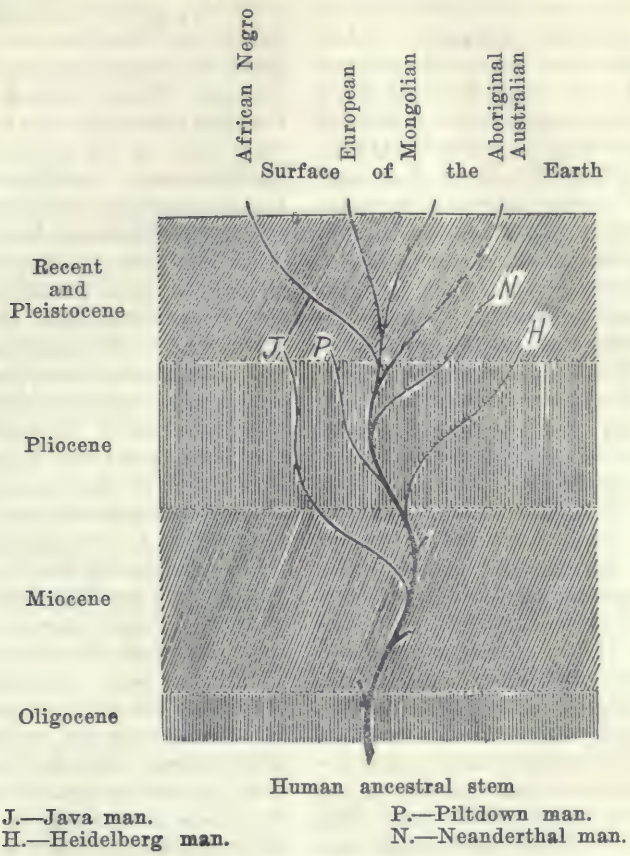


Fig. 2.

alterations in the architecture of this foot would be necessary in order to evolve the human type of foot. Indeed such an accomplishment appears to be rendered impossible not only on anatomical, but also upon embryological grounds, for investigators can find no Simian characters even in the foot of the early human embryo. This is a point of far-reaching significance

Seeing that these two theories have been criticized somewhat adversely, some readers may doubtless expect a third hypothesis to be promulgated. In the light of our present knowledge, this is impossible. The reason is not far to seek, for, as was stated in the early part of this memoir, the record of palaeontology is so deficient, that the data upon which a really satisfactory and workable theory can be founded are sadly wanting. We will therefore be compelled to wait until more fossil remains are discovered deep down in the Pliocence, Miocence and Oligocene strata. That consummation will probably not be attained to in our day.

Let us now trace the human ancestral tree upwards through the Oligocene, Miocene, Pliocene and Pleistocene strata, and we will find that it branches off freely, just as the parent primate stem (Fig. 2). One early offshoot is represented by the so-called Java man, whose evolutionary history extends upwards through the Miocene, Pliocene, and possibly the deepest Pleistocene in which latter strata his fossil remains were discovered in

the island of Java, 1892-1894. Some observers refer the strata in which the specimens were found to the late Pliocene. In any case, he must have become extinct nearly half a million years ago, for no other fossil remains representing him have been discovered, so far in the more superficial strata. Therefore his branch of the ancestral tree must at present be shown as having terminated in the early pleistoscene strata. (See Fig. 2).

Some authorities refuse to regard the Java fossils as human. These consist of the roof of a skull, a left thigh bone and three teeth—certainly very scanty data to found any forceful hypothesis upon. The skull cap is somewhat like that of an inmature gorilla, and exhibits the characteristic constriction behind the orbits. The remainder of this very lowly evolved skull has been reconstructed, and suggests a size of brain well above that of any living anthropoid. Moreover, the thigh bone is remarkably human, but this fact has been discountenanced by the declaration of some authorities that it does not belong to the same skeleton as the skull cap. One can therefore fully appreciate the fact that much difficulty and no little controversy have been aroused by the study of these fossil remains, which at their first discovery were announced to the world as those of Darwin's "missing link".

We will discuss next of all the fossil remains that are undoubtedly those of man. Unquestionably the most remarkable discovery of recent years in this line is the Heidelberg jaw, so called from the name of the well-known town in Germany near which it was discovered. This massively developed mandible certainly forms one link between man and the lower primates, for it presents the receding chin so pronounced in these lower forms and yet withal the teeth are remarkably human in appearance. It should be noted here that man is the only member of the animal kingdom who possesses a chin. The discovery of this jaw at the enormous depth of seventy-eight feet below the surface of the ground proves to us that the links with the lower primates realy exist in the deeper strata of the earth's crust. It will certainly be interesting to see the skull of this type of mankind when it becomes unearthed. The jaw was discovered in the deepest layer of Pleistocence deposits, which indicated that the Heidelberg man, as he is termed, must have been in existence nearly half a million years ago. As no other remains representing this remarkable type of mankind have been discovered so far, his branch of the ancestral tree must be presented as having terminated in the deeper pleistocene strata (Fig. 2).

The Piltdown fossils, which were discovered in England nearly ten years ago, have given rise to much criticism and no little controversy. There has been unstinted discussion regarding the piece of mandible which was found near the cranial fragments, and indeed some authorities declare that the jaw is that of an anthropoid and does not belong to the Piltdown skull at all. Unfortunately, the facial portion of the cranium was missing, and there were thus no means of ascertaining the configuration of the upper jaw which would of course have settled the question as to whether the mandible belonged to the cranium or not. Again, there was much difficulty with reference to the reconstruction of the cranium from the frgaments, in great measure due to the fact that the middle line of the roof of the skull could not be detected with any degree of precision. This was an important point, for it would have decided the capacity of the skull, and therefore the size of the brain, both data of the highest evolutionary significance and importance. The Piltdown skull was found in the deepest pleistocene strata, which suggested that he must have existed a few hundred thousand years ago. As no re-

mains corresponding to this type of mankind have so far been discovered elsewhere, Piltdown man must at present be regarded as having become extinct during the early Pleistocene period (Fig. 2).

The next fossil type to be discussed is Neanderthal man, so named from the valley in Germany where his remains were first discovered. Crania and other bones representing this type have since been discovered in Belgium, France, Austria and even at far-off Gibraltar, so that he must have boasted a very extensive degree of racial distribution. The skulls of this race were of a decadent type, with heavily developed brow ridges and low receding foreheads. There cerebral organization must have been correspondingly inefficient, and indeed most authorities regard this type as having become extinct during the middle phase of the Pleistocene period. (See Fig. 2.) On the other hand there are investigators who consider it possible that he may have given rise to modern man, and in fact the aboriginal Australian black, who represents one of the most ancient of living races, has been suggested as his descendant.

We will next study two fossil types, namely Cro-magnon man, whose remains were unearthed near the village of that name in France, and the Galley Hill fossil man, who was discovered in England. These are taken together mainly because their skeletons are very alike and indeed present no very essential differences from those of modern mankind. For example, their skulls were finely modelled, in fact on almost intellectual lines, and their capacities were well up to the modern average, so that the races which they represented must have possessed efficiently functioning cerebral organizations. Their lower jaws had well-formed chins, and indeed exhibited no Simian proclivities. It is therefore evident that these two were well qualified to act as ancestral types for modern man, so that we are enabled through them to continue the human evolutionary stem through the Pleistocene and recent strata right up to the period of to-day.

The great and impressive lesson taught us by a study of these two ancestral forms is, that the type we understand as "modern man" is really a personage of great antiquity. How many thousands of years he extends backwards through the Pleistocene period we of course cannot exactly say at present.

The human ancestral stem represented in figure two is purely hypothetical. Thus it is not known with any degree of certainty in which strata Java man (J), Heidelberg man (H), Piltdown man (P), and Neanderthal man (N) originated. Other ancestral links, as yet undiscovered, that doubtless branch off lower down, are indicated by short stumps in the figure. It will be noted that modern man has been represented by four types. The aboriginal Australian race, probably the most ancient of living types, has been shown as branching off first, and then the African negro, thus leaving the point of the stem to bifurcate into the white and yellow races.

In conclusion, it is necessary, once more, to point out that our present knowledge regarding the ancestroy of man is of the most meagre character. This condition of matters is chiefly owing to the fact that very few of the fossil types which represent the links in the primate ancestral stem have been discovered so far. The result is that various authorities have been compelled to have recourse to hypotheses, none of which up to the present can bear minute analysis. The future progress of knowledge will therefore be dependent upon further investigation, chiefly palaeontological in character, before a really workable hypothesis regarding man's ancestry can be promulgated, one that will bear the closest scrutiny.

FROM MONTH TO MONTH

A SURVEY OF AMERICAN CONDITIONS AND PROBLEMS

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

It has been said that the United States and the British Empire have common traditions, common laws and institutions and a common language. But more and more the bond of language is strained by many peculiarities and perplexities. In the United States they are making a new language with singular ingenuity and audacity. Day by day in the common speech of the people one catches new phrases which cut to the bone. In most of these phrases there is more of the flavor of censure than of humor. What there is of humor is more grotesque than delicate; in the censure there is more of contempt than of brutality. Henry Drummond said that because of the mutability of language future generations would not be able to understand Pickwick. But what will they make of a literature which is garnished with references to "snuggle puppers" and "jazz queens" and "flappers" and "face dancers"? They will wonder whether "petting parties" was meant to suggest merely juvenile slushiness or a "superfluity of naughtiness". And they will think that in those days strange things did creep upon the face of the earth.

II

Many of the best American newspapers, however, are distinguished for sobriety and dignity. The New York *Times* is singularly influential and as a purveyor of news has few if any equals in the world. It has less authority than the London *Times* and it is not like its great English contemporary the natural forum for contributions from the leaders of all classes and interests, all professions and pursuits. Nor is it, as the London *Times* is, a voice of power in Europe, nor the interpreter of its country to other nations. Indeed the United States has no national organ of opinion nor any journal which speaks abroad with the authority of the American people. Even in its own country the Chicago *Tribune* challenges the ascendancy of the New York *Times*, but one feels that the Western journal is more sectional in influence and outlook.

The Times is essentially conservative and practical. It is not an organ of propaganda. To neither organized labor nor organized farmers is it submissive. It has no toleration for projects of "public ownership". To all vexatious and empirical legislative meddling with business it is resolutely opposed. For even the mobile regiments of the great army of "uplift" it has many a shaft and gibe. Often it treats the new specifics for the regeneration of mankind with pungent irony and penetrating cynicism. The extreme mea-

sure of Prohibition established by the Volstead Act it denounces as vicious, tyrannical and impracticable. But no one could fairly suggest that *The Times* is an apologist for license or privilege. It is a tribute to the sanity of a great element of the American people that this sober, conservative and courageous journal commands support such as few other American newspapers enjoy and deeply affects the thinking of those who may seem to speak in whispers to-day but are heard throughout the nation to-morrow.

In editorial distinction, however, *The Times* does not outrank several of its New York contemporaries. *The Tribune,* which seems to have recovered its prestige and influence, has a corps of vigorous writers while *The World,* still perhaps under the shadow of a sensationalism which it has eschewed, has an editorial page as incisive and brilliant as is produced on the continent. The amalgamated *Herald* and *Sun* does not greatly resemble either *The Herald* of Bennett or *The Sun* of Dana but it has its own quality and energy and betrays a keener political partisanship than most of its rivals. *The Post* has never replaced Godkin, the eager democrat who at last despaired of democracy, but it still has an influence far in excess of its circulation. A character in one of Owen Wister's books doubted if he preferred virtue as represented by *The Post* or vice as represented by *The Sun,* but the one is not so offensively virtuous as it was under Godkin nor is the other so irreverent and audacious as it was under Dana. A newspaper after all is less of an institution than the expression of an individual and perhaps in journalism the individual withers whether or not the world is more and more. The Hearst journals remain the devil's advocates in American affairs, mighty for mischief, and yet often potent for the public good, but warped and embittered by the war censorship and inhumanly fertile in suggestion, argument and device to breed suspicions and inflame prejudices between the British and American peoples. The chief dailies of Philadelphia are hardly if at all inferior to those of New York while many of the Western cities have newspapers which equal if they do not excel in vigor and distinction those of Boston and other of the older State capitals. The South has a finer literature; but its newspapers are not as good as those of the North and West. Possibly what a writer in the New York *Post* has said of American novelists is as true of many American journalists—they are not willing to pay the price of distinction. It may be true that the American press still gives too much space to the evil and ugly things which disfigure and defame mankind, but it is splendidly enterprising, it is free and independent, it is more patriotic than partisan, and if too often it follows when it should lead the people, who after all ignores the considerations upon which the solvency of commercial enterprises depends?

III

We too often think of the Republic as the America of the Civil War or even of the Revolution. But anyone who goes in and out of its shops, who has knowledge of its commercial and financial houses or who mixes among its people in public places is impressed by the number of voices which speak English with a foreign accent, and by the multitude of faces which clearly belong to other stocks and races. The Jew is omnipresent and in some callings nearly omnipotent. He is powerful in finance and it is amazing how many of the small traders in the great cities are of the tribe of Benjamin. The race, which has been subjected to a degree of social ostracism, now commands and in cases even extends social recognition in very exclusive circles.

Possibly when all is said the Jews have contributed to the United States as much as they have received. But they are only one of many elements which continue to complicate and intensify the problems of American civilization.

There are industrial communities in which ninety per cent. of the labor is of foreign extraction. In some of the Western agricultural States Danes and Swedes and Poles are the predominant element and they are socially prosperous and politically powerful. The Pacific Coast has its Chinese and Japanese communities, not in themselves a menace, but infinitely suggestive in their relation to international problems. Finally there are the millions of colored people, rising slowly in intelligence and independence, quickened by experience in war service oversea and in the industries of the North and West during the strain of war production, and more conscious than ever before of the denial of politcal equality and the anarchy of lynching and burning.

When one tries to understand the United States of the twentieth century as compared with the United States of a century ago it is not so surprising that the country was slow to enter the Great War. The fact that it entered the war at all suggests a depth and a unity of national feeling more intense and pervasive than one would suspect who thinks only of the mixture of races, the conflict of tendencies and the complexity of traditions and prejudices which are expressed in the American people. We must remember that for a century these people were educated in the doctrine of isolation from Europe and few among all the races who have found asylum in America have any natural love for Great Britain. We must remember also that the Republic was born out of a quarrel with England and that for generations the old animosities were nurtured and exploited for political objects. It is a great thing, therefore, if these inherited and imported animosities have been so largely overcome that to-day there are closer bonds of affection and goodwill between the United States and the British Empire than exist between the United States and any other nation.

It is by no means certain, however, that the war or the League of Nations has brought the United States closer to Europe. Congress will accept no mandate over any other country. Mr. Wilson dreamed a great dream but it will have no fulfilment with the consent of the American people. There is deep feeling that he committed the people to obligations which they have no reason to accept and that necessary repudiation of the engagements into which he had no authority to enter has impaired the moral prestige of the Republic. The country will give no pledge to keep the peace in the Old World. It will not enter into any contract even with France or Great Britain to safeguard interests which have no direct relation to the American people. Nor will it agree to use the power of the United States to maintain order and stability in Europe. To think otherwise is to build upon a foundation of sand and to misinterpret the fundamental conditions of American sentiment and the fundamental bases of American policy. For, as has been said, the war has produced no new spirit in the American people nor materially altered the attitude of the United States towards the problems and quarrels of Europe. Into an association of nations for conciliation and counsel the United States may enter; into any League of Nations which would involve military co-operation in defence of the general interests of mankind never in this dispensation. And one often wonders if acceptance by the United States of direct responsibility for the balance of power in Europe would make for unrest or for repose among European nations.

IV

There is great and immediate significance for Canada in the determination of the United States to restrict immigration almost to the verge of total prohibition. For generations its doors were open to all the tribes of men. There was greed for quantity and neglect of quality. Cheap labor was required to build its great systems of transportation, to dig its coal and iron, and to do the rough work of its factories. Slums developed in the centres of population. Huge groups of uninstructed voters received the franchise as a commercial asset. Demagogues thundered and mercenaries plotted to control councils and legislatures. In many American cities the old American element is now as powerless as though it were disfranchised. Often the nation has been defamed by its political bodies. Even criminals have purchased political immunity from prosecution. But all this is an old story to students of American institutions. The facts are recalled only in order to emphasize the inevitable consequences of indifference and neglect.

The evil in the United States has been in separation of races rather than in separation of classes; in a low valuation of human material rather than in low wages. The native element has been smugly arrogant and far too reluctant to admit those of other races to reasonable social and commercial fellowship. They had to take by force what should have been yielded by grace and wisdom. A right extorted leaves a sense of grievance and through a free franchise the grievance is expressed and the State is punished. Social and political leaders in the United States now recognize that they have followed wrong courses. They discover that the processes of "Americanization" have not been completed. They find that of themselves the flag and the common school will not make "Americans" and that among the foreign elements the children's teeth are set on edge because the fathers were treated as aliens from the Commonwealth. They learn too, that they have imported more raw material than they can absorb and that in sheer concern for the moral and material interests of the nation they must now guard the ports with a vigilance which borders on brutality.

To a degree Ottawa must follow the example of Washington. If we do not exercise like vigilance hundreds of thousands of the inferior stocks of Europe, excluded from the United States, will surge into Canada to increase the congestion in the cities and lower the general level of Canadian civilization. Canada needs population as the United States does not, but not a population gathered from the slums and alleys of Europe, beaten still lower by the flail of war, and afflicted with all the social diseases which an impoverished and criminal environment engenders. It would be going too far to say that only those who will go upon the land should be admitted to the Dominion. But surely the first test should be that of fitness for agricultural pursuits. Beyond this none should be received who have not been subjected to rigid personal inspection. Adequate personal inspection and supervision may be costly and difficult but still will not be comparable to the burden involved in the moral cleansing of the unfit and the support of the diseased and afflicted or their restoration to vigor and efficiency. In the United States, in Scotland and England, and in the Scandinavian countries there are tens of thousands of settlers for Canada who have health and strength, and energy and adaptability, who will occupy the land and labor and produce, and assist in bearing the national burden and doubly repay any expenditure which may be necessary to turn their steps toward the Dominion and assure their location under conditions which will give immediate comfort and ultimate independence.

When all is said governments can do little for people who cannot do for themselves. But it should be possible so to organize the Immigration services that we will get the people we want and not those of which other nations desire to be relieved. It should be possible to select and inspect before they embark for Canada. And it should be possible to place those whom we do admit in productive agricultural areas, guard them against exploitation and maintain a sympathetic oversight during their first years in the country.

That after all is what is done in Ontario and other Provinces by the District Representatives of the Departments of Agriculture and what is done by the officials of the Soldier Settlement Board throughout the Dominion. A system so easy of application and so fruitful in results should be made an essential feature of the national policy of colonization. But we will make a fatal error if we ignore the lessons of American experience, if we neglect selection and supervision, if we permit misdirected or undirected settlement or if we fail to co-operate wisely with organized agencies which often may achieve results which cannot be secured by the direct action of government. Moreover the Canadian churches, Boards of Trade, Canadian, Kiwanis and Rotary Clubs and even social and benevolent organizations can afford to remember that sympathy and recognition lie at the roots of a contented citizenship and that in proportion as all elements of the population are embraced in the nation's activities and mobilized for common objects class, sectional and racial considerations will be subordinated to the common interest.

V

In the United States as in many other countries there is a manifest tendency to divide the people into two classes—those who pay taxes and those who do not. The whole continent is afflicted with what someone has called "Bureauitis". A national Congress and over two score legislatures are establishing bureaux, creating commissions and organizing services to do many things for the people which they could do better for themselves. Always there are new sets of officials, pay rolls and increases of taxation. From him that hath is taken and he that hath not is maintained in comparative ease and idleness. There is danger that the world will become an out-door nursery for a multitude of its people. The new version is that men shall live by the sweat of other men's brows and by legislative decree share in the product of other brains. It was not so in the beginning, and who knoweth the end thereof?

There is no doubt that excessive taxation of income and capital has greatly retarded commercial recovery in the United States. Tax-free bonds absorb the money which should go into transportation and industry. Men will not take the risks of commercial adventure while the State seizes an undue proportion of the profits and the springs of enterprise are choked by harassing regulations and excessive restrictions. There is a formidable movement for a general sales tax in which strangely enough the Hearst organs are foremost, but all the levellers in Congress denounce the proposal as an organized attempt of the capitalists to protect their millions and impose excessive burdens upon farmers and workers. President Harding tried to induce Congress to raise the four or five billions of dollars which are to be voted as bonus to the soldiers by a sales tax, but Congress would not take his advice, as it would not agree to give effect to the pledges of the Republican party to repeal the taxes on profits and materially reduce the super-taxes on income. Throughout the United States, however, there is eager and anxious examination of the whole problem of taxation with the prospect that a future Congress will modify existing im-

posts. And it is certain that Canada cannot maintain heavier taxes upon income, capital and industry than may be levied in the adjoining country. There are evidences also of a revolt against the Bureau-making and tax-creating activities of Congress and the Legislatures which ultimately may in degree re-establish the fredom and independence of the American people.

VI

Even among Republicans there is far from unanimous approval of the Fordney Tariff. It is admitted that the rates of duty are as high as those levied under the Payne-Aldrich Tariff which so greatly contributed to Mr. Taft's defeat ten years ago and so powerfully stimulated the revolt of the Progressives under Roosevelt. In the last Presidential contest the tariff was not the chief issue. It is true that Mr. Harding declared unequivocally for higher duties but generally the Republican organs and speakers devoted themselves to the League of Nations and the Czarism of Wilson. The country, therefore, was not ready for the restoration of McKinleyism save in respect of live stock and farm products. One suspects that under cover of the farmers powerful political interests saw opportunity to restore the old protectionist system in all its consistency and rigor. They saw that farmers demanding a prohibitory tariff against the agricultural products of Canada and other countries could not deny generous concessions to manufacturers. But it is certain that many manufacturers were not seeking higher protection. A multitude of American industries now easily command the home market against the industries of other countries and the struggle in which they are engaged is with domestic competitors and not with competitors abroad. Moreover they are trying to secure a foothold in export markets and have some apprehension that the Fordney Tariff will restrict export business and prejudice American goods in other countries. Manufacturers, therefore, are not united in support of the "all American tariff". It is disliked by the great importing and the strictly commercial houses, while the financial interests regard the whole project with a high degree of doubt and distrust. There is feeling that a tariff so extreme and exclusive further withdraws the United States from the partnership of nations and that in its inception and preparation political considerations have overborne commercial and national interests. In the official defence of the measure it is declared:

> "The public will recognize this bill as a consumers' tariff. Its object is to restore the buying power of the consumer. During the first three months of this year there were 7,517 business failures in the United States, against 4,872 in the same period last year and 1,627 in 1920. These failures in a large measure have been due to the diminishing purchasing ability of the average American consumer. The fundamental principle of tariff legislation therefore at this time is to provide work, to increase production and restore the consumer's buying power. While the present unsettled conditions everywhere existing render the work of those engaged in making a tariff bill extremely difficult it must, however, be borne in mind that of all times in the history of our country this is the time when a protective tariff is most needed by the American people. We have written this tariff on the basis of protection and revenue. We have made no rate so high that it will shut off reasonable foreign competition in our American markets, nor so low that the American manufacturer, with reasonable economy of production, cannot hold his full share of the American market. We have tried to protect the American

producer, believing he is entitled to the first consideration. We have tried to maintain the standard of labor wage in the United States and the higher standards of living in this country, believing this policy is for the very best interest of both the producer and consumer. At the same time we have tried to carefully guard the interests of the great consuming public. We have given the agricultural interests of the country a better standard of protection than has ever been given in any previous tariff bill and we are certain that we have placed no duties above a necessary protective basis."

But however various details of the new tariff may be challenged there can be no doubt that the United States is still firmly and invincibly protectionist. Its conception of protection changes but is always determined by the interests of American factories, American farmers and American workers. Now and again there are lapses towards lower tariff but they are of brief duration and then the duties go higher than ever. To-day the chief objects of American protectionists are to secure raw materials from other countries for domestic industries and to create machinery for retaliation against countries which prohibit or restrict export of such materials. The great powers reposed in the President under the Fordney measure give authority to increase by fifty per cent. duties against countries which "discriminate" against the United States. The tariff is retaliatory but not reciprocal. It directly threatens the pulp and paper industry of Canada. There is no prospect that the prohibitive duties levied against the natural products of Canada will be repealed or greatly modified by any concessions that the Canadian Government can offer. The agricultural group is more powerful than any other element in Congress and it demands exclusion of the field products of other countries. Behind the group are the great body of Western and Southern farmers. For with the movement of industries southward protectionist sentiment has become strong and active in the old free trade States of the Confederacy. Apparently there is as complete co-operation between the farmers of the South and West as there is between the organized farmers of Ontario and those of the Prairie Provinces. There is as much reason to think that American farmers will agree to trade reciprocity with Canada in live stock and farm products as there is to think that the farmers' party in Canada will enter upon an agitation to raise duties in favor of Canadian manufacturers to a prohibitive level. And the industrial protectionists of the United States are only too willing to have their position doubly strengthened by an alliance with the political farmers. It has been fully established that Mr. Taft in 1912 lost heavily in the agricultural States through his acceptance of the trade agreement with Canada. But ten years ago the farmers were unorganized alike in Congress and in the country. Now they possess greater political power than any other element in the nation exercises and one feels that while American farmers are able to maintain the political organization which they have created the Fordney duties will not be greatly reduced. The industrial McKinleyism of a third of a century ago has been reinforced by an agrarian McKinleyism to which all other political groups and factions yield homage.

VII

There is a spirit of insubordination in Congress which is infinitely disturbing to sober and responsible statesmen. This spirit is not expressed in rational and considered independence of the party caucus but in sheer depend-

ence upon organized groups and aggressive minorities which would use the power and the purse of Congress for class and sectional objects. For the time Congress is an agency of coercion and compromise, embarrassing to the Administration and comparatively impotent for the higher ends of government. There are symptoms of financial heresy which always appear in seasons of commercial depression. More serious perhaps is the political demand for class representation on the Federal Reserve Board and the deliberate sacrifice of sound banking principles in systems of rural credit. The railways have been "regulated" by State and Federal Commissions until their securities are regarded with distrust. Yet it seems to be believed that rates can be reduced while wages are doubled and the actual cost of transportation is enormously increased. Cheap and efficient transportation has been one of the chief constructive influences in American development and unquestionably nothing would be of greater immediate advantage to the nation than lower freight charges and restoration of the railway services to pre-war efficiency. But this cannot be accomplished until cost of operation is reduced, until there is loyal cooperation between Congress and the Companies and until railway investments are afforded reasonable protection against political regulation and destructive legislation. But whatever else the American people may do they will not attempt to cheapen and improve transportation by any second experiment in government operation.

VIII

One illustration of the prevailing eccentricity is Mr. Bryan's appearance as the champion of a theology as watery as his prohibition. He is striving to root the doctrine of evolution out of the school books and to rescue Genesis from the ravages of Darwinism. Mr. Bryan's mind seems to contain no solids. He began in a gale of wind and is likely to end in a gale of laughter. Irresolute in war and impotent in peace he has become a professional evangelist, nursing ideals which will not stand the test of action and dreaming dreams which will only find fruition in a better world than this. No doubt he is happy on the Chatauqua Circuit but his delusion that he is a statesman will always be a peril to his country.

It is not easy to gauge the feeling of the American people towards prohibition. One does not find such evidences of general disregard of the Volstead Act as some British observers profess to have discovered. It is true that liquor is often provided in private entertaining. But there is not much open drinking in hotels and public places. The brands supplied by bootleggers have acquired such an evil reputation that for the future many of those who have tested them would rather go dry than go mad. At Atlantic City on Easter Sunday one saw a remarkable parade of undistinguished men and attractive women but upon not one of all the thousands who crowded the Board Walk all day long was there any sign of liquor. Even if many hips carried flasks it still is impossible to believe that under prohibition in the United States there has been an actual increase of drunkenness.

That the Volstead Act is disliked by millions of people and nowhere is fully observed or enforced may be admitted. There are great foreign elements which hate restriction and in whom the law has bred a sullen and revengeful temper. There is a type of native American of as good stock as the country possesses that will forever regard the law as incompatible with the old conception of American freedom and will never recognize any legal or moral obligation to observe its provisions. But few even among the extreme opponents

of prohibition desire that the saloon should be restored. They demand only that the severity of the law should be relaxed, that the use of wine and beer should be legalized, and that drinking at meals in clubs, hotels and cafés should be permitted. One feels that the law will be modified by custom and usage in different communities and possibly even Congress will discover that under the constitutional amendment its provisions may be relaxed. But there is no immediate and perhaps no ultimate prospect that two-thirds of the State will sanction repeal. A common view is that as the cellars go dry feeling against prohibition will strengthen. Prohibitionists think otherwise and here lies their confidence that the Volstead Act will endure and will be enforced. In the meantime the issue will be tested in many States and may materially affect results in the next Congressional election.

IX

Organized labor in the United States is divided within itself. The extreme wing still struggles to overthrow Mr. Gompers and to control the American Federation. There are alien groups which deeply resent Mr. Gompers' course during the war while his courageous and unfaltering denunciation of Russian Bolshevism has set against him all the forces of anarchy which would destroy "capitalism" and produce revolution. Billy Sunday declares that there is room for only one union in the United States and that is the American Union. He believes that the time has come to expose the "dirty pups" who are plotting to overthrow the Government and he alleges that a lot of these "dirty pups" are in the pulpits and button their collars in the back. "What," he asks, "would this country be like with Debs as President; with Berger Vice-President; Howatt Secretary of State; Bill Hayward Attorney General; and Emma Goldman Secretary of the Treasury?" With such an Administration he declares hell would hold a jubilee and heaven would hang crêpe on the door. He has no fear, however, that the United States will be run by "this foreign breed of vultures", with "buzzard brains, vulture minds, and the smell of the steerage on their carcasses". Strange as it may be Billy Sunday and Sam Gompers are allies against the "vultures" although Mr. Gompers would not agree that there is any treason to the United States in devotion to a labor union. During the war Mr. Gompers demonstrated that he was an American patriot and upon the whole the Federation of Labor has been a bulwark of public order and constitutional authority. There is, however, a far more difficult relation between employers and workers in the United States than is found in Canada. The demands and methods of the extremists in organized labor have affected the attitude of thousands of employers who are determined to maintain the "open shop" and to bargain collectively only with their own employees. In contrast with Great Britain there is profound reluctance among employers to recognize unions although union membership is not treated as a bar to employment. There is still apparently very general unionization of railway workers but in the industries of the country unionism seems to have entered upon a period of comparative weakness. In the industries which have established Joint Industrial Councils good relations seem to prevail between employers and employed but the national leaders of Labor dislike the Councils as they oppose all systems of compulsory arbitration. But great as are the forces of unrest in the United States and powerful as is the undercurrent of Bolshevism, in no other country are the people more ruthless in dealing with destructionists and more pitilessly patriotic when their institutions are threatened by conspiracy and lawlessness.

THE APPROACHING STORM

From the Painting by
Homer Watson, R.C.A.

ROMANCES OF THE ROAD

BY BILLEE GLYNN

IN a café famous in San Francisco's Latin Quarter, Mercedes was leaning on her arms across the table at me. "But that is *loco,* senor," she said in her English that was still delightfully Spanish. "If one has money then let him go all over the world and pay well; if one is poor, then let him live in San Francisco or anywhere he finds it pleasant and be happy. Without pesos there is no fun to travel. And to tramp!"—she shrugged her Castillian shoulders disdainfully. "How far did the senor say he came?"

"A long way, Mercedes, and it is a long way to go. But California is the land of romance. It shall be something to remember to the end of the world."

She laughed. "With money, yes! But without—you do not know it yet. Mexico is near to here and I was born there. 'Boes' are thought a nuisance in California. Isn't the senor well-born? I have met him three times and thought so. Now the fourth time he tells me strange things about himself."

It was true. On this occasion, whether as a matter of woman or conscience, I had at last been frank. And the girl on the other side of the table was looking at me reproachfully. Yet the story was simple enough. I was a literary hobo doing the world on a "brake beam" and a laughing aptitude for the part. Next to the passion of the pen in me was that of the land and the faces always just beyond the horizon. And I had gone *broke* so often that an empty pocket had become a swagger to my soul, an empty stomach menu for smiling, and a soft slip-me-down in a boxcar a bed of roses, when a brakeman did not make it a whole hothouse.

I turned to the panelled mirror at my side and inspected the clean collar I wore, wondering in the light of many experiences how it got there, before I answered my companion.

"My father was an Irishman," I replied, "and an Irishman is always well-born. He was a rolling stone—and isn't it the custom for a son to inherit his father's *roll?* As for my own special reincarnation, I can imagine the first gypsy by the light of his campfire just beyond the bend in the road from the first civilization. He was the gypsy of romance. He had not even found his woman yet. But he would—for it was in his soul. The world stretched before him an endless joy of adventure. And he took what he wanted from it, and went to sleep nights looking at the stars."

Mercedes smiled. "But that was his time," she advanced, "his age. It is different now. If the senor is that gypsy of romance, I will make him one wager—that he finds no romance, none at all, without pesos in California. He will admit it next time he sees me."

"An automobile trip and a dinner at Del Monte that I don't," I agreed, reaching for her hand on it across the table. "And on my side—do they serve hearts at dinners at Del Monte?"

"Anything the senor has a wish to pay for."

"Then it will be you who will pay and I who will order."

Mercedes regarded me out of eyes that were a twilight beyond darkness. "And the senor will wash his order down with wine and forget it as usual." Then she laughed. "But we will see the menu when the time comes. Perhaps the senor's appetite may have changed—and there is always bacon and eggs. Ah! just think of it—glorious bacon and eggs!"

"Mercedes!" I admonished.

But she only laughed again and rose to her feet. And a minute later I was helping her into her cab.

"May adventures spring beneath your feet in California like its wild poppies," she mocked in parting. "But the senor shall tramp them all down because he wears the shoes of a hobo. Remember and good-bye."

"Then I have my shoes to thank for missing the rarest of the roses," I pledged, as I took her hand. "Adieu till Del Monte."

The cab rolled away in the gauze-glancing shadows of the thoroughfare and I stood and watched it. It was the fourth time Mercedes had gone from me like this and I not with her. To a girl of proud Mexican family, being educated in something slightly less than a convent, and who got away from her keepers only through ingenious pretext, the sharing of a cab with a man on a home ride was not altogether desirable. That much I knew of her and very little more. An incident of the street in which I had been of peculiar service to her had first brought us together. Now I was hitting the road again somewhat of a *"gay-cat"* in a clean collar and a new suit of clothes. I turned from the street, where the cab had lost itself, with a sigh. Many things had I turned my back upon for this gypsy passion of the pen—and Mercedes, it seemed, was not to be the least of them. However one must always come back to San Francisco sometime or other—the town is inevitable. I would finish California here and keep that wager in earnest.

It was the happiness of the thought probably that prompted me to give *two-bits* to a beggar of lopped-off underpinnings holding his hat on a corner. I had *four-bits* left, and I reflected whether or not I could afford a bed. I, at length, decided upon one.

If you have not gone broke often enough to feel rich on *two-bits*, and so acquired that faculty of carrying a light heart to whatever the hours may bring, you cannot imagine the zest with which I sipped my coffee and munched three glorious brown corn muffins in a Third Street restaurant the following morning. To get intoxicated on a cup of coffee is a temperament with which only your true hobo and poorer, diviner poet are gifted. Whatever my abilities as to the latter I am, at least—as even my worst enemies will accord—possessed of a certain grip and tenacity when it comes to a "brake-beam". However to return to coffee and intoxication, they decided my course for me. A new suit at all, of fifteen dollars, and still comparatively clean, is apt to seduce and bring out temporarily the fleece-lined side of one's secret nature. It was much too expensive to dirty on any freight just yet. Besides I had the outside of a special mileage ticket—five miles still on it—which a fellow littérateur and chronic Marathoner had given me because he always ran anything up to five miles. It would pass me by the Keeper of the Gate anyway. So!

The Keeper of the Gate, the brass-buttoned credential-spier of every city railroad station, with a punch in one hand that lands you inside or out, in truth, scarcely looked at the ticket. Evidently my bargain-counter suit had not been bought in vain. One of a line of people, and behind a woman in a purple hat. I passed in to where the train stood waiting. Then, when we started, I walked hurriedly through the last two coaches, as if

leaving someone and in a rush to get off, and on the back vestibule sat myself on the steps. It is always well to fool any religious crank on board, who, having paid his own fare, has a nasty moral objection to seeing anyone else ride free.

Leaving San Francisco, going south, California scenery is a rush of blonde country, prettily bouquetted in flower-garlanded cottages and dotted with sprawling live oaks. Here and there it gallops into knolls, and down in Santa Clara valley zigzag mountain ranges hem in on either side, softened in their blue drapery of atmosphere like old engravings. Here a million twinkling lines of orchard trees dazzle the eyes, so that the traveller, after the manner of the regular boarder in the second-class boarding-house at dessert, is bound to exclaim—"Prunes—prunes—and still prunes!" But beyond the gay metropolis at the Golden Gate, for many miles, scarcely an orchard flicks in sight, and the country rolls warm, ripe, and yellow as a canteloupe in the sun. It possesses for one the interest of constant sunshine—sunshine that in California somehow carries the soft, bathing sense of dew.

I sat and watched it and forgot that there was a train conductor on earth. As luck would have it, he forgot too that there was a back vestibule. We reached San Jose around twelve o'clock, and I knocked off with the rest of the passengers—and still behind the lady in the purple hat. I found courage to offer to carry her suitcase and she permitted me with a smile. She was a very handsome brunette creature—to my journalist sense probably thirty years of age, but, poetically reckoned, not more than twenty. Her eyes, at any rate, were that young, for their brownness had a most delectable manner of brimming over. She thanked me with a look of this kind when we stepped out on the station platform, and I found it not a little enchanting. I was feeling so good about having snatched such a "perfect joy of a lift" that I think, too, there must have been something debonair about myself. Anyway, I found her eyes studying me in the pause which followed and while we waited on an expressman to move a truck, I still held her suitcase and I turned to her with a certain audacity.

"Shall we take a car," I asked, "or, if you walk, may I not continue to carry this for you?"

There was a gleam of approval in her glance. "It is only a few blocks," she said. "We will walk."

The house was on a street behind a small park, and before we arrived there, I had elicited the information, or she had told me, that she owned it, that she was a widow living alone but for a maid and a female companion, who was at present in Monterey, and that she also owned a large fruit ranch in Los Angeles county. I, on my part, discovered that I had lost my only fifteen cents. Thrusting a careless hand in my pocket, I jerked it out with an exclamation.

"Madam," I ejaculated with profound bewilderment, "I have lost all of my money."

She passed the matter over with the utmost smoothness. "Then you will be obliged to take dinner with me," she said.

"In that case," I replied, "I have gained more than I have lost."

This was so much the fact that if my companion had not taken the compliment with perfect seriousness, I think I should have laughed outright. But I had already guessed her nature and such a thing were unforgivable. She was one of those types you meet only in the South or West—a woman not lacking in intellect or will, but based beneath all on temperament, however she may try to confine it, and who melts to sudden likes and emotions with the daring that only such a charming creature is capable of. Between the glow of her underlying earnestness and the merry, piquant devil she sometimes shows on

the surface is a whole infinitude in which to lose yourself. And yet she is so superbly lacking in tact that too often it is her tragedy to have her life robbed miserably by that other of her sex, the butterfly creature who has no heart and whose feet scarcely touch earth, so that men go mad following the color of her flight. A woman of this kind can be infinitely sensitive to a lover and without sensitiveness for the world. I was no lover, of course, but I fancied I had inspired a friendly feeling. And I had told her enough of myself, splashing on the picturesque, to give me a slight interest in her eyes—if no other than that of measuring a passionate, vagrant type through an unconventional invitation to dinner. To my compliment she made reply only by that slight adorable movement of the eyes by which a woman sometimes acknowledges things. But she resumed the subject after a few moments of silence.

"It is the proper thing for a hobo to lose his money anyway," she suggested. "Else, he would be only an actor playing the part."

"The difference," I returned, "is that an actor usually plays a part of love, and the hobo that of an empty stomach, which is much more difficult."

"And does not the hobo ever play the other role, too?" she inquired, with a humorous, sidelong glance.

"He should be equal to it—at least, on a full dinner," I replied audaciously.

I could not see her face, for we had, by this time, reached the gate of a cottage and she had turned in, but I knew there was a smile on her lips. The maid met us at the door with much welcoming of her mistress and some repressed surprise at me—then, at a suggstion, tin-soldiered away to inform the cook to prepare dinner. My companion showed me in to a sort of drawing-room, a place of shaded brown and red tones where a beautiful upright piano, epic-like in its lines and polish, stood, and then excused herself to dress. She returned very shortly gowned in a clinging carmine that made a queen of her.

"Madame," I said, "I cannot imagine that you have asked me to dine with you. You are so charming."

"My only excuse," she returned blithely, "is that I have been reading socialism, and feel it a novelty to entertain a hobo."

"Then you will permit him to remain himself?"

"Otherwise," she laughed, "he might not be worth while."

It was like a challenge and I accepted it. "Impudence," I stated, "is his one mainstay. I am going to ask you to play for me. If you can—the intermezzo from Cavaleria Rusticana".

She did so with considerable mastery, then in a low, sweet voice, and of her own accord, sang Metcalf's "Absent". She turned from the piano just as the doll-like maid appeared to announce dinner. It was like the blowing of a bugle in the midst of a rhapsody, and I remained bound still in the dream of the latter.

"Well!" she remarked, with the manner of a hostess.

"You have made a poet out of me."

"It is a compliment," she scorned lightly. "Let us try dinner. They say that is the only way to really reach a man's heart."

That dinner I cannot describe because it remains to me indescribable. The woman carried it off with an irresponsible gayety that dazzled me, but, here and there, when in the measure of repartee, I parried with some flippancy or ranging satire, she immediately set me to rights with a vivid and becoming earnestness. She seemed to believe in the feelings too keenly to permit a man, at least, to take life at frivolous values. A woman, she insisted, had the privelege of manny rôles, because, truly free, she rarely besmirched herself, but a man properly was possessed of only one, the privilege of being true to her,

because in all the world he had never quite accomplished it.

"I think," I said, laughing in answer, "that you are merely casting a witticism at *a* man."

"I am telling him the truth," she smiled, "which cannot help but sound strange to him. I have studied your sex, and your strongest instinct, your root infinitive, so to speak, is—to seek. Woman, on the other hand, when she is true to her nature, is swayed wholly by the passion to hold you. If she accomplishes it only in the greater part, she is happy; she is willing to blind her eyes that she may be happy, or pretend gracefully that she does not see. If she fails, then ever at the bottom of her heart is the dream she cherishes and yet which she can never hope to come true. And that," she summed, "is why women are what they sometimes are. The secret scroll of a woman's heart is one on which is written nothing but her own truth and her loveliest desires. It is the double tragedy of her sex that she is rarely brave enough to reveal it. If she did so, most men would be dumfounded at what they had lost and created. A woman can never sink lower in her own hopes than to have become a cynic."

"I cannot think so of madame," I replied, "even though her cynicism is so new and interesting. You, at least, are speaking only for your sex. Personally, I have no doubt your story would be altogether different—and so disprove all of your statements."

She put her hands together, resting her cheek on them and her elbows on the table, and remained silent for a moment, the lashes covering her eyes, before she made reply. I watched her with an expanding sense of appreciation at the picture of dreaming health and glowing *rondeur* she presented. The soft stuff of her sleeves fell away from arms which might have gone to replace those of La Sira. Her hair was so rich in growth that its dark lustre seemed to gather and lie in pools of blue, glistening depth. Her eyes when they lifted and lingered were burning coals at which one might warm oneself and which smiled as they burned. In short, a nut-brown woman she was, possessed of the enduring youth of temperament and carrying the most vigorous forces to refinement—and a capricious and careless fate had decided that I should sit across the table from her and listen to the startling statement she was about to make. And yet its startlingness was due to the fact that it was not made for effect, but that for the sake of argument alone she spoke with perfect frankness and naïveté.

"I am going to avow myself," she said, with a stirring, pensive look, "if only to prove how little capable of penetration a man is. My husband and I, to begin with, were never more than chums. Older than myself, he always treated me with consideration, but never tenderness—at least, that finer tenderness which is the delight of love. But he treated me better than most men treat their wives. Up till the day he died, indeed, our married life seemed an absolute success. And yet I tell you there has not been a moment since I came to know life that my inner womanhood has not yearned for a mate who would love me with a real and lasting passion; someone for whom my caresses would never grow stale, and, no matter what small indiscretions lured him, must always come back to me—the ultimate and sweetest force in his existence. But what have I found. I have met so many of your sex that I tire seeing them. I have analysed them quietly till analysis has become intuition with me. They are all the same," she concluded with a touch of disdain, "pluckers and trampers, everyone of them; in the end, capable only of egotism, and passing sentiment."

"Be careful," I smiled. "In my profession there have been Dantes and Plutarchs; you may be sitting opposite a Browning."

She smiled in turn. "I told my tale to the littérateur, not to the man.

As for being a Browning—I know better. You are an irredeemable gypsy, forever restless and roving. Though I have no doubt you could make love charmingly."

"You fill me with a desire to prove it to you," I countered recklessly, looking straight into her eyes across the table.

She answered me with a gaze as direct. "You need not," she replied. "I take your word for it that you are well practised."

"And yet madam," I began—. And then I paused regarding her till a slight color burned in her cheeks.

"I know," she supplied, taking up my unfinished sentence for me with quiet banter. "I am good-looking enough for your sex to call me lovely. I possess a sweetness which someone said was almost edible, and a physicality which breathes of health. I am younger in a way than lots of girls of eighteen. It is a pity that you are a gypsy, isn't it? But it is unalterable."

"And yet—." I could not help but suggest, letting my look linger over her.

"I understand—I am furnishing you with a regret. But I prefer to do that rather than furnish you with a memory." Her eyes challenged me whimsically, yet with a perfect comprehension before which I succumbed.

"I see," I sighed, "that you would never believe me."

"And I," she laughed, "that you are not capable of believing yourself."

But she had brought in me a most serious mood. My arm flung over my chair, I remained staring out of the window across the brown fields. Where and how in my nature had I inherited this terrible curse—the curse that must ever draw me on from one feeling to another, from emotion to emotion, to abide by none of them, but be poor constantly in variety, and end doubtless lacking everything. But always must one accept oneself. I turned back to the woman's eyes, dew-like and shining, and now intuitively divining my thoughts.

"I beg of you," I said with a touch of irony, "to be no less charming to me, at any rate. It is something, at least, to carry the scars in one's incapability."

She laughed and rose from the table. "Come to the parlor again," she suggested. "You shall remember me sitting there and playing love's divinest songs for you—and you could not answer because I knew you could not. I shall recall you as a man who was graceful enough to recognize himself—a hobo who feels all things perfectly at their time, and *others* afterward." She laughed again—a sound like the red, fine joy of rose petals—and plucked my arm so that I ran away with her to the other room. Then she sat down at the piano, her hands leaping like white flames over the keys. And when I awakened from the spell of it, the dream that held me in a tangle of golden glimpses. it was to find myself shaking hands with her at the door. But it is certain, whatever my inconstancy, that parting vision of her, the piquant, smiling, half-taunting face, the eyes dewy and fresh as spring, the red-swathed figure with its brown, round arms, symbolizing, at once, the delicacy and the strength of love, must always come back to haunt memory and bring a sigh to the lips.

I was in no mood for anything further in San Jose. In fair truth I was inwardly perturbed in a manner that was very unusual with me. The barb of the woman's analysis, which she had thrown with a laugh, seemed to still pierce my heart. And, having left her, I was in a way to be angry with myself for so accepting her reading of me. Her charms were a magnet drawing me back to her, a road that I had made impossible for return.

Within the next hour I had succeeded in establishing myself on a southbound freight. Hidden securely, as I fancied, betwen some pieces of mach-

inery piled on an open flat-car, and so crushed at heart as to be no longer regardful of my clean clothes, I sprawled my limbs out recklessly on the dirty bottom. I even pressed my knee purposely against a clot of black oil on an iron foot, and saw it take the stain with a feeling of morbid satisfaction. After all, one ran more dangers and outrages to the heart being a gentleman hobo than the other kind. Surly of countenance, and in a ragged jacket, one took only the risk of hunger, being shot at, or put in jail. To be sure, the role had always proved itself as possessing too little piquancy to suit my nature, but, for the present, it appeared perfecly satisfactory. Even when a brakeman found me and put me off near Pajaro, while we were moving at a dog-trot, I had no kick coming. I leapt, that was all, and took to the trail doggedly. As it happened, it led to a *jungle*. On some low ground, behind a fringe of trees, which I skirted after a few minutes' walking, I suddenly found myself face to face with a number of the "society" and at fodder.

There were four of them, lying comfortably in the afternoon sun and eating apples. I approached, nodded carelessly, and without waiting to be bid, grasped an apple from a pile around which the group formed and, sitting down on my hunkers, took to chewing vigorously. The scowl which gathered on the four faces made me bethink myself. I flung myself to my feet, shoved a hand in either pants' pocket—then, with a discomfitted look, turned both pockets inside out. "Hell!" I exclaimed, brusquely and with disappointment, "I had fifteen cents and lost it." The act proclaimed me a "bo", but the "society" still regarded my new clothes a little suspiciously. All four were silent however. I, on my part, munched my apple and observed them slyly. One was a young fellow of short stature with a face so haggard and strangely complexioned that I knew him at once for an opium fiend. Beside him, his heavy legs thrown as far from him as he could well get them, and faded red socks showing over a pair of cracked patent-leathers, lay a huge negro. Never for a moment did this fellow pause in devouring apples. Reclining on his elbow, he rolled his eyes and ate them, untiringly scrutinizing me as he did so. Opposite the negro, and resting the same way, was a personage with blotched face, but fiercely turned, so that it gave him the look of being leader of the group. He was of medium height, thick-set, and probably somewhere in the early thirties in years. Altogether his appearance was that of a yeggman. A young Italian, evidently in the last stages of consumption, made up the fourth. His figure was so emaciated that one wondered how it was possible for him to get on his feet, that the sound of the apple he slowly crunched jarred one as though it might have been the disorganization of his entire system. Out of the ghastliness, however, the utter despondency he exhibited, cropped tokens of a lost debonairness and dandyism, and a certain refinement still clug to him. His slight dark mustache was twirled to excess, and, as he ate he put his hand to it, now and then, to preserve it. His eyes, burning like beacons in the gray mask of his face, were the most remarkable I have ever seen. Dark, turning to hazel, and powerful, they seemed to reflect at once all the vitality that had been crushed out of his body, all the desire that had been crushed out of his heart. Eyes of divine melancholy they were, of a poet singing his own swan song, of a musician dying to a Paganini rendering. Mad, mad, with something deeper and finer than life, and terrible in the pity they awoke. Yet there flashed at times from the glaze of sickness that would steal over them an irresistible humor, a poignant whimsicality, and lightheartedness. And this was the more remarkable that the lips rarely smiled or spoke. My attention soon turned

from the others to rivet itself on this person alone—though, as I watched him, taking advantage of his absorption, I was aware that the others still continued to watch me. Finally the fellow with the blotched face broke the silence.

"Where did you come from—you?" he growled.

"Off the freight," I returned. "Had no salve for the brakeman."

He grunted, his glance falling again to my clothes. The negro turned to the young Italian. "Play fo' us," he said. "Something soft, and sweet, and low." He grimaced the words as though considering them a regular form of request. The dope-fiend, throwing himself on his back, seconded the invitation, saying that he wanted to be "blown" to sleep. But the leader, whose eyes softened strangely whenever he regarded the young fellow, objected. "D'ye want 'im to blow his lungs out for you?" he snarled. The Italian said nothing one way or the other—and silence fell again. But about five minutes later he took a flute from his pocket and endeavored to play it; then, interrupted by a dry fit of coughing, put it away.

"I guess, Crimson," he said, addressing him who had spoken for him, "that I won't be able even to blow myself to sleep." He half smiled at me, and his tone carried such a wistful pathos that I fancied he referred rather to his death that must soon come.

Crimson, after a short regard of him, turned and looked away toward the horizon. His face was a mask of implacable, brooding hatred and rebellion against the whole order and existence of things. I had seen men weep, but I had never seen such a terrible sorrow as that look expressed. What strange bond of affection held the two I wondered? This fierce-faced Tartar, time-server, probably, and without a tender spot in him, you would have thought, and this girlish, dark-eyed boy with the peculiar, vivacious charm he must have one time possessed, rendering itself in a delicate coquetry of pathos; something inevitably true and deep-welling about him, nevertheless, that made you unconsciously think of him as being, at least, half a genius. Was it simply his lovableness combined with his sad condition that had won to him this uncouth heart—or were there deeper reasons?

Whatever the secret I was never to find out. I sat there and thought about it, however, studying the Italian's face. He had lain back with closed eyes, his hand thrown over them to protect them from the sun and rumpling his close-curled hair, and, in a little while, his open mouth, through which the breath came wheezing and obstructed, showed that he had dropped off to sleep. The picture he presented was one of the most charming and piteous I have ever looked upon. Imagine the young god Pan, his reed broken, stricken down in an age of sorrow and disease. The sun beating on him so strongly seemed in the process of alchemizing his body back into fragrant earth again. Only his expression I could fancy remaining—remaining somewhere in an evening's quiet to haunt the world. I turned presently to the snores of the negro and the dope-fiend. They were flat on their backs surrendered to heaviest slumber like a couple of swine. The man with the blotched face alone remained erect, still buried in his thoughts and gazing out toward the hills. Then, instantly, he crumpled down, too, sprawling himself savagely like one in desperation.

For long moments, with the sun luxuriously about me, I sat considering them—the four. But suddenly, and with a start, I found myself nodding. I straightened up determinedly, trying to remember that it were not wise to go to sleep in such company. And yet how somnolent the sun and air were. Supposing I should go to sleep—well—supposing I should

go to sleep——. I have a vague recollection of the young Italian's face flicking itself suddenly out of range of my eyes, nor could they find it again.

It was a very long snake twisting round and round me that began my awakening. With closed eyes I lay for minutes reflecting how long the snake might be, or if it had an end. Then, with a pang of consciousness I realized that it was a man's hand going through all my pockets. I glimpsed cautiously and saw the negro bending over me. His face so close was hideous, a caricature of evil that made my flesh crawl and my nerves cry out. Scarcely realizing what I was doing, I sprang and hit the face with my fist, so unexpectedly that it darted back staring at me. Then, on my feet, quick as a leopard, and before it had recovered from its surprise, I jabbed it madly again. The wrath that lit it in response was like a flash of lightning to my senses, blighting them with precipitate fear. As a pair of huge ebony talons clutched for me I turned and fled, my heartbeats keeping strange, jiggling time to the footsteps which raced behind me. On and on we sped—an even heat, that made me wonder at the agility of my pursuer. Then, after what seemed five minutes, but could not have been more than one, I heard him stumble and fall, his breath gasping from him as he struck the ground. Glancing over my shoulder, I saw him curled up in pain, rubbing his shin and cursing. There was something so irresistibly funny about it that instantly I burst into loud laughter. And as I ran on I continued to laugh in spite of the terrible oaths flung after me and the danger of farther pursuit.

That was the last I saw of him, however. But I did not dare to go back toward Pajaro. Reaching the road, I pursued it at a trot, the evening sun blinking my eyes. I calculated that I might get accommodation at some ranch house for the night. Anyway it was nothing to worry over, and I was in the most excellent of humors. Slowing down to a walk, I took my hat off to cool myself, and, still entertained at the negro's discomfiture, did not notice that I had reached a crossroads till the sound of a rig attracted my attention.

It was a cart driven by an exceedingly pretty girl with red hair, that unusual red shading to auburn which, whenever it does appear, grows in beautiful abundance and is the bloom of an exceptional nature. It is peculiar with me, something for which I cannot account, but hair of this kind has always had the power to make me immediately forget my troubles. Besides, as I was smiling to myself just now and swinging my hat, I really had not any. And, as it happened, the lady's horse was willing to prove a valid excuse. Aged, and old maid's beast that he was, though, by no means, was it an old maid who drove him, I was indeed surprised at him; and I can only fancy that it must have been some sense of go-between and far cavalier days which inspired him. At any rate, taking unreasonable and mischievous umbrage at the hat swinging in my hand, he jumped precipitately to the side of the road. The girl, glancing in my direction at the moment, and quite unprepared for such a manoeuvre, was so startled that she almost lost her lines. I had the animal by the head in an instant, of course, and was uttering apologies for having been the object of its fright.

"Really," she declared, recovering herself with a little breathless laugh, "I can scarcely understand it. Dobbin never did such a thing before in his life."

"I was swinging my hat," I explained. "And perhaps there was something in my appearance——" Then I paused, for she was looking at me, a merry twinkle in her Killarney eyes.

"Oh, you are not quite that bad, you know," she insinuated. And her laughter rang out as delightful as the

sparkle of Sauterne, so that one could not help joining in it. Moreover we seemed to pledge a charming comradeship in the draught.

"I am glad to hear it," I rejoined. "But, you see, I am a runaway myself—and I thought, perhaps, I might be epidemic." Here I recounted in a few words how I had been chased by the huge negro, and my fair listener's brows arched prettily in horror.

"But you," she asked, "are you a 'bo,' too."

"A newspaperman hiking to a job in Los Angeles," I explained. It was not the truth, at least the whole truth, but her tone had implied that she would not like the truth. And I thank the Lord I have been always able to lie to a pretty woman. On this occasion I think I was actually believed. Turning slightly, she glanced back anxiously down the road in the direction the negro hobo might be coming. Then she looked my way again, speaking with charming naïveté.

"I really think I will have to rescue you," she stated conclusively. "Besides Dobbin has made me rather afraid of what he may do."

She moved over methodically in the cart seat which had just room enough for two; and, eager to profit by her suggestion, I took a place beside her.

"I am beginning to consider that negro a fine fellow," I said happily, as she jerked on the lines and we started up the road. "Such a *run of luck* does not come to me often."

But she only smiled meditatively, her eyes straight ahead. "I wonder," she speculated with amusement a moment later, "what Aunty will think when I take you home."

"And are you going to?'

"I cannot leave you to the tramps."

"That's true," I agreed readily. And she laughed outright. I was beginning to realize a deep piquancy in her like the nip in rare wine. What a quality when it flavors youth!

"And what about Uncle?" I asked, after a moment.

"Uncle, when he hears of your terrible experience, and how courageously you stopped Dobbin from running away, will probably ask you to stay to lunch—and then all night."

"And you," I inquired, "do you live with Uncle all the time?"

"No, only some of the time. I am Helen from Texas, his dearest niece, and I spend a month with him every year. And now," she concluded, "that I have been frivolous and told you everything, I am going to quit, for I am not a bit frivolous, you know. Besides, we will have to be serious before Uncle; he might think, perhaps, you weren't worth rescuing."

"That's true," I acquiesced unthinkingly; "I was forgetting myself."

With a quick glance at me, she plunged into another aria of sparkling laughter. "It was so good of you to admit the truth of what Uncle might only *think* of you," she rejoined.

"Oh, oh!" I ejaculated, as I realized what I had put over on myself. But she passed the joke so quickly aside and took up her little air of seriousness again, that I said nothing more. We fell into a silence, indeed, which lasted, except for odd, brief comment, till we arrived at her Uncle's house about a half-mile up the road, and reached by a sort of lovers' lane of eucalypti. As she had the habit of leaning forward in her seat, however, and I sat back in mine, the drive yielded me the constant opportunity of observing her, of seeking in her with a man's instinct the measure of her power and holding charm. For is it not true, from cellar to dome-top, from starveling to prince, that this old world, in spite of its semblance of the practical, is wound up forever in romance and the call of sex, and that its reason is ever second to its adoration? So is it true that a man brought together with a maid for the first time must always, according to his capacity, endeavor to find the qualities of her heart, to pay his tribute or withhold it.

"Here we are," announced my companion abruptly. And I roused myself to notice that we had entered a yard, that a sturdy, bewhiskered rancher was approaching with a jocular air from the direction of some outbuildings, and that a gracious, white-haired woman, sewing on a back varandah, glanced up at our coming and smiled. The girl, herself, was just a little flushed, and I, on my part, was instantly filled with a sense of being the cause of her embarrassment. Springing quickly to the ground I helped her down from the cart—a crush of white, delicately-perfumed muslin, the interchange of a glance of comradeship that instantly made me careless of everything but the desire to know her better. By this time the rancher had come up to us with a look of amused interrogation on his face. He nodded to me quite good-naturedly.

"Hello, Helen," he smiled. "I did not know they sold adventures at Smith's, too. Have you got the rest of the parcels?"

"They are under the seat," she responded, meeting his glance with a tinge of color. Then quickly she turned and introduced me in my journalistic capacity, relating with a few graphic touches my escape from the tramps, and how the horse had taken fright and *might have* run away. The woman on the verandah had paused to listen, too, and perhaps because of this I stood there feeling some of the girl's shyness in the matter.

The Uncle extended his hand to me heartily. "I am glad to meet you," he said; "particularly—with a roguish glance at his niece—"as up till now Helen has always contended that there were no adventures in California."

"But this isn't an adventure, Uncle. Suppose there had been a runaway and I had been killed?"

He caught her quickly, giving her a dab of a kiss on the forehead. "Dobbin," he bantered, turning to address the horse, "I am surprised that you could think of it at thirteen years. I am afraid I will have to look for another steed to do my shopping." He laughed gaily, motioning the two of us in high-handed manner toward the house. "Go on in with her," he said to me, "and meet my wife. We'll be having dinner directly."

"Don't you think he's lovely?" confided the girl, as I walked beside her. But the way he teases me is something terrible."

And in this way began one of the most pleasurable evenings I have ever spent in my life and one which was to end most dramatically for me. The mistress of the house proved quite as agreeable as her husband, and it was apparent that she had once been as beautiful as her niece.

In its world of fruit trees and outward rim of mountains, the ranch house was like a little paradise, a harbor of rest and sweet meditation, where nature and the heart of one breathed its best and freest. And yet passion were possible here, too, and had its setting; the creeping, purple twilight, the ardor of burning, blue-velveted stars, the huge-heaved bulwark of the horizon dark with night, a general lovely profoundness, the gentle sigh of winds. Such was our environment as we sat and talked on the front verandah after dinner—Helen, her Uncle, and I, the girl leaning her white arms on his shoulder and looking up at me while I spoke of Western Canada, a subject of which the Uncle could not hear enough, so that my knowledge in the matter made us the best of comrades. The Aunt was there, too, for a while, but on account of a headache retired early, bidding me a kindly good-night, and telling her which room she had allotted me, for I had already been asked to stay over till morning.

It was a wonderful moon that rode the sky that night—a moon to dream under; and, half way up, it angled onto the girl's hair touching it to complete glory. Beneath the white light, her face gleamed, and her clear, fine

eyes, like gentle waters in starlight, brooded and smiled, or seemed to sigh softly. She arose, at length, and, drawing over a small table, proposed a three-cornered game of cards.

"Not me," said her Uncle. "It's half-past nine and I am going to bed. Challenge the gentleman, here. Hannah is in the kitchen, and I will tell her to come out and chaperon you."

But he did not. His heavy tread sounded straight upstairs, and the black servant woman did not at any time appear. A fellow of parts he was, indeed, and perhaps remembered innocent moonlight nights of his own that he would not have had spoiled. Besides I was aware that he liked me, though even my greatest vanity could not conceive that it was me he trusted in the matter. Undoubtedly the compliment of his withdrawal pertained wholly to his niece. And I, on my part, felt rather glad that it was so. For with such a moon and such a girl, how would it have been possible to keep a trust, if it might be broken, to deny oneself a hand which might be held, or a mouth which yielded its treasure.

It was poker we played, for the girl reminded me that she came from Texas. We played only with chips, however, as neither of us had any money. The girl had moved the table under a hanging lamp, which I lit for her, though, for the matter of that, the moonlight was sufficiently strong for us to play by. And yet the lamplight added to the wonder of my companion, to the changing loveliness of her face, and the shadowed, smiling ardor of her eyes. I had met many women, but rarely had I seen one so utterly attractive, so irresistible with the living, glorious beauty of youth that is like an irredescence of the blood. If I make reference to her in this respect more than is seemly, maybe, it is because it is the only excuse I have to offer for what afterwards happened. Left alone with her in this way, everything about her fascinated me; the pretty movements of her hands as she dealt the cards; the soft, white roundness of her arms, bare to the elbow; the champagne laughter of her eyes and crimson lips; the warm flush that stole upward to her brow when our hands happened to touch and mine lingered to caress; and, reflecting under the lamplight, the beauty of her hair.

Our conversation was of a desolutory, unimportant order. What need had we of words? We sat in an atmosphere instinct with life, with youth, and all that pertains to life and youth. Ask the old man leaning on his crutch and gazing westward at the sunset what these things combined mean—the old man who stands on the road of memories, his world slowly dipping out of sight. But ours was with us, redolent in the dew, the perfume, the blood-dancing buoyancy of its morning hours. At any rate, it was with such feelings the occasion adorned itself for me. As for my companion, romance was like a living spring in her nature.

The avenue, between the lines of eucalypti, the moonlight had touched with fairy enchantment. It shone forth like some vaguely resplendent road to dreamland, where coy shadows danced to murmuring leaves.

The girl signified it with a little sigh. "It is almost an invitation, isn't it? she said.

"And one that we should not deny," I suggested, with a pleading look.

"But Uncle did not give me any such liberty," she pointed out. "And it is late."

"He did not forbid you," I argued rather cleverly, I fancied.

"But it is time to go in." There was something of reluctance in her tone, however.

I picked up the cards and dealt her out a hand. "We will play," I said, "as to whether you go in, or whether arm in arm we promenade the enchanted walk."

She smiled and took up her cards; but instantly objected: "I forgot to cut; and, also, it should be my deal."

I threw down my hand eagerly enough, for I held nothing, and she placed her's on the bottom of the deck and commenced to shuffle.

"What did you hold?" I asked.

"Nothing," she responded with a look of coyness.

"I think," I suggested, "that you were afraid of me beating you. I really would like to know what you held—a pair of deuces?"

"Deuce take you," she laughed, satirizing the impecunity of my hand, but without giving me any satisfaction. "You are too curious. I shall punish you by refusing to let you cut."

I glanced at the cards she dealt me —and smiled broadly. I held three aces. Instantly I threw them down. "The Little God is with me in this," I boasted. "Have you anything to say to that?"

She was regarding the aces with a puzzled frown—a surprised, well-acted consternation. Then suddenly she sighed, but with a twitching at the corners of her adorable mouth. "It is so funny," she commented archly. "I held those aces in the hand I threw away." A subdued splash of laughter followed, and I rose to my feet, catching both of her hands across the table.

"Come," I enjoined eagerly. "We might have been on our way now. Why is it that your sex never consent firsthand?"

"In that case we would have been back sooner."

"That depends," I returned.

Then all in an instant she became serious and reserved. "Really," she reflected, "I should not do this, at all. Uncle might be angry with me—and —besides—we scarcely know each other."

But I would give her no chance for parley. I drew her arm in mine and we went down the steps and together entered the road of dreams.

What a truly enchanted road it was! When we had gone but a short distance, my arm crept down and encompassed her waist. She stirred a little but made no verbal objection, and thus close to each other, we continued our way. The silence enclosed us like golden dew falling in delicately repeated thoughts. Neither of us uttered a word till we reached the end of the avenue. There we stood for a moment gazing afar into the night together. The girl raised her eyes to mine.

"Isn't it wonderful!" she said. "I do not know when I have been so happy."

"It is you who are wonderful," I replied. "And I do not know when I have been so happy either. But it would be always so if we were always together." I spoke with a sincerity which seemed to come from some depth of me undiscovered before. I would have gathered her to me, but she quickly held me off, looking into my eyes with a clear, far, intuitive gaze. And she continued to so hold and regard me.

Then I bent down, taking her face in my hands. "Helen," I declared earnestly, "I love you. I do not know why I love you. I only know that I cannot help loving you—that you have won me completely." And, drawing her close to me, I kissed her—kissed her till she lay surrendered in my arms, all breath and heart.

"Let us go back to the house," she voiced weakly, at length.

But I shook my head.

"Then what are you going to do with me?"

I swept my hand to a ruin mouldering dimly in the moonlight a short distance up the road. "Your Uncle told me," I said, "that it was an old mission inhabited by a real priest. We are going to waken him up. Have you the courage?"

She answered only with a look and stepped forward with me. Arm in arm we went slowly up the road. The night, the very world seemed to belong to us, and the stars beaming above were but golden notes in our silent rhapsody. But, almost at the

top of the incline on which the old mission stood, and with martial happiness but a few rods away, something monstrous and swift darted instantly down on us. I had just time to throw the girl out of harm's way, slipping as I did so. As the breath went out of me I realized that I was being run over by an automobile carrying no headlights.

I awakened to a feeling of cushioned movement and to behold a pair of beautiful brown eyes bent on me anxiously. It took me two minutes, at least, to recognize them as belonging to Mercedes—the Spanish convent girl I had met in San Francisco. "I am fleeing from my guardian," she explained, "and, of course, I had to run across you—or was it over you? Will the senor stand till I see if he is seriously injured."

I could only half stand just then for my back was badly wrenched, but I did sufficiently well to make certain that there was not much the matter with me except bruises. "And where is the young lady I was with?" I inquired suddenly, staggered at the calamity of my interrupted wedding.

"We did not have time to pay much attention to her," responded Mercedes. "I recognized you immediately and Felix"—indicating the driver in the front seat—"piled you into the machine. We promised to find you speedy medical attendance in Pajaro, which is but a short distance ahead. All that I remember of the senorita was that she was very pretty—and that she appeared very much perturbed. She said that she lived just across the road."

"She was very pretty," I endorsed. "You say that you are running away —are you being followed?"

"Yes—the man who wants to marry me and my guardian who wants me to marry the man—ten miles or so behind. Felix is an old friend of the family."

"And you are on your way——"

"To Mexico and my married sister —or a husband——"

"Would a husband save you?" I inquired interested.

"I would rather reach—much rather —reach Mexico."

"Of course; but supposing a husband became a necessity?"

Mercedes regarded me out of merry eyes. "Whether half killed or not, the senor is always one devil of a fellow. Are you proposing to me?"

"Could I propose to anyone more lovely?"

"What of the very charming senorita left back on the road—she was lovely, too. Her luminous eyes sought mine with challenge. "The senor made love to her, no doubt?"

"It was her hair," I pleaded. "I could never resist hair of that color. But your eyes would save me from it —yes, always, Mercedes,—your eyes."

"Maybe—" she laughed; "if I always watched you with them."

I responded to her mockery in tones of great earnestness; for now that I was with her again I knew that I really loved her. "Please do not speak lightly," I begged, taking her hand. "I love you madly—and I shall always love you. It is most true that you would be my salvation. And you will be, Mercedes, you will be?"

She returned my gaze for a moment probingly; then sat looking straight into the night—the velvet, star-pinked curtain.

"It is all settled," I prompted eagerly, drawing her close to me till her eyes met mine and I saw they had melted.

"Perhaps—if we get a puncture—or anything—or are too closely followed at Pajaro."

"Very well," I enthused. "And that is a promise, is it not, a real promise?"

"A real promise, providing—" she returned.

I was content to let the matter rest there, and we rode on nestled close to one another.

At Pajaro—and in spite of the watchful eyes of Felix—I managed to drive a nail through one of the rear tires.

THE QUARTERMASTER'S BABY

BY PATRICK VAUX

THE officer of the watch sighed with satisfaction, for his Britannic Majesty's warship commonly known to her crew as the *Heave-along* was steadily dropping the land astern, and the outlines of the popular English seaside resort were fading into a mere blur.

"Well, Bolsever," said he, turning to the brownfaced and broadshouldered quartermaster who was gloomily eyeing the great glass face of the compass and uttering warning monosyllabics to the nervous ordinary seamen at the wheel, "how has this hurrah-trip been to your liking? Glad to get rid of it, like me, eh?"

"Nothing in it for me, sir," was the reply, "nothing but disappointment! My missis is confined to her bed, and me being on dooty couldn't go ashore to her. It is our youngest nipper I want to see — four months old, sir. Never set eye on her yet!"

"Hard lines, hard lines," the officer answered sympathetically, "you ought to have spoken to me, and I'd have arranged with the commander about you going off for the half-day. Got a youngster myself that I saw for the first time two months ago, and Jimsy is two years old. Very awkward for you, quartermaster." And the lieutenant turned to step the broad bridge.

Already the battleship had been snugged down for sea, and in a minute or two the welcome pipe to supper would be heard. The sun was sinking and the wind was lulling, and only the monotonous thumping of the engines, the swish of parting waters, and subdued voices of the watch were to be heard, as she passed onward to her next port of call and peace rejoicing up the East Coast of England.

Suddenly the officer of the watch, as he paced back to starboard, stopped short, and glanced sharply fore and aft. The quartermaster jumped back from the bell-mouth of the speaking-tube running up to the roof of the chart-house, where stood the captain and the navigator. The "wheel" looked away, all agape, from the face of the compass three feet off.

"What the deuce was that?" the lieutenant rapped out, coming quickly up to the quartermaster.

"Sounded like a cat-call, sir," was the reply.

"May 'appen, a puffin to sta'boa'd, sir," the wheel remarked. "They do strike wonderful!"

"More like a cat mewing," the officer of the watch snapped, "but we've lost the ship's cat! Sounds as if skylarking——"

Again the comparative stillness was broken by the sound, extraordinary and all unusual there. The faint, whimpering, muffled cry came and went for a second or two, then ceased.

The lieutenant raised himself on tip-toe, and glared searchingly around. The voice of Captain Todd

from overhead brought down his heels to the deck again.

"Lieutenant Evans, stop that fooling amidships," the old man trumpeted. "What do you take this ship to be!"

The hail from the bridge never reached the deck, for just then a series of ear-piercing screams a short distance away fell on amazed ears. They seemed to grow fainter, and then pass under the deck.

"I'll dis-rate that skylarker," roared the officer commanding, hastily coming down to the bridge. "These counfounded hurrah-trips spoil discipline."

A signalman by the flag-lockers sucked his teeth, and nodded to his mate.

He declared confidently to him, "It's a spook, a hinfant's spook! Bein' as I am a fambly man, I knows that hail. Some 'flatfoot' in this 'ooker has done a hinfant in, an' it's 'auntin' 'im."

Just then a roar of laughter and surprise went up near by on a decksweeper appearing on his way to the bridge. His right-arm was extended rigidly at full length from him, and, there, held with finger and thumb, hung a bundle of clothes surmounted by the purple and tearstained face of a baby that was shrieking.

"Found it asleep," the ordinary seaman reported to the Bridge, and bawling his loudest to drown the clamour, "'twas lyin' on the floor of the connin'-tower. Some one has been and left it."

"Can nobody still its row?" the captain spluttered. "What the devil can we do with it?"

"Here, 'Hookey,' give it to me," cried Quartermaster Bolsever, jumping forward. "Lor' a mussy—poor little mite!"

He took the infant with both hands, gathered it in his arms, and began dandling and soothing the squawling youngster. He nodded to it encouragingly. A broad yet tender smile beamed through his bushy whiskers like a sunset through a fringe of trees. And under his gentle handling and at sight of the genial fresh face, the baby's outburst fell away to a whimper, then stopped.

"Softly, now, softly, quartermaster", the 'skipper' breathed urgingly. "Here's a fine kettle of fish! By Gad, I for one 'ud sooner be in the Jutland scrap than listen to the youngster heaving it out!"

By this time the Wardroom had crowded to the bridge, including the 'doctor', and he soon pronounced the infant to be a fine healthy girl of certainly not more than four months. No marks were found on her outfit of clean, cosy things. And the one clue came from the petty-officer responsible for showing the conning-tower to the visitors. He remembered a young girl carrying a baby, among the last few to be shown the fighting position. That was all.

A consultation was held with very evident disgust and vexation on the captain's and the commander's part and of great amusement on the surgeon's.

Said "Sawbones", "There's only one thing to be done, sir. Leave the infant in the quartermaster's hands till we fetch up at Lowestoft, and then hand her over to the police there. Have her in the sickbay? No, sir, no— with your permission. She'll squawl my two cases out of their senses. Leave her with the quartermaster. Look at them."

The baby with its chubby left hand was trying to tug at Bolsever's whiskers, and he was grinning with delight.

"Very well, then. That's settled," snorted the old man. "I'll see it myself at divisions, and you, 'doctor', will give an eye to its diet and so on. A relief for the quartermaster. Left turn. Dismiss!" And beaming with delight, Bolsever made away to the expectant lower-deck with his now cooing burden.

Messmates surrounded him with a rush.

"Well done, 'Skirs' "—"Skirs" being the quartermaster's nickname, and on this occasion he did not resent it. "'Ow you done it to cut off her syren, 'Skirs'?" "Law, ain't he jist like a fawther!" "Mind her bilges, 'Skirs'." "Hold it up by the figure 'ead, so it cawn't bit." "Don't the li'le dear cotton to him," and other cries assailed his ear, the bystanders pressing around affectionately.

"It's all right, mates," cried Bolsever, "we're keeping this hurrah baby, and me and me mate 'Mabel' Love are told off for leading hands answerable for her. Hand over that 'tin-cow', Tubby, and us'll feed the little queen."

Having dipped his broad stubby forefinger into the condensed milk, the quartermaster grinning with delight gave it to his charge to suck; and sucked it was with great contentment. Along the mess-flat roars of delight and affectionate merriment went up at this, that caused the officer of the watch to send down an order for less noise.

A yellow-soap box was commandeered from the canteen, where an embargo was laid upon all sales of condensed milk save to the nursery; yards of flannel were got from the ship's steward; a feather pillow from the sickbay steward; and the cradle was fitted up. In its vicinity all hatches and ports were shut, notwithstanding orders to the contrary, for the evening was warm and the lower deck hot as an oven. "Mind your whites! (Take care in passing)" was the general order for all passing by. Then the sickbay steward made a feeding bottle, out of an old bicycle pump and a fountain-pen filler for a teat. The infant was given a satisfactory meal, and when the ship's corporal made his first round after "light out" he found the quartermaster taking the first watch beside the cradle, and "Mabel" Love standing by for the middle.

"Blimmy, if you ain't a proper wet-nurse," grunted the "jaunty" in admiration, watching "Skirs" administering the teat to the youngster's solace. "Don't the prutty little wonder take to you well! Little Miss Heave-Along, eh? I wouldn't mind bein' her father meself. She's bein' done good and well."

About four bells of the middle watch, however, catastrophe intervened.

A series of gurgling screams broke the silence in the ship, and a half-naked bluejacket raced to the bridge to report "the little un" had choked itself, and already was black in the face. Quartermaster Bolsever went down at the double, and the officer of the watch, who was a martinet, asked the stars if this was the British Navy and sundry other questions.

Bolsever on arriving on the scene found "Mabel" had made the mistake of putting the teat into the basinful of milk and the bicycle-pump end into the child's mouth. Already some of the tubing had been swallowed, and Miss Heave-Along was in extremis. Smartly he removed the tubing, and began quickly but gently to move her arms as if she had been nigh drowned. At the first alarm his mess had turned out, and were standing around. Other messes did the same, and all in a trice that part of the lower-deck was crowded by anxious, half-clad, bluejackets, each giving his advice at the pitch of his voice. The watch on deck hearing the hubbub stole to the hatchway, and disappeared to join in below.

"Poor little beggar, it's been spifflicated. Look, look, 'e comes round again." "Dash my eyes, if it ain't grinnin', pretty little dear." "Give her the teat, 'Skirs,' give her the teat. She wants a drop of mammy."

"Opee, opee, my darling," cried the quartermaster, who by now had the baby on his knee; and he put the fountain-pen filler to her lips enticingly.

Miss Heave-along still had the terror of the bicycle pump heavy on her, and, refusing the teat, she opened her

mouth in a series of frantic and piercing yells. Vigorously did Bolsever dandle her, and try to soothe—but she refused his advances.

"Opee, opee, Babs, my darling," Bolsever implored in his most fetching manner, yet all in vain.

"I sings to mine when she's crossset," rumbled a hairy-chested bass-voiced stoker. "Try tippin' her a stave o' 'Hush the baby, Hush the baby, Count its little toes,' or summat else."

"I ain't no songster, and dunno it," 'Skirs' bawled brokenhearted above the infant's deafening uproar." "Can't none of ye sing to her?"

At this the hairy-chested one broke into the growlings of a thunderstorm with his lullaby.

Some one started, in tenor, "The Larboard Watch"; another, "All in the Downs", then a mate of sentimental mind gave "Who were You with last Night?"

"Others joined in with their own selections. One of them starting "Rolling Home" took most of the voices with him.

And through it all rang the yells and the screams and hysterical sobs of Miss Heave-Along.

Suddenly, by the hatchway, the bugle sounded "Still". And the commander came flying along the lower-deck in his pajamas — white-face, stuttering, with fury—and waving his arms like a windmill.

"Clear lower deck," his bull-like voice at last raged forth coherently, "every man-jack on deck till piped below. None of the watch on deck, either—the ship left to look after herself! You all go before the captain for this confounded nonsense over the squawling youngster. Meantime, you cool off on deck. You pea-swilling, burgoo-mixing set of lubbers to turn a ship of his Majesty's into a damned bear-garden, and all over a howling infant of the quartermaster's. What! What! Not your's, you say? Don't back-answer me, you——"

It was at this instant a signalman of the watch came hurrying along. He saluted the gasping commander.

"Quartermaster Bolsever and the infant, sir, wanted in the captain's cabin."

"What!" gurgled the bloke, "what!"

"Captain Todd's very words to the officer of the watch, sir," the man returned, vainly trying to show a wooden face.

When "Skirs", hugging the infant and soap-box close to his bosom, was ushered by the grinning sentry into the great man's state-room, he found Captain Todd in his sleeping-suit at the telephone, listening to the officer of the watch's account of the hubbub.

"U-u-m! After the steam cutter is got away, give them half an hour's night air on the forecastle, in their shirt-tails," the "old man" said, chuckling. "It was good nature on their part. Better that than the other thing, Mr. Yeo. Tell the commander, I have settled the matter."

"Well, quartermaster," he remarked sharply, yet with a kindly twinkle in his clear blue eyes, "you've turned this ship into a very noisy nursery."

"I've done my best, sir, by the young un," replied "Skirs," who felt he was about to be hanged and quartered. "'Tis a wonderful good little missie, but she's only an infant, sir, and sorely wants her mother."

Captain Todd nodded, and looked down at the child, that stared up at him round-eyed, and silent now.

"That doesn't surprise me at all," he proceeded inconsequently, "I do not know any one who would have done more than you have done. Well, Bolsever, after this, never say the British Admiralty is all red-tape. At any rate, Miss 'Heave-along' seems to have burst through it. The mother is almost out of her mind at losing her, and can't stir from her bed, so certain folks, police included, have made the wires hum. The little one was brought on board by a small girl, too stupid or scared to ask for

the father. I am directed by wireless from the Admiralty to send you with the child in the steam cutter to the nearest seaport. From there, you take the first train, and make for 47, Cobham Road——"

The "owner" stopped, noting the look of stupefaction on Bolsever's face, now suddenly become very white.

"You understand, my lad?" he added gently.

A silence ensued for a second or so. Then the quartermaster saluted; his face worked, and he bent down to claim his very own.

Captain Todd, who though he was a bachelor felt he was on sacred ground, gave his attention to the other end of his stateroom.

AN ADVENTURE

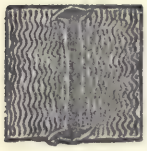
By MARTHA OSTENSO

I WALKED on tiptoe down an empty, listening street,
One night before the moon came up.
Not a single live thing like myself I met;
But glancing furtively aside
I caught the blinded houses nudge each other,
And, believe me, wink.
Then grinning stilly to myself
At what I thought unusual craft, I knelt
Beside the way, and pocketed
A dozen bright, smooth pebbles, without sound.
Soft on tiptoe went I through the dusk,
And tossed the pebbles one by one before me
On the dim, gray-faced, wooden walk.
They made a quick, hollow chuckle, for the boards
Were raised a distance from the damp ground,
The blinded houses all relaxed, and sat
Back upon their haunches like trained beasts
Goaded with a prick to good behavior.
But I saw a shambly, narrow house,
Its paint a-scaling even in the dark,
Who had one slender window high between its gabled roof.
The window bore no blind, but thrust
Its tall, black maw upon the night
With fearful movelessness.
If only it would nudge, or beckon,
Even leer, or sneer! At length I craved
To feel the white of human features fill the jet
Of that eye carved in the night.
Feverishly I gaped, and threw my last
Round pebble down the echoing walk.
And daring not to stoop and gather more
Lest in the trice the sphinx-like window spring
To some appalling life, I broke the moonless spell
That bound that place.
And the brisk click of my heels hurried down
An ordinary street.

WHEN CRIME SWEPT TALBOT RIDGE

BY VICTOR LAURISTON

I



T all came suddenly—a whisper, a moment of mental questioning, a crash that numbed the senses. . . . then terror reigned on Talbot Ridge.

But in Carrie McKishnie's recollection, as the contagion of crime arose toward its height, certain premonitory incidents stood out. She wondered, then, how she had attached so little significance to the vague feeling of apprehension those incidents aroused at the moment.

That troubled look on the old judge's face seemed the beginning of it all. Then came the letter from Carisford.

"This letter," conceded Kish McKishnie, "is from Mr. Hazen."

Kish McKishnie was past fifty. His youngest daughter, Carrie, was all the years had left him. At the cross-roads hamlet of Talbot Ridge, he went his dignified way, communing much with the classics, pruning and spraying his ten acres of peaches, and every morning holding empty court in his purely honorary capacity of justice of the peace. Folks called him "Judge"; and his daughter Carrie in tempestuous moments called him ridiculous.

Carrie was tiny, but pert and bright-eyed, with a practical scorn of many things her widowed father held sacred. His manner now intimated that he withheld something. Probing disclosed that her father owed the Carisford man some money.

She knew that; she knew, too, the money was not due till August, by which time the peach crop would be marketed. There must, she insisted, be something more.

Eventually, hard pressed, Kish McKishnie admitted that Mr. Hazen had been ill, and needed money, so he had volunteered to find the money by the end of May.

Carrie laughed.

"Mrs. Leiber will pay you—"

"But Mrs. Leiber, poor soul, has not too many of this world's goods, and—well, I told her I would let the payment stand."

"Then, Mr. Hazen can wait, too."

"But, don't you see, I have promised Mr. Hazen?"

"You dear old dunderhead!" Carrie kissed her father. This was just like him. Having promised Mrs. Leiber accommodation, accommodation she should have. Having promised to pay Mr. Hazen ahead of time, pay he would. The fine-spun, gossamer web of the old man's cherished honor fettered him more tightly than any written contract.

So she merely bubbled sympathy and stroked her father's gray hair till Bob Wade's roadster drew up. Then she flew upstairs.

"Tell Bob I'll be down in a minute," she flung after her.

As he stood before the mirror titivating her hair, she heard her father open the door. "Caroline will be down *presently,*" he told Wade. Carrie smiled. Dad was too honorable to sponsor her inexact "minute". Yes, and he went on to patiently explain to Wade that he used the word "presently" in the commonly accepted sense of the more or less distant future, and not in the Shakespearean sense of "at once".

Carrie went on preening herself.

Into the awkward silence below stairs intruded Wade's embarrassed bass.

"See here, Judge, I want to talk to you. Set right down, if you don't mind." She must teach Bob both etiquette and English, after they were married. "I want to ask you something. Are you hard up?"

Carrie tip-toed to the head of the stair. She inherited no scruples.

"Robert"—the old judge was all solemn dignity—"will you spare me that question?"

"That means you *are* hard up? What I've heard," pursued Wade, "is that a skinflint over at Carisford has a mortgage on your place, and if you don't settle, he's going to sell you out."

Kish McKishnie explained that there was no mortgage. He had not been threatened. "It is true," he went on, with fatal exactness, "I owe a certain sum, originally due in August, but which owing to special circumstances I have promised to find by the end of May—"

Wade heaved a sigh.

"Then the fellow can't do nothing to you."

"You mistake, Robert. It is what I myself do to my own good name—" said the Judge.

"The dear old dunderhead!" mused Carrie. She came downstairs, now a step, now a pause to listen, now another step—bright eyed, unscrupulous, enticing.

"Don't worry. I'l pay him," declared Wade.

"No."

"Why?"

"Beause, Robert, it is *my* debt—"

"Then I'll lend you—"

Carrie was near enough to discern her father's troubled look. This last proposal touched the thing dearest to him on earth, the sanctity of his high judicial office.

"Robert"—his tone was solemn—"I cannot accept your aid, either loan or gift. A justice of the peace must avoid incurring obligations in his jurisdiction. You say, naturally, 'Judge, I shall never come before you'—"

Here Carrie, seemingly bewildered, bounded into the discussion.

"What's this ridiculous talk?" she rallied them both. "Dad, are you actually telling Bob that you expect to have him up in court?"

Kish McKishnie explained.

"But it's ridiculous! Impossible!"

McKishnie beamed.

"There, dear, you're absolutely right. There's nothing in the world more completely, absolutely, emphatically impossible than that Bob Wade should be haled into any court."

He laughed, his rare, soft laugh; and her merry peal chimed in. Wade fairly bellowed. "Drunk and disorderly," he chuckled, "and disturbing the peace! Ain't I the very old deuce, though?"

He took Carrie's hands in his his. She laughed again. Bob Wade a criminal! The idea was preposterous. Why, in June, she was to marry Bob Wade.

The next minute, she never could tell how or why the warning came, she found herself shuddering.

II

At 10 a.m. every weekday, Kish McKishnie climbed a creaky stair to a blue-kalsomined room above Milne's general store. Here was located the office of Sol Scarlett, bailiff of Howard township and Talbot Ridge, vil-

lage constable, weed inspector, fence viewer, pound keeper, fire marshal, road supervisor, court crier, path master, court clerk, harbor master, and general Chinese wall of protection against disaster.

Here Kish McKishnie, throned behind a decrepit desk, for one hour each morning held formal court—formal, since in these latter days crime never came.

Once there had been petty disputes to adjudicate and petty trespasses to forgive. That was many, many years ago. Now, Talbot Ridge, taught by Judge McKishnie's good precepts and better example, pruned its peaches and walked in paths of peace.

Judge McKishnie, having no cases to hear, conned his Horace with a classical scholar's appreciation. Even the noisy stamping of cowhide boots did not disturb him.

"Good morning, Sol!" The judge did not look up; a Latin phrase held him cruelly. "*Exegi monumentem.*" He mused. "Have I indeed erected in the regard of my fellow-men a monument that might be more lasting than brass, only—only"—the thought tortured him—"only to have them find my honor is shattered clay?"

"Mornin', y'r honor!"

Sol Scarlett's tone was obtrusive. The justice grew conscious of a second presence that smelt of Lake Erie and suggested nets.

"Sit down, won't you, Pat?"

Patrick Skipper, fisherman, awkwardly eyed the vacant chair.

"See here, judge," growled Scarlett, "this ain't no friendly call. It's business. I caught this here Skipper creatin' a disturbance. He refused to desist, so I had to arrest him."

"Pat!" The judge regarded the culprit. "I cannot credit this odious charge? Sol, have you been drinking?"

"*I* haven't."

"Well, I'll stake my life Pat hasn't. Run along, both of you." The mulish constable held his ground, refusing to go.

"See here, judge, I've laid a charge agin this here man Skipper. Can you refuse to arraign him? If he's innocent, I can't prove him guilty."

Kish McKishnie reflected.

"It'll only make hard feelings, Sol."

Scarlett persisted. The judge groped his way through the half-forgotten formula of arraignment before demanding,

"How d'you plead?"

"Guilty."

"What?"

"Guilty." Skipper mopped his perspiring brow. "But, y'r honor"—for the first time he seemed to sense the seriousness of his position—"I—I don't know—er—it seemed just as if somethin' in the air made me do it. If y'r honor 'll give me another chance—"

"Certainly. Sentence is suspended. Go along, now."

He returned to his Horace.

"Y'r honor," ventured Skipper, "ain't you fergot somethin'?"

The judge looked up. "Forgot something?" he murmured. "Oh, yes. Patrick Skipper"—his voice made the rafters ring—"I am giving you another chance. We have been friends for thirty years, but when you come before me in my judicial capacity, you put my friendship to the severest test it has ever known. Get out of my court. Keep out of it. If you come here again on any charge, I'll impose a penalty that will convince you that crime is no light jest."

Skipper fled, wild-eyed, followed by his fishy smell.

The judge found Horace less satisfying. The unwonted incident of a real court case, the first in seventeen years, troubled him. He was just getting nicely composed when once more rough footsteps resounded on the stair.

The judge sat up and pinched himself. Assuredly, he was awake. Yet here came Sol Scarlett, leading Elder Ishmael Hamlett, while behind, her fat face wreathed in smiles, trailed Mrs. Dirk Leiber.

"Hamlett allowed his cow to trespass," grunted Sol. "And she—she cussed the cow."

"How do you plead?"

"Guilty." The fatal duet made the magisterial head swim.

Staccato footsteps rang on the stair. A brief, sharp-faced, professional-looking man with obtrusive eyeglasses bowed to the court.

"Your honor," he announced, in whining falsetto, "I appear by consent for both parties. They fully realize the enormity of their offence, but your honor will appreciate that Mr. Hamlett, being busy with the revival services, had no time to replace the pickets; while Mrs. Leiber naturally leibered—I mean, labored—under excessive provocation—"

"I understand, Mr. Fyles. I must register convictions, but it is a pleasure to suspend sentence—"

He checked himself. Pleasure? Was that the right word? Hardly. He addressed the culprits in words of solemn warning. What might not the communtiy suffer from their terrible example of depravity? Once crime broke loose, to what extent might it not spread? Might these isolated, seemingly petty offences, not prove the beginnings of—he hesitated—of Bolshevism, and its wholesale defiance of law and order? His soul thrilled with the warning. But he was broken-hearted after the culprits had slunk out.

"Sol," he muttered, "what do you make of this? Seventeen years without a single case, and now, three cases in a single day?"

Sol's untrimmed nails explored the roots of his straggly hair.

"Odd, ain't it? It's in the air, I guess. Maybe it's what these here editors call the re-action after the war. Maybe it's this here Bolshevism. I didn't used to think it was catchy, like they said, but. . . ."

The judge's manifest distress gave him pause.

"Oh, I reckon it was about time for something to happen," he urged. "I wouldn't worry, judge. Things just run along that way—good luck an' bad money an' marriages. They'll sidestep a family for years an' years an' years—then, all in a bunch they come, like a hornet's nest."

Kish McKishnie reflected.

"Sol," he urged, "don't be too eager. Remember, it is less blessed to make arrests than to make peace."

With which he put away Horace and fled from the court-room. Carrie late that night found him in his study, reading up on Bolshevism.

III

Sol Scarlett did his utmost to prevent Peter Pigeon throwing the fatal brick-bat. He was willing to swear to that upon a stack of bibles as tall as Bob Wade's silo. But when Pete, despite all warnings, shattered the little back window of Sam Pigg's hostelry, the Talbot Arms, what could the guardian angel of Talbot Ridge do?

Arrest the culprit—nothing less.

"It's in the air," faltered Pete, in extenuation. "Somethin' just seemed to go to my head, like bad booze. Anyway, judge, the window was cracked—"

"That is no extenuation, Peter. It might have served the purpose of a sound pane for many a day."

Lawyer J. Pennington Fyles intervened.

"Your honor, Pigeon is still—if you will permit the pun—a young bird." He cackled hoarsely, but alone. "If given another chance, he will, I feel sure, make amend—mend the window, I mean—ahem!—"

The judge's eye dimmed.

"I know it, Fyles. He shall have the chance." Yet he detained Pigeon a few moments, questioning him with conscientious intentness as to the origin of his destructive impulse. Had it come suddenly? Just like something in the air, said Pigeon, awkwardly.

Then, more cautiously still, lest he suggest evil ideas in his very effort

to counteract them, the judge sounded Pigeon in regard to Bolshevist doctrine.

"Sure," agreed Pigeon, "I reckoned I had as good a right to bust that window as anybody."

The judge sank his head on his desk. It was only too true. An insidious contagion was spreading its vicious germs through the air of Talbot Ridge.

"Sol, Sol," he mourned, "what shall we. . . . What an unearthly noise?" For the clamor of fierce dispute surged up the stair.

"I reckon," reluctantly confessed the constable, "Pete Pigeon is objectin' to payin' Fyles for defendin' him."

"Defending him!" The judge sat aghast. Leninism itself was forgotten. "Peter Pigeon needs no defence in my court. Do you mean to tell me that Fyles actually charged him for that?" He drew out his wallet. "Here, Sol, take this dollar—two dollars—whatever it is—give it to him—."

In homely words the constable pictured the danger, to young Pigeon's unformed character, of such a confession of judicial weakness. Kish McKishnie grimly recalled the futility of Kerensky's golden rule methods in the fight against Bolshevism. He sighed, and put away the money.

"This is terrible, Sol."

Sol tried to encourage him.

"Why, Judge," he argued, "there ain't been nothin' real serious yet—"

"Yet? Do you mean—?"

Sol's gaze faltered.

"It's just like a disease," he mumbled, "an' generally a disease has got to get worse before it gets better. It travels in the air, just like hog cholera."

The justice pondered the hideous prospect that even worse things might come. And once more he recalled the dictum of one writer, that Kerensky might have saved Russian democracy had he at the crucial moment introduced Nikolai Lenine to an accurate firing squad.

"Sol," he whispered, "dare I continue to be lenient?"

"I'd fine' em," urged Sol. "Fine 'em heavy."

IV

Kish McKishnie studied the mania of crime with conscientious care; and, the more he studied it, the more appalling it became. Every deed in the long and growing list was so perfectly inexcusable and irrational! On sudden impulse this, that or the other man saw red; he flew off at a tangent. . . that was all there was to it. The impulse spent, there followed bleak contrition, and willingness to make amends.

Therein, at least, lay hope—unless the disease proved recurrent.

Time and again, Judge McKishnie groaned in utter lowness of spirit. No personal affliction could have been so calamitous as this sudden evidence of innate depravity in the people he loved.

For, despite their sins, he still loved them. Numbed by the first shock, he rallied now in unsuspected strength. He had essayed kindness, and thereby fanned the first sparks of the epidemic into a sweeping flame. If chastening were indeed the sole hope of his people, chastened they should be, though the process wore out an illimitable stock of rods and sent the price of scorpions soaring to undreamed-of heights.

His face, once kindly, grew habitually stern; his jaw set in grim determination to see this thing through. Whatever the ultimate cost to himself, his community must and would be saved.

An evening came when Carrie answered a knock at the door, and timidly ushered a couple of men into the study.

"Judge in?" mumbled Sol Scarlett.

Kish McKishnie, emerging from the shadows, recognized Sol's companion—Bob Wade, Carrie's fiancé.

"Bad business, Judge," growled the constable.

Carrie beamed on Bob, and Bob awkwardly fumbled his hat. A shiver of apprehension shook the old justice.

"What's the trouble, Sol? Out with it, please!"

"Seven charges, Judge, against this here man Wade?"

"No!"

"Yes. Seven distinct an' sep'rate charges agin Robert Wade." The mule in Sol rode uppermost. "We reckoned, bein' I didn't want to keep him over night in the hoosegow, we'd come along to the house. Here he is to answer."

"And answer he will," defiantly chimed in Carrie. "Won't you, Bob? You'll show this meddling old busybody—"

"Caroline!" Severe reproof rang in the justice's tones. "This is to all intents and purposes a court—"

"I don't care, dad! In real courts they don't have old fools for constables!" But her protest wilted to a whisper, as she sank into a chair, a red spot glowing in each angry cheek.

The prisoner, Judge McKishnie decided, could be arraigned, and remanded for a later hearing. "What are the charges, Sol?" he asked.

"Damagin' public property, usin' profane language, creatin' a disturbance, disorderly conduct, resistin' an officer, damagin' private property, an' common assault."

Judge McKishnie gulped. "But what did he do?"

"I caught him pryin' loose the handle of the town pump. I commanded him to desist. He refused, callin' me a particular kind of an ass. When I tried to arrest him, he yelled at the top of his voice and flung me agin Sam Pigg's stoop, knockin' it loose an bruisin' my back. After a desp'rate struggle I overpowered him an'—"

"We'll consolidate the charges."

"No." Sol was unyielding as granite.

"Then, to save time, I shall arraign him simultaneously on all seven charges!"

Here Wade insisted as mulishly on a separate hearing on each charge.

"But that means a separate arraignment?"

Wade refused to listen to reason. He was, it seemed, bent on giving the court all the trouble possible. So Kish McKishnie muddled through the long formula. At thought of Carrie his lips quivered. But Wade stayed unrepentant.

"I want a remand for half an hour, to—to consult a lawyer. You can let me out on my own bail, can't you, Judge?"

This necessitated another long formula, seven times repeated. Under fourteen hundred dollars bail, Wade made his defiant exit.

The constable stared at Judge McKishnie.

Judge McKishnie stared at the constable.

"Which way did he go, Sol? Up the road, or down?"

Sol hadn't noticed. The old justice tip-toed to the front door. On the porch sat Carrie and—Bob.

"See here, Carrie, you mustn't take on. It ain't nothing—honest, it ain't. A fellow has to bust loose and have his fling. When we're married I'll—"

The old man, his face set like granite, returned to his helper.

"Sol," he demanded, "are those charges true?"

"True as I'm settin' here, Judge."

Just then, in sauntered Robert Wade, big, good-looking, and defiant in the announcement that he had decided to plead guilty.

"Guilty?"

"To all seven charges. And I'm not asking any mercy from the court. I reckon I must have been sober when I done it."

Kish McKishnie's heart grew cold within him. Other culprits had been shamed by thought of their misdeeds and had pleaded for another chance. Here was a wild, new, unfamiliar note of defiance. This horrible epidemic had reached a crisis; it must be dealt with sternly.

Robert Wade," began the judge, in terrible tones, "these offences may seem trivial, but your attitude toward them is full of danger to yourself and to society. In my judicial capacity I can recognize neither family ties that are nor family ties that—that might have been." He faltered. "The Roman Brutus sacrificed his son that the state might live. That you might have been a son to me is all the more reason why I deal sternly with you. The sentence of this court is that you pay a fine of $20 on each of these charges, with the alternative of twenty days in jail, sentence to run . . ."

He hesitated. "Concurrently" was the word on his lips, but mercilessly he censored it.

"Consecutively," he finished.

"I'll pay," said Wade; and did so.

"You may go, Sol. . . Wait a moment, Robert. I must speak to you. Caroline!"

The girl came out of the shadows. For a moment only the receding clamor of Sol's heavy boots broke the silence . . . that, and the girl's faint sobs.

"I thought better of you, Robert. I—I thought very well of you, indeed, when I was willing to entrust you with my daughter's happiness. But—dare I——?"

"Dad!"

He silenced the flare of protest.

"Robert, the menace lies, not in your offence, but in your defiant spirit. Can I entrust my Caroline's happiness to one who faces so shameful a situation so carelessly? I have thought and thought — God knows how hard—and I fear you are not worthy——"

"Oh, dad!"

The protest died into sobs.

"Robert, you cannot wipe out the stain of seven convictions, but you can redeem yourself. I hope you will. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Judge."

The young man stalked out, unrepentant. The girl sank on a footstool close to her father's chair.

"This is cruel, dad——cruel."

"No." His lips quivered, despite his effort to seem steady. "It is merely necessary. Even now the boy glories in his shame. . . ."

His hand, clasping hers in sympathy, felt a slim finger smooth and bare where Bob Wade's solitaire had been.

"Oh, my little girl, my little girl!" he whispered. "What are we coming to?"

For three days Carrie McKishnie kept close to the house, crying softly to herself by spells, and at other times assuring herself she had never liked Bob Wade, anyway.

When she ventured forth, as luck would have it, she met Sol Scarlett; and being what she was, she told Sol Scarlett just what she thought of him. She had, it seemed, been thinking of him long and hard.

"There," she withered him. "Now, you old fool, go ahead and arrest me."

Sol stared blankly at her. He looked sorry for her. At sight of that look, her whole mood changed. The dismal foreboding that haunted her poor father came home to her.

Was this crime, after all, epidemic? Was she, in her vehement anger at the stupid old constable, merely showing the first symptoms of the horrible contagion? Was the contagion spreading through thin air—or had she, the other night, caught the germ from Bob Wade? She was terrified.

"Sol, Sol," she sobbed penitently, "am I catching it, too? Tell me, isn't there any way to escape?" She clutched his sleeve, while the suspicion grew to certainty. Of all Talbot Ridge, they were the last survivors —the old constable, her father, herself.

Yes, there was one other. Lawyer Fyles.

Sol drew close. "There's just one thing for you to do," he whispered. "You do it right now. You hustle over to Bridgetown, to Carisford, out of reach of it all. The motor 'bus

leaves the Talbot Arms in half an hour."

Judge McKishnie was too desolate to feel even the added touch of loneliness after his daughter fled. He, too, entertained misgivings, that she might not be safe from the horrible contagion.

He struggled on through days overflowing with heartbreak, till a morning when the docket was crowded and the epidemic seemed to have reached its climax.

At noon the session ended; the last of a dozen culprits descended the creaky stair. The judge crossed to the window overlooking the Talbot Arms courtyard. He had heard the motor 'bus come in from Bridgetown a half hour before; now, Joe McLatchie was feeding it gasoline for the return trip.

Joe was almost bovine in his placidity. Yet only three days before the Judge had fined Joe for an utterly unprovoked assault on odorous Pat Skipper.

A nervous little man hurried across the courtyard and climbed into the 'bus.

Loud voices soared upward to Kish McKishnie's ears. On the hotel stoop, Pythias Knaggs and Bald Sam Piggs, untaught by fines imposed that very morning, noisily jawed one another.

The justice shuddered. Assuredly some demon vapor, mingling with the atmosphere, prompted men to strife. If only—despairingly he framed the thought—if only Sol Scarlett would refrain from minding his own business!

Sol shambled into view. The judge groaned.

The disputants, halting, nodded toward the 'bus. Sol flung wide the door. The agitated countenance of Lawyer J. Pennington Fyles appeared. The lawyer reluctantly descended.

Sol proffered a sheet of paper.

It all happened in an instant. Fyles thrust the paper aside, leapt for the 'bus, collided with Pat Skipper, struck furiously at the unoffending fisherman, and Skipper fell like a log.

The judge at his window cried out in terror.

Scarlett gripped the lawyer's collar. The two fought their way across the muddy courtyard and into the street. In their wake trailed a jeering mob.

Kish McKishnie met them at the head of the stair. "Assault an' battery," gasped Sol.

"Not guilty," screamed Fyles.

"I saw it," declared the justice.

Fyles's lips trembled.

"I—— your honor—— I don't know what possessed me—— I—— I had provocation——"

"No provocation can excuse such an assault." Judge McKishnie regarded Skipper's shattered and bleeding countenance. "This crime calls for the extreme penalty."

He muddled through the leather-bound Code.

"Resisting arrest—h'm—maximum penalty, ten years' imprisonment." Fyles's face grew chalky. "Then there's the assault. Stand up. John Pennington Fyles, your legal training should have saved you the commission of so heinous an offense. In view of this I had intended to impose the maximum sentence. But—h'm—I find the maximum too heavy. Far too heavy. And — h'm — I find the minimum also too heavy. I ask the prosecutor to withdraw the charges and to lay one of—of disturbing the peace. On this charge I fine you $50 and sentence you to be confined to the county jail—I mean, the village lockup—for ten weeks—I mean, for ten hours. I hope," the court concluded, "that this, the first jail sentence without alternative I have imposed, will warn, not merely you, but all Talbot Ridge, that crime must cease, and"—his voice rang—"that I mean it to cease if I have to jail the entire village."

The hooting crowd crooped after Scarlett and the prisoner. The old

justice stared blindly at the blue-kalsomined wall.

Footsteps rang once more on the stair. With a groan Kish McKishnie hid his face in his hands.

"Oh, don't, don't," he moaned. "Don't, Sol! I can't stand it. Please don't arrest any more."

Carrie's slim arms were about his neck the next instant.

"Don't cry, dad," she pleaded. "Mr. Hazen——"

"Hazen? Why, girl, I forgot. I promised him— this is the day——"

She smiled.

"He's paid."

"But how?" Remembering Bob Wade's offer made, it seemed, ages ago, the justice shrank. The girl read his thoughts.

"No, it wasn't that," she said. "But Sol Scarlett——"

Sol Scarlett tramped noisily into the room just then; and Kish McKishnie forgot Hazen in a new discomfort.

"I imposed a jail sentence — Sol! Fyles was guilty, but—did I do wrong?"

"Ten hours!" jeered Sol Scarlett. "Fyles deserved ten million years. He double-crossed us all."

Kish McKishnie keenly regarded the constable.

"Sol," he demanded, in sudden illumination, "tell me—*what was that paper?*"

Sol Scarlett stood dumfounded.

"I saw you from the window," insisted McKishnie. "You showed Fyles a paper. What was it?"

"Round robin." Sol Scarlett surrendered the crumpled sheet. "Fyles drawed it, and everybody along the Ridge signed. They all lived up to it, too, 'ceptin' Fyles. The skunk charged us $5 for drawin' it, too, and smuggled in a pesky joker retainin' him to defend everyone at a dollar a head —an' here I was, arrestin' 'em all free gratis! An' when folks kicked on the dollar, he up an' says, 'Well, if you don't pay, I'll tell the judge'. Yes, and when it came to his turn to appear in court and plead guilty, he tried to bolt. Everybody else that signed the round robin came up here like honest men and women and pleaded guilty."

Clammy sweat hung on the old man's brow.

"Guilty! When they were not guilty?"

"No, judge. They done all them things they was charged with. We reckoned you wouldn't want us to lie to you."

"Then you became criminals — why?"

"To help you out, judge. We didn't mean nothin' wrong. We knowed as how you needed money, and we knowed you wouldn't take loan nor gift nor favor, so we let you earn it honest—an'—an' I reckon God'll forgive us, seein' what we done it for. Oh, you needn't look at me like that, judge. I'm clerk of this here court, an' it's my duty to figger up an' collect the costs for you, an'—an'— *I done my duty.*"

"And that?"—the old man turned to Carrie—"is where the money came from to pay Hazen? The justice fees?" He shrank.

She nodded. "I did not know it till it was done," she added, "till Sol told me to go over to Carisford with the money."

Sol Scarlett watched Kish McKishnie's face anxiously. At last he grinned, in sheepish fashion.

"Bob Wade," he remarked, inconsequentially, "he thought up the scheme all by his own self."

Kish McKishnie roused himself.

"Sol," he commanded, "tell Robert Wade that— that— tell him to come here at once."

DAVE

BY A. E. JOHNSON

HEN I came to D——— Place I sought the most unpretentious b a r b e r shop within walking distance of my flat. The god of eccentrics certainly on this, as on many other occasions, guided my feet.

"Come in, sir, no one ahead of you, sir!"

What a mellow voice it was, to be sure; how utterly unbusinesslike. I think this was why I stayed. Outwardly he was hardly prepossessing, that tall, gaunt barber, so sadly himself in need of tonsorial attention. From the pallid hue of his countenance one could have believed that he subsisted chiefly on shaving water. He was so tall that he nearly touched the ceiling and had he stretched out both arms diagonally across the saloon, he must have touched both corners. Such a little trunk of a place it was! Through the railway station hard by you could hear, as you sat on the form waiting for your turn (nearly on top of the occupant of the one chair) the rushing roar of the trains. Outside, on the cabrank, three veteran nags slept between the shafts, and so rarely were their services called for that even the gentle art of "moving up" was rapidly being forgotten. The cabmen, one or two at least, lolled from morning to night against the barber's window, popping into the saloon every so often with a piece of news, for a warming, and on occasions, for a shave or haircut. The latter were always obtained free of charge.

"Goodhearted fellows, sir, these cabmen, no ordinary personalities. So much leisure inclines them to introspection, but this not being supported by any sophistry whatever, does not result in morbidness, but rather in a fine, kindly humor and a thoughtful commonsense".

Whew! I have since wondered in view of the effect of the emotion of surprise on the facial muscles, how my chin escaped a bad slashing.

"One reads much about the philosophic simplicity of the rural peasant, but so far as my observations have gone, sir, the cabman———

"Mornin', Dave!"

"Ah, Joe!" What a—yes, what a lovely voice it was.

So they called him "Dave", my astonishing new barber.

"There's Joe there, sir, as fine a man as you could wish to meet, a greathearted gentleman. I often ask myself why it is that Joe is only a cabman. [Why in the name of Heaven, I wanted to blurt out, are you only a barber.] And then I reflect that possibly it's just Joe's being a cabman that makes him the splendid fellow that he is. If a man can be happy and contented only by being a cabman, a cabman let him be."

"Or a barber!"

I could not help it, but he continued about Joe. Did I notice his eyes, how they smouldered; and his skin! Didn't it look as if he had lost his own and obtained another one some two or three sizes too large!

Ah me, would that I had had something of the Boswell in me to have

remembered and reproduced more fully that charming conversation. Oftentimes he would talk of seamen and the sea, of which his knowledge was extensive. I gathered that he had learnt barbering on board. He seemed to have a peculiar predilection for Beachy Head. "Beachy Head, sir" he once remarked, "a summer's day and Beachy Head, where you cannot be alone for God!"

I soon became so intimate with my barber Dave as to address him in a letter as "Dear Dave". The communication was with regard to his boy whom I had heard sing in the Parish Church and whom I had promptly recommended to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's. As to Dave's invalid wife I could learn nothing from him, but the boy told me (gratuitously, I need hardly remark) that his father was in the habit of relating to his mother all about the men he met, and that his mother after taking the notes down tried to reconstruct them in story form. The result I gathered was not only always futile, but the wife's efforts invariably ended in her utter exhaustion.

Instinctively I felt that the subject of his wife was an exceedingly delicate one with the barber, and I therefore never broached it. I did however venture so far as to ask him why he did not write himself. "Don't you see, Dave," I argued warmly, "that if you could set down all this delightful garrulity of yours the result would be, in my opinion, a literary feast."

He sighed and then explained the sickening repeated attempts at authorship. I knew that I had plumbed the very depths of his nature, touched his soul as it were to the quick. "Why is it—tell me," he ordered in his magnificent, then passion-shaken voice, "why is it that all the fancy that surges through my brain will only give feeling at the mouth, that when I dip the pen in the ink the subject matter as it were slips into the pot? "My God," he continued deeply disturbed and talking now to himself—"my God, sweetheart, you will never manage it. Oh don't try! I want it written, but I want *you*, I want *you*, my dearest, I want *you!*"

I took the opportunity to slip out.

In the street I ran into Sally West, proprietress of the little general shop opposite the barber's. Sally it is who stands between Dave and shaving water in the matter of nourishment. Formerly, before Sally got to know Dave personally, Cabman Joe used to go over to Sally's, where he himself ate, and fetch daily at 5 o'clock some tea for the barber. He gave the lady to understand that this was "Dave's" order. Sally, however, "got wise", as the Americans say, and discovered that the half-crown paid her every Saturday was out of the cabby's own pocket. She also learnt that Joe had told the barber that the tea was from "his missis". Now, at that time Joe was single, and from Sally's repeated refusals, seemed destined always to be so.

"His missis, indeed," said the good woman wrathfully, "no one's missis; never were anyone's missis; never will be anyone's missis."

I can imagine the almost disdainful way in which she withdrew from her lover's presence. Thereafter Joe was not even allowed to act as waiter for the meal (which became very much more substantial when Sally got to know Dave), and the good woman established herself a non-resident housekeeper of the barber's shop. He had a remarkable enslaving power had Dave.

I think Sally must have caught Dave one teatime in one of his pitiful soliloquies. At any rate something determined her one night on the desperate course of following the barber home.

"Said it didn't matter, said it was all right," explained Sally to me, "but didn't I know that there was a sick young wife somewhere needed a mother's care?"

Sally is an Englishwoman with an Irish heart. To her good care it was

due, I am sure, that Dave had his idol as long as he did. At first the barber was a trifle annoyed at Sally's daily visit, for his love for his wife was not without an element of jealousy, felt against all the world. She was indeed his treasure.

It seemed probable that Dave had requested Sally to be as quiet as possible on the subject of his wife, and thus my subtle inquisitiveness went sadly unsatisfied. Joe, however, it was who provided the opportunity of seeing the lady in whom I felt the doubly intense interest from the fact that she was Dave's wife and also his would-be editor.

It happened that the solo in the anthem at St. Paul's on a certain Sunday morning was to be taken by the young chorister Dave, and as his mother had recently expressed a great longing to hear her boy "just once" in the great cathedral, the journey was planned. "You know, Dave," I had overheard Joe say more than once, "any Sunday as you wants us there's Jess [the horse], the cab and me—any Sunday as you wants us." But Mrs. Dave had always been too unwell to travel and even this journey was undertaken in the face of Nurse Sally's advice.

I am sure all felt supremely happy that beautiful Sabbath morn. Joe on the box did not look the same pathetic little figure that waited for so many hours by the rank, but appeared infinitely prouder than the Lord Mayor's coachman. Choir boy Dave, "ruddy and withal of a fair countenance", seemed somehow spiritually appetizing. Fear of being half choked kept the barber in a deep, contented silence. He folded his wife to his side as if she were a tired child. I heard him call her Agnes; she looked very ill—frail and lovely as a lily. I was reminded of Browning and Elizabeth Barrett. Even Joe's nag, Jess, seemed to be on the very errand of his life (or was he too under Dave's enslaving spell), and with a fine effort threw off his cabrank somnambulance for a most creditable colt-like trot. Sally in running out with sandwiches at the last moment, had kissed her patient a rather sad good-bye. I recalled this afterwards.

Sabbath and summer combined to make the day a perfect one. The sun poured into the great Cathedral like so much grace of God. There was a presence in those courts of the Lord infinitely grander than that of the woods. When the organ trembled in soft vibrating notes it seemed as if the building itself had become sonorous and the past were sounding unto the future. Anon the music swelled as fain to crush and grind away all sorrow and disappointment, wickedness and woe. I looked at Dave—his face was transformed; he was happy, almost painfully so. The gentle Agnes leaned on his arm—they looked like a couple whom a cruel fate had separated some years, come to present thanks to Almighty God for reunion. The boy Dave sang divinely:

> "I will lay me down, will lay me down
> In peace and take my rest,
> For it is Thou Lord, for it is Thou Lord only
> That makest me dwell in safety."

The boy's voice ceased. Down in the Cathedral, from behind a pillar, a woman was carried out in a dead faint. It was Dave's wife. The soul of the delicate creature had passed away to the melody of her boy's song. It almost seemed as if she had thought herself in Heaven and, so to speak, lost hold, so gentle, uneventful was the departure.

Dave was lost to me, nor could Sally or Joe learn anything of the man they would willingly have given their all to. Then one day, to my extreme joy, my barber ("my barber"—such a name to give him!) called at the flat. How I managed it I do not know, but with a woeful tale of loneliness I prevailed upon Dave to share my flat. I think the time I spent in superintending the outfitting of a study for Dave (his "snuggery" as he calls it) was one of the happiest in my life.

The little trunk of a saloon passed into other hands, those of a short, blackhaired Italian whom Joe detests. I gathered so much from the good cabbie himself, as he, Dave and I smoked away before the fire one evening at D—— Place. Dave, formerly the most loquacious of the three, has wonderfully changed in this respect. No longer do the ideas flow out into the inkwell; indeed his first book is already on the market, and to our consternation Joe and I find that two people very like ourselves figure as the principal characters. Sally is in too, unmistakably. Joe says he does not know about me, but that Dave has told an awful lot of lies about him. Dear, ingenious fellow that he is, Joe went straight to Dave about a cheque for £15 he had received from a certain Richard Hawkins. Should he turn it in to the police? Sally's cheque for £10 had a remarkable effect on her headwear. Dave uses a nom de plume, so I suppose they will never know.

Dave made them man and wife in the book, and Joe took advantage of this to press home his suit. Sally's castle of independence at last capitulated, but she informed her wooer, in effect, that she yielded him a reluctant consent.

"Don't fancy," said she, "it's on your account, young man, that I say 'Yes'," which left Joe a little mystified, but quite happy.

THE CONSULTATION

From the Painting by Jean Paul Laurens. Exhibited by the Canadian National Exhibition.

IMPRESSIONS OF ONTARIO

BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM CALDWELL

VI. SOME REFLECTIONS OF ONTARIO AND QUEBEC

HAVE not talked much in foregoing Impressions of Ontario (not as much perhaps as might have been expected) about the great material and industrial problems of the Province—of things like "radials", the use and distribution for general purposes of electric motor-power, waterways, road-making, the new projected roads across the Province, the great railway systems and their problems, the proposed new canal into the St. St. Lawrence system, the deepening of ocean waterways, and so on.

It is often said, I know, that these are the sort of things, and the financial and the political problems connected wtih them, that are at present really occupying the attention of the Ontario people. And this may doubtless be true to some extent, just as I have heard it said that the average man and woman in Canada cares "not a whoop" about anything other than the quick and ready chance of making a living, and of getting some money and some pleasure out of life: the great questions of nation-making, of the Dominion and its future, of the relation of the Dominion to the Empire and to the United States may all go hang so far as they are concerned.

Now, I frankly confess that it is indeed only the great, broad, social and ethical life of the people of Ontario that has chiefly interested me, and that still interests me. And the same thing is true of my interest in my own Province of Quebec or in any other Canadian Province. I have but touched even on such important themes as the educational activities of Ontario, or things like the personality and the equipment of the teacher from the social service point of view—education itself being to me in the last resort nothing but the power communicated and induced and stimulated to interpret the environment. And our environment, I contend, with all the efforts of history and all the discoveries of science behind us, is more social and personal than natural and physical. I have spoken of the personalities of men and women chiefly as important or interesting social "types" of one kind or another believing in the supreme importance of such a point of view. I have proceeded throughout, in fact, on two principles, the first of these being the fact that so far as man is concerned it is not so much the mere environment (physical or natural) that matters as our human reactions on this environment — what we do with our opportunities and what is the kind of life that we are building up for ourselves. And the second principle is that the only really great thing about Canada or any other country is its people. As Rousseau said long ago in "Emile": "It is only the people that make up what we call the human race, and anything that is

not the people or of the people, is of so little importance that it is not worth while to speak about it." [*C'est la peuple qui compose le genre humain, ce que n'est pas peuple est si peu de chose, que ce n'est pas la peine de la compter.*]

And that there are indeed problems and questions enough arising out of such things as the very fact of the fairly high level of general well-being and prosperity in Ontario, and the American-like alertness of the people in Ontario, is a thing that no observer, no reflective visitor, I think would venture to question for a moment. There are the drawbacks, for example, that are incidental to the very merits of the existence throughout Ontario of such a large prosperous middle-class population, of people not too rich and not too poor, who all resemble each other in so many ways. And drawbacks incidental, too, to the very multiplicity of small towns to which I have otherwise made so favorable a reference (from a sociological point of view) of communities that are still half country and still half town, with a good deal of the simple natural life of the former. Apart from such admirable and commendable features as the fairly strong community spirit and the sincere desire for enlightenment, and the loyalty to educational and spiritual effort that you find to some extent in most of these places, there are also no doubt the workings of an inevitable tendency on the part of many Ontario people (as on the part of Canadians elsewhere) to be content with good material living with an average degree of material prosperity, as an end in itself apart from the so-called higher aims of life and citizenship.

Large and lofty views about Canada as a whole and the Empire, and about what we Canadians can do on this great North American continent, are not things that flourish in Ontario (or elsewhere) apart from constant stimulation or apart from critical or special occasions. And there is, throughout Ontario, a well-known element of provincial prejudice and ignorance regarding the life and thought and the education and religion of the French both of Ontario and of other parts of Canada. This corresponds, in its way, to either the ultra-British or the ultra-national prejudice which you find in the Province of Quebec and elsewhere.

And what with the cheap motor-cars that are now possible to most ordinary workers and most ordinary people, and what with the endless good roads all over the Province, what with the modern dancing craze and the modern cinema craze, the unfortunate absence at the present time from our Protestant schools of any really systematic or effective religious or ethical instruction, the young people of Ontario, like young people elsewhere, are doubtless losing the influence of many of the older preservative restraints and ideals.

A doctor in C——— with whom I chatted on his porch for one whole summer evening, told me that what with all the running about and all the free ways of our young Canadian people (they can often go to a dance, at night, for example, some forty or fifty miles away from their home) and the comparative absence of serious aims or higher interests, such a thing as religion in the great and large sense of the term is almost disappearing. He could not see, he said, any traces of it at all. And while I have praised and shall continue to praise, the work throughout Ontario of the faithful high school teacher or the faithful country minister I cannot help referring here also to the generally admitted fact of the difficulty in Ontario, as well as elsewhere, of getting the men graduates of our colleges to take up the great work of education, or the notorious difficulty of getting young men from Canadian homes and Canadian churches to take up the work of the Christian ministry.

It was suggested to me, again, by a friend who knows things Canadian, that I should certainly incorporate in these impressions of Ontario an article on Quebec and Ontario, bringing out important or interesting comparisons and reflections—how Montreal, for example, with its two races and its great French background or foreground and its access to the sea (a wonderful thing this, of course, in all history for any and all cities) is after all a far more cosmopolitan city than Toronto. Or how Toronto has a more dominating influence over all the rest of Ontario than has Montreal over the Province of Quebec (with us the Province really governs the city). Or how Ontario as a whole, and its people, is probably more "Americanized" and commercialized than Quebec. I find myself, however, decidedly averse to all this sort of thing. Provincialism and secularism have been far too long the bane of our Canadian public life, and I think it is high time that we arose above them both to something greater and something more important, especially with that mighty hundred-million American nation immediately to the south of us, and with our own national future something of an open question, something that is still in the making. If we could only realize it the undeniable Americanism or Americanization that is affecting to-day, not only Ontario, but our entire industrial and social and cultural life (we read American papers and magazines, and many of our businesses are financed by American capital) in Canada, is a far bigger consideration, a far more serious thing for us all, than any mere provincial differences or any mere sectional issues.

It is a conquering thing, too, this Americanism, because it represents a mood of mind that is associated (all over the world to-day) with what we now all believe in as personal efficiency and as personal initiative and as personal and national freedom and the use of technic and up-to-date appliances. I am not myself afraid of a certain kind of Americanization so far as Canada is concerned, for I believe that something of the American spirit as such (the "efficiency" part of it, say, and the "gospel of work") must affect all the nations of to-day and those, too, of to-morrow, if it has not already done so, as it certainly has in the case, say, of Japan and of Germany. But I do say that the educational and the ethical question connected with the merely economic and so-called progressive aspects of "Americanism", or Modernism, are serious enough to make us Canadians rise above all narrow provincial and sectional points of view about our business and our political life. Even in the States themselves people are beginning to see that a mere efficiency education, and the so-called national or "free" school with no publicly recognized religious or ethical training, is not everything in the making of citizenship or the making of character. And this, of course, is not to be wondered at, because it is not merely the dollar and economic supremacy that the best Americans wish for their country.

If I were to express, then, my real feeling in regard to the topic of the admitted differences between Ontario and Quebec, and as to their separate meaning and their joint meaning to the Dominion and to the Empire—in view of the undoubted Americanization or Commercialism and material success philosophy that is threatening our country—I would put in that if Quebec has, as I previously suggested, certainly many things to learn from Ontario and the great progressive and diversified life that is to seen up there, it is none the less true that Ontario has to-day a great deal to learn from old Quebec in the matter of the sense that exists throughout French Canada of values and realities that are altogether above the mere economic success philosophy of to-day

that is often talked of as Americanism.

If we do not, in fact, we two Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, learn and continue to learn from each other in many ways, then there is grave danger of our both losing, and of Canada losing through us, many of the things and many of the "liberties" and personal realities and "values" for which we fought in the war, as Sir Arthur Currie recently told a Toronto audience. So, instead of dropping in any way into the hackneyed and the gratuitous topic of the different excellencies and defects of the two main races in Ontario and in Canada generally, and instead of raking over again many of the elementary truths or platitudes of our Canadian political life about the "pivotal" French vote or the pivotal Province of Quebec, let us go on, at least in our thoughts, to the infinitely more profitable and the infinitely more relevant topic (to-day) of the great lessons that Ontario even with all her problems, including that of the presence there of an increasing number of French Canadians, groups and settlers, (especially in Northern or newer Ontario) can give to-day to the Dominion and the Empire. These French Canadians are in Ontario and elsewhere in Canada just as integral an element and just as important an element in the life of our Dominion to-day as are the most British of British Canadians, or as are the many incoming high-grade American farmers who are taking up land and naturalization papers in our great middle West.

If Ontario, indeed, were to study in all its bearings and all its aspects the undoubtedly greater influence in the training of French Canadian young people (as compared with the young people in our "free" Protestant day schools), of the sublime considerations of religion and of a finer training than our children get in the amenities and the courtesies of social manners. Who among us has not succumbed again and again to the peculiar charm and the grace of the manners of French people? We would see that one great problem to-day in Canada is indeed that of the introduction into our entire national life of those values and those ideals that we are in danger of losing through the commercialism and secularism of the times, and that alone gives us the right and the privilege of existing as a part of the British Commonwealth on this continent to-day.

The strength of the Catholic Church, in spite of its many mistakes and perversions in the past—Protestantism too has its faults, and there is something objectionable in the very negative character of its name—has always been that it refuses to see our present earthly life, whether as citizens or as persons or as members of families, apart from the great reality of the past and the future of the life of mankind as a whole.

And if it takes (as it apparently does) the presence here in Canada of the French and of the life of the French Canadian people to remind us all of this in a visible way, at least in the matter of the daily education that is being supplied to our children, and in that too of the matter of many of the amenities of ordinary social living, then the least we can do is to make a more sympathetic attempt than we have as yet done in some parts of Canada, to appreciate all that French Canada means to our so-called busy Americanized modern life and to the composite character of our British Empire Commonwealth. But as there is really at work to-day among us a movement, (and it is a thing of considerable importance both in the States and here) called the Religious Educational Movement, which if successful, and there is no reason why it should not be so, will help to bring back again into our ordinary education that sense

of the essential roundness and wholeness of life that is overlooked somewhat in the merely economic aims and ambitions of many of our young people, and in the demand of the times for an "efficiency" and "practical" education we do not perhaps need to pursue any further this great topic of the lessons that this entire continent has to learn from the French Canadians of Canada.

I am perfectly willing, of course, to admit here the sheer ignorance, the medieval ignorance and the prejudice of many French-Canadians in regard to the life and religion of the English-speaking majority and in regard to the great international life of the peoples of to-day. *"Ils ne nous connaissent pas et nos besoins, ces étrangers là"*, emphatically dogmatized a French Canadian (and he was by no means a peasant) whom I once heard declaiming against the English in a Pullman car on the road from Métis to Montreal. "They do not understand us and our needs, those strangers there"—giving to us, that is to say, this objectionable appellation of stangers, as if we were not now equally Canadians with the French Canadians. All I am contending for however is that if we have done something, and I think we have, to warrant this irritating antagonism, the sooner we all conspire to act differently the better. And the people of Ontario as constituting a great powerful, typical, Canadian community, can do perhaps more in this connection than any other Province. And they can remember with gratitude that the French Canadians are to-day in Northern Ontario and elsewhere doing a stay-on-the-land work, a pioneer work, that other Canadians seem to have lost the power of doing. Most of the English speaking peoples seem to be flocking to the towns, as we know.

And as for the matter of our all working out together a great new Canadian civilization of to-morrow on this Continent and within the great British Empire, let us not forget indeed that boasted characteristic of our British Empire as being big enough and broad enough, and enough of a friend of human liberty (she is playing this great rôle to-day at tremendous odds and at great opposition) to allow of the free development within its Commonwealth of the communal and social and educational life of peoples of all sorts of national and racial stocks. I shall remember to my dying day in this very connection, in this great and important connection, a scene, a characteristic scene that I took in once on a Saturday and a Sunday in the small Ontario town of Chesley, away far west there in Ontario in the Lake Huron region below Goderich.

We drove into the town on a Saturday morning under a faultless August sun. The first thing that impressed me was the fine broad open main street descending downwards from an upper wooded, country-like, residential section. After passing two churches we came almost at once to the fine town hall, with the Union Jack floating proudly and idly and leisurely away up there in the very blue of heaven. On the succeeding Sunday morning I inquired about the churches, thinking that I could easily get in touch with at least two or three of them and learn something more at first hand of the life of the people. I had given a lecture on the Saturday and been driven about in motor-cars by representative citizens all over the fine surrounding country. I heard that there was a German Lutheran Church, and that there was sure to be a sermon and service there. Not having been at a German service all through the war and having lived long in Germany before the war, I was very anxious to go to this little German church over the bridge at the far country end of the town.

I walked about first, however, getting up the steps and into the vesti-

bule of three other churches (this was quite easy, as everything was open in these summer days), the little French Roman Catholic Church, the Anglican Church, the Scotch Covenanting Church. In this latter, they sat down during the singing and stood up during the prayer in the old way —a mere handful of people, a touching and an honorable sight truly, but an abandoned cause, a lost cause, a useless cause in the world of to-day. Inside the Anglican Church I heard part at least of that beautiful church service that with all its many associations to so many people has been at least to Britons overseas one of the cementing bonds of our Empire all over the world. Every tired traveller on the European Continent and elsewhere will know what I mean—that optimistic grave and beautiful Anglican service. I listened also by the way to the singing in the Methodist Church as I passed it on the way to the French Roman Catholic Church. In the latter (a very small affair, but none the less suggestive of the power and of the eternal message of the altars of the Great Roman Communion), a little girl in a summer frock was dusting up the pews and re-arranging the flowers on the altar, with a light, happy care-free heart, entirely unconscious of all the wars of religion and of all the wars of the sects and of all the unrest of the modern world.

In the German Lutheran Church I listened to as good a sermon about the invisible things that make for the welfare of all nations and that alone make for the welfare of mankind as a whole as I had heard anywhere, in any country, for the preceding twenty years. And the simple service was as redolent as anything well could be of the worship of God and of the peace and love of God that passeth knowledge. And these German Lutheran worshippers were just as good Canadians and just as good Canadian farmers as any Canadians I have ever met. I heard a mother in the church quiet a crying child in English. And two or three children in a car outside, to whom I spoke, replied to me in German, but said at the same time that while they indeed understood German they usually spoke English. And the farmers' homes around this German church were as beautiful and as well kept and as covered with flowers and so on as any in Ontario anywhere. There were, then, in this small contented town groups of people of different national and racial affiliation, all living out their lives peaceably and freely under the great flag of Great Britain. It was waving up there on the top of the town hall, as I said, above all their differences and above all their different institutions. Of course I would have rather seen the whole five or six churches rolled into one or federated somehow in the worship of the Common Father of all men. But pending this let us all endeavor to see the good will that is in each other and in each other's ways all over the Dominion.

THE CRUCIFIX

BY W. E. ELLIOTT

IN obedience to silent signals up ahead, the battalion came to a halt. Not with a click, in parade-ground style, but as troops who have had no proper rest in more than forty-eight hours—a ripple of "closing up" running from head to rear of the column of fours. Twelve miles back, on the Arras Road, these had climbed wearily from the motor trucks in which they had spent a sleepless and restless night and day, and stepped into black night and drizzling rain. It was raining still. The "flying column" operation, which had involved the motor transport, was now over, and the battalion bound once more for "the line".

Too tired to remove packs for the ten-minute rest, the men lay prone along the muddy roadside. Some managed to light pipe or cigarette. Few indulged in talk.

Private William Tierney, gazing abstractedly ahead into darkness punctured by streaking star-shells, made out, close by, the dim outline of a crucifix above the door of a small roadside chapel. Nothing of its significance penetrated his mind. True, the name of Christ passed his lips, but it followed the fall-in whistle, and was only wrung from his aching body by the protests of aching bone and muscle as he pulled himself and load again erect.

It was the last rest. For another hour the sound of trudging army boots through the mud and rainpools continued, then the final halt, and a sleepy town major who knew little about quarters and cared rather less, spoke up:

"The cave will hold three hundred men. Just do the best you can for the rest," he said.

The "cave" proved to be an immense underground shelter, with walls of masonry, used by the now departed civil population in time of need, and dating back to the Franco-Prussian war. Names of soldiers of many British regiments were scratched on the stonework. Small heed the Canadians paid to its decorations. With equipment off, they breathed one long sigh of relief and exhaustion and sank gratefully on the cold clay floor. The more energetic climbed again the slippery entrance and sought the parked transport, but the cooks were disposing themselves under the field kitchens. They had marched too, and to prepare the simplest meal meant collection of dry fuel on a wet night in a strange town. They slept, wet and miserable as their fellows.

Private Tierney lay in a row of greatcoated figures, their outlines grotesque in the flickering light of a candle stub high on the stone wall. Here and there a man raised to drink from his water bottle or to beat his pack into a better pillow. Soon the cave was still, except for the movement here and there of limbs trying to hunch up into the space a greatcoat covers. The candle burned down to a little pool of grease and went out.

At the dismal hour of three a.m. Tierney's blood circulation had descended to its minimum of vigor. The

overtired heart failed to pump red corpuscles into his extremities. Speaking less physiologically, his limbs became numb with the cold, and he woke. A "shot" of rum seemed desirable above all other things on earth or immediately below.

The soldier pulled himself to his feet, a little bewildered as to direction, and by the aid of matches found his way along the centre of the cave, among the huddled sleepers. A narrow corridor presented itself. Curiosity is never quite dead, even after years of war's sights, and Tierney pursued the passage to its end, still lighting matches. It terminated in a flight of stone steps up to a wooden door. Tierney's curiosity proved stronger than the rusty bar inside. He found himself in a house on the main street. Brief investigation showed that it had been an estaminet. A little stock of vin blanc and cognac was still on the shelves beneath the little bar. It was only two days before that the civilians had left for areas farther back, terrified by a threatened advance of the Hun. Soon, now, they would return.

Tierney retreated down the stair and through the dark passage along which he had come, to the main cave. With a bottle in each greatcoat pocket as evidence of good faith, he woke one or two of his pals. Their gratitude was intense, and expressed so loudly that other men were roused. The party that Tierney guided back to the "promised land" he had spied out was a dozen strong.

Now, a second main entrance to the cave opened directly from the crypt of the parish church. This passage the men found as they cast about for a less crowded place than the cave, in which to enjoy the liquor. With exclamations of surprise, they explored the crypt and clambered up the stone steps that led to the main floor of the church.

Whatever may be its uses and benefits under other circumstances, strong drink poured liberally into empty stomachs of exhausted men awakens the devil in them. These talked and laughed with loosened tongues. The liquor forced the human machinery of heart and nervous system into high gear, so to speak, and the men moved about in a false and temporary energy. Yet the dim church, with flickering candles at the altar; a gray light drifting through the high colored windows, and the solemn faces of plaster saints looking down from on high, seemed to choke the ribaldry into a muffled undertone. They filed out past the almost invisible Stations of the Cross, silent except for the clang of iron heels on stone floor, when someone suggested getting the cooks to work on breakfast.

Just outdoors, on a grassy mound, stood a large crucifix. The figure was above life size, and had once been flesh-tinted, as is common in France. Like the Roman soldiers nineteen hundred years ago, these mocked Him on the cross.

"He's cold," said one, as they paused below the image.

Tierney was not cold. His greatcoat had become a burden. With a drunken lunge he thrust the garment upon the lay figure. It caught on the great nail that pierced the Christ's right hand, and there hung perilously.

The men stumbled on toward the parked field kitchens, but Tierney felt drowsy. Above food, he desired to sleep. He turned back toward the crypt and the cave. At the foot of the mount he stumbled, the slope unseen in the dim light, and fell. Tierney drew up his limbs and composed his dizzy head on his forearm. It was good enough. He slept. . . . A gust of wind from the west carried the greatcoat from the arm of the cross. It fell upon his unconscious body. . . The look of pity which the sculptor had tried to express in the face of the Christ seemed directed upon the prostrate form below.

It was eight o'clock when the chaplain, looking about the old church,

came upon Tierney, still asleep, and shook him awake.

"Do you know that the battalion moved up more than hour ago?" he demanded.

Tierney muttered something. He knew, almost as well as the padre, how things stood with an absentee from a battalion in the line. Cases of the kind had been sufficiently numerous to irritate the "higher formations". Corps Headquarters had determined to make an example of the next man convicted, and had given fair warning. The next man whose case required F. G. C. M. was likely to be reported to his relatives as "killed"— without "accidentally" in front of the word, or "in action" after it.

"I'll try and catch them up," said Tierney. "Can you direct me at all, sir?"

"Not very well, unless you had a map. This is a new bit of the line for us, you know. How long since you have eaten?"

"In the lorry, yesterday, padre, but I'll manage."

"Come along," ordered the chaplain, and he took Tierney to the officers' kitchen at rear headquarters. There, whilst the soldier devoured bread and bacon, the padre underwent a brief but severe mental struggle. In his jacket pocket reposed a yellow Army form which was to take him to Blighty on a fortnight's well-earned leave. He should be already on his way to Boulogne. There would be a ration party at night with which Tierney could be sent to the battalion. A Protestant chaplain, the man was not even of his flock, but subject to the ministrations of Father O'Connor, R.C. padre of the brigade. And yet—the battalion was likely to "go over" soon. If Tierney reported before that happened, he would probably be saved serious disciplinary consequences. The padre made his decision, and, having done so, proceeded to the quartermaster's stores for a couple of cartons of cigarettes, playing cards, and a few other comforts for the men in the line.

"I see you've found a rifle, all right, Tierney. Can you take one of these boxes as well? Good. We're away."

The perilous journey into the line occupied three hours, for the light mist which had enabled the troops to move up in the early morning made difficulties for those travelling with no guide but the map. They finally found the battalion in a support position, the men disposed in old shell-holes and half caved-in trenches—a battle-ground of months before. The chaplain sought out Tierney's company commander.

"This man has been helping me," he announced calmly. "I'm through with him now. Have some cigarettes? There are one or two new decks of cards in the box, I think."

"Merci bien, padre," said the captain. "All right, Tierney, report to your platoon sergeant. Number ten is just out here on the right. . . . Playing cards, you said. . . . One pack is all I see."

But the chaplain had followed promptly on the heels of his "assistant". He desired to get away before it should occur to the captain to ask questions about Tierney's temporary detachment from duty. In the trench outside, Tierney turned back and drew from his left breast pocket something which he pressed into the padre's hand.

"Souvenir, padre," he said, awkwardly. It's good luck if you carry it over your heart. Much obliged for fixing me up the way you did with the O.C."

He passed on, rifle slung over shoulder, restored to the standing of a combatant and a man, to look his sergeant in the eye and tell him as much as he saw fit, and no more. The officer stood looking at the "good luck". It was a crucifix, exquisitely carved, the figure in silver, the cross of ebony, on a slender silver chain. It was of a type not common to France, and the padre wondered how

long Tierney had carried it. He was still staring at it when the colonel came along the trench, fresh from a brigade conference, deeply engrossed in the details of an operation order, and in haste to meet his adjutant and company commanders.

"I don't know what *you* are doing here, Captain Tryvett," the O.C. said, somewhat irritably, "but you'll have to stay, now. There are strict orders about movement in daylight, and the mist is clearing. We'll be under observation to some extent. Get under cover somewhere."

Finding his presence unchallenged that night, in the dilapidated dugout called battalion headquarters, the padre weighed once more in his mind the advantages of the leave warrant in his pocket and the doubtful privileges of "the line" in an attack—and remained. At zero hour—dawn—the battalion "leapfrogged" the one ahead and pushed on through vigorous enemy machine gun fire to the "Blue Line". And that is how the padre came to be in at the taking of Vernecourt.

He was with the stretcher bearers, helping to bind up wounds, giving water to helpless men, and dispensing cigarettes and cheery words to "walking cases" when a "high explosive" shell from a Hun battery burst overhead, and a fragment struck him. They carried him behind a bit of cover, still and white, and tore open his jacket to find a straight gash over the chest, bleeding freely, but not deep. Even as they dressed it, the chaplain stirred into consciousness. When the field dressing was adjusted, he sat up and smiled.

"Just stunned, I guess," said the stretcher bearer, and examined the padre's jacket over the wound. From the torn pocket he drew a silver and ebony crucifix, broken in two!

"Funny thing about your friend Tierney," said the company commander when he met the chaplain that night at battalion headquarters. "He had a 'hunch' that he was going to 'get his' to-day. These 'hunches' often come true, you know. It seems he lost some sort of good-luck piece or talisman that he always carried, or so he told the sergeant before we went over."

The chaplain's heart seemed to stand still with dread of what was to follow, and yet he could not wait.

"Well?" he prompted.

"He got hit, all right," said the captain cheerfully.

"Where?" the padre forced himself to ask, but already he knew the answer.

"Over the heart," the captain went on, in his robust tones. "With a small piece of shrapnel. It went through a new deck of playing cards in his pocket, and they practically stopped the pellet. The wound is nothing. He'll be all right. Talk about luck.'"

THE REJUVENATION OF THE CANADIAN DOLLAR

BY MURRAY E. WILLIAMS

OUR old faithful friend, the Canadian Dollar is beginning to sit up and take notice. After a long period of illness during which its constitution was badly undermined, and its fair reputation somewhat tarnished, it is convalescent. It is gaining strength monthly. Pulse and respiration are getting back to normal.

A few months ago nothing made the loyal Canadian sadder than to have Broadway, N. Y., turn up its nose at his good dollar. Broadway, which has acquired a reputation for grabbing anything that is not nailed down, either scorned our dollar altogether or kindly allowed us eighty-five per cent. of the face value of our money, whether it was Dominion of Canada notes, or those of the Bank of Montreal. The same scornful opinion of our dollar was held by Wall Street, New York; Tremont Street, Boston; and Main Street, Gopher Prairie.

It is true that a few New York hotels generously advertised that they would take Canadian dollars at par, but a New York hotel which charges ninety cents for half a grape fruit, and performs other daring acts of highway robbery, could afford to take part payment for its bills in Mr. Lenin's justly celebrated Russian roubles, which are worth about three cents a ton.

How did the Canadian Dollar get sick? And having got sick what is making it well again?

Ninety-nine persons out of every hundred, or, to be more accurate, nine hundred and ninety-nine experts out of every thousand supply the wrong answers to these two questions. And strange to say among the nine hundred and ninety-nine who supply the wrong answers we can number Cabinet Ministers and politicians. Now Cabinet Ministers and politicians are not generally supposed to be infallible, but when the wrong answers are also supplied by financiers, who ought to know better, such as the heads of large financial and commercial concerns, then it is time for us to lead them out of the wilderness, and enlighten their befogged intellects with the truth.

Every reader of a Canadian newspaper has been told about a thousand times in large type and small that the illness of the Canadian dollar was due to the fact that we bought too heavily of goods from the United States, and, as a consequence, owe the United States so much money that our dollar became less valuable to the United States merchant. This is what the Cabinet Ministers and financiers said. The merchants said it. So did the school boys. So did almost everybody. The Cabinet Ministers and financiers told us that the only way to correct the difficulty and revive

the good old dollar to its former state of robust health was to buy less from the United States.

If our adverse trade balance has an influence on the value of the Canadian dollar it is a very small one. No doubt large payments and movements of money between the two countries cause temporary flutters in exchange rates, but our trade balance has no more to do with the great broad trend of the fluctuating Canadian dollar than the man in the moon has an influence upon the Irish Qustion.

The writer having made a rather positive assertion, you naturally call for the facts to support it, and, being an average reader, and perhaps rather adverse to having a lot of tiresome figures hurled in your direction, you call for a limited quantity of statistics.

Well, in the first place it can be shown that in years gone by Canada has bought immense quantities of United States goods and has owed the United States a lot of money and yet *the Canadian dollar has been worth* 100 *cents on Broadway.* But we can do a lot better than that. Our official trade returns can show that in the years 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919 and 1920 Canada *exported* more goods than it imported and yet in the year 1919, when our *exports exceeded imports* by nearly three hundred million dollars, Broadway and Wall Street said that our dollar was worth ninety-two cents.

In the year 1920 Broadway valued our dollar at from eighty-five to ninety cents, yet in that year our exports *exceeded our imports by* $175,000,000. Many will of course point to the fact that our imports are now going down while the dollar is going up. That is a coincidence. The weight of past evidence floors the man who says that our large foreign indebtedness is responsible for the depreciated dollar.

Suppose you have five dollars in your pocket and you owe your tailor $300. Does the debt depreciate the value of your five? Suppose you have five dollars in your pocket and you owe a bank $1,000,000, your five does not change in value. This argument applies with equal force to the country as well as to the individual.

Now these few figures have shown that our imports or indebtedness did not make the Canadian dollar sick. It is now the object to show the true cause of the illness. The name of the disease that has been afflicting the Canadian dollar is:

INFLATION

This is the same disease that put Mr. Lenin's rouble so low that the newspapers transferred any reference to the rouble from the financial page to the joke column; it is the same disease that made Germany's once exalted mark fall from twenty cents to less than one-fortieth of a cent; it is the same disease that caused the downfall of France's once exalted franc; it is the same disease that brought John Bull's redoubtable pound sterling crashing from its proud pedestal.

Russia did not have an excess of imports, as nobody would sell anything to Russia anyway. Yet with no imports and a foreign indebtedness that the frolicsome Bolsheviki absolutely repudiated, the rouble travelled from an honored position to the point where it very closely resembled a worthless scrap of paper.

All the countries mentioned, including Canada, as the result of the urgent demands made by the war, printed too much paper money.

Money is like any other commodity. If there is too much wheat, well, wheat goes down in price; if there is a big crop of potatoes, down goes the price of potatoes. If there is a big crop of money, down goes the price of money.

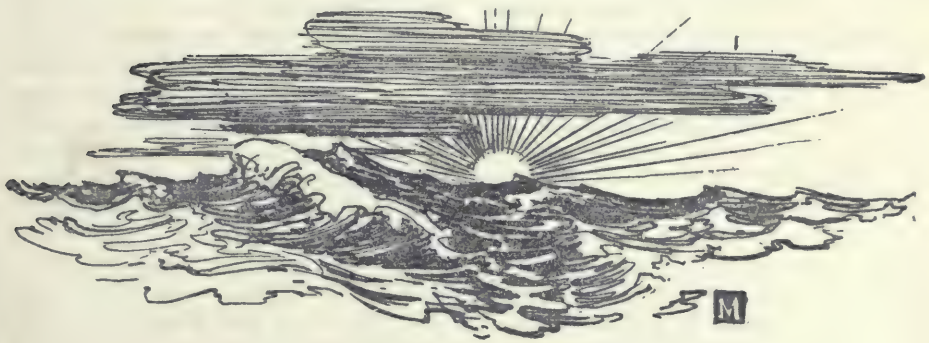
It will be found that the Canadian dollar, the British pound, the French franc, the German mark and the Russian rouble all have a present day value pretty much in proportion to the excess supply of paper issued over and above the standard prevailing before the war.

If the Government at Ottawa was suddenly seized with a financial brainstorm and started the printing presses turning out dollars as fast as Lenin and Trotsky have been turning out roubles in Russia, our dollar would not be good for a round trip ticket on a Fifth Avenue 'bus.

A few figures will prove the contention. When Germany decided to batter down Belgium and France in 1914, Canada had about $229,000,000 of paper money in circulation against a gold reserve of about $92,000,000. We then began the process of inflation. We needed money to conduct the war. In a moderate way we got the printing presses going. By 1921 we had nearly $450,000,000 of paper money in circulation against a gold reserve of $80,600,000. In other words our supply of paper money went up and our gold reserve went down. That is inflation. Our dollar wasn't such a good, healthy dollar. There was not so much good, solid gold behind it. That is the case in a nutshell.

At the time of writing the Canadian dollar is worth ninety-eight cents in New York, against a low mark of about eighty-five cents. Why? Simply because trade is contracting and we are using less money. There are fewer dollar bills in circulation and, being scarcer than they were, they are worth more.

Of course adverse trade balances and temporary abnormal trade conditions do cause a dislocation in exchange rates, but if Canada's gold reserve creeps up, and our supply of paper money comes to the pre war ratio with gold, the Canadian dollar will be worth 100 cents from Maine to California and New York to Texas.



THE GENIUS OF MARJORIE PICKTHALL

AN ANALYSIS OF AESTHETIC PARADOX

BY J. D. LOGAN, Ph. D.,
Lecturer on Canadian Literature, Acadia University

"Nay! in what world, then, Spirit, wast thou born?
Or to what World-Soul art thou entered in?
Feel the Self fade, feel the great Life begin,
With Love re-rising in the cosmic morn."
—F. W. H. Myers

WHENEVER I have thought of Marjorie Pickthall, the *person*, I have reimaged the kneeling, praying Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane; and I have fancied that I heard, from her lips, the agony of Christ's prayer, as given in the Vulgate scriptures:—*Pater mi, si possibile est, transeat a me calix iste*—"O, My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me!" What was the "cup" from which Marjorie Pickthall drank, and what were the contents, which, when she had drunk of them, caused her Self to fade and her Soul to enter in the World-Soul — changed her from a natural, happy poet of Nature into a wistful, sorrowing poet of the Spirit, I do not know; and I should be disloyal to Truth and Beauty, if I should be so vulgarly curious as to inquire. Let her spiritual secret—the secret of her rare and pathetically beautiful personality—lie in the bosom of her God.

On the other hand, whenever I think of Marjorie Pickthall, the *poet*, I face an aesthetic paradox—a naturally *pagan* spirit that delighted, with the imagination and heart of a child, in the light and the magic and divinity of Nature, compelled, by some strange, occult vision, to strive to love the ascetic beauty of *christian* mysteries and discipline, and to poetize these, as she did, with a tender and winning loveliness, but tinged with a poignant wistfulness for "otherworldliness", as if resignedly regretting the sacrifice of her natural pagan pre-occupation with the beauty of this world.

What first brought Marjorie Pickthall to appreciative public notice, and distinguished her from other contemporary poets in Canada, was a singular *precocious virtuosity* in verbal painting of nature and in verbal music. When she began to write verse, Lampman had been dead a decade, Roberts had gone over to fiction, Campbell had turned to poetic drama, Duncan Campbell Scott had achieved a first-rate name for fine artistry in verse, Bliss Carman was internationally known as an exquisite warbler of wood-notes wild, and her contemporaries, of a near age to her own, and chiefly the members of "the Vaudeville School of Canadian Poetry", led by R. W. Service, had neither aesthetic taste nor the artistic conscience. Naturally, those on "the

qui vive" for New Voices in the poetic choir of Canada, heard the free, happy, pure pipings of a newcomer to the choir—Marjorie Pickthall, singing shyly from the corner of a daily newspaper, but singing with a rare lilt—so rare in Canada indeed that the little world which heard her first warblings wondered if the singer were a Canadian person, but felt that her song was not autochthonous to Canada, that the singer would create poetry which would be more than Canadian, which would be a contribution to literature as such, to world-literature. What, then, caused Marjorie Pickthall, from the beginning, to win public notice, and to stand out from the Vaudevillian crew of poetasters in Canada, was, as I said, her precocious virtuosity as a word-painter, verbal colorist, and musician. From the start, even in the sixteenth year of her age, she was a remarkable artist in colorful and musical language—original and adroit in poetic craftsmanship, in "the mastery of rhythm and the management of rhyme". It is as an adroit and exquisite *craftswoman* (or "artist", if one prefer the term), not for originality of imaginative conception, that, from her first printed essays in verse to the last, Marjorie Pickthall must be noted as a specially gifted poet in Canada, and must be accorded a relatively respectable, possibly high, place in the history of English literature—not "world literature", as we shall see—produced in Canada.

Let us observe Marjorie Pickthall's precocious technical virtuosity in her first publicly printed poem — "The Song of the Nixies"—which was a prize poem, published in "The Young People's Corner" of *The Mail and Empire*, Toronto, 1899, when she was but sixteen years of age.* In a letter under the date of January 16th, 1908, to "The Gleaner" (who, I learn, is Rev. Father O'Sullivan, Port Hope), as printed in *The Catholic Register*, (Toronto, April 27th, 1922), Marjorie Pickthall wrote in part:

> "Rev. and dear Father,—I do not think any excuses need accompany letters which are so nice as yours. I read it with a very great deal of pleasure and interest, for 'The Song of the Nixies' was *the first of my poems which ever appeared in print*, and so an especial sentiment is connected with it in my mind. . . .
>
> Very truly yours,
> (Signed) "Marjorie L. C. Pickthall".

If "The Gleaner" is correct in his calculations, Marjorie Pickthall was "discovered" by "The Gleaner" and others twenty-four years ago, or in or about 1899, when "The Song of the Nixies" was published, the first of her poems, as she herself states, to appear in the public prints. It is a really astonishing production for a girl only sixteen years of age. Note the colorful imagery and musical lilt in it:

> "O, leave ye your lakelets and sedge-mantled reaches;
> The mermaids are calling, O hasten with me,
> And play on the slopes of the broad yellow beaches,
> Down by the sea!

*Footnote—The young poet herself is the authority for the fact that this was her first publicly printed poem. In a recent article (The Halifax Herald, April 22, 1922), Dr. Archibald MacMechan, who as a literary historian is in a class by himself, that is, alone, makes this claim:—'To James Mavor (Professor of Economics, Toronto University) belongs the honor of discovering Marjorie Pickthall. In a religious paper in Toronto he found some lines entitled 'A Prayer' which began:

'O, keep the world forever at the dawn',
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

and he at once recognized the incommunicable touch of genius''. I do not know the date of that poem, but it appears under the title ''Dawn'' in the poet's second volume, ''The Lamp of Poor Souls'' (pp. 56-58). Internal evidences—the length of the poem, the sustained mood of wonder in it, and the fact that it appears in the collected verse of the poet's second volume, whereas ''The Song of the Nixies'' does not—would prove presumptively that ''A Prayer'' (or ''Dawn'') was of later date than ''The Song of the Nixies'', and that some other minds had been ''discovering'' Marjorie Pickthall before Professor Mavor espied the new singer. Not all the cultured and discerning minds in Canada belong to the professors or alumni of the University of Toronto.

"Down in the dingles the dew-drops are twining
Pearls on the cobwebs that hang from the flow'rs;
Moves now the wind, and with tremulous shining,
Fall they in show'rs.

"See where the moonbeams, with soft silver whiteness,
Ripple the cornfields that lie 'neath the hill;
Changing and shifting from shadow to brightness—
Never once still!

"Swift let us pass by the soft-sighing rushes;
Dark are the pools where the alder-trees grow;
Gently the swing of the long ripple bushes
The lilies of snow.

"Haste! let us haste by the low-sweeping willows,
Down to the slopes of the tide-wrinkled sand,
Mermaids are waiting a-rock on the billows,
Hand clasped in hand.

"Come! for too swiftly will hasten the dawning.
Come! for the yellow moon dips to the lea.
Come ye and play till the flush of the morning,
Down by the sea.

In those verses we have the first, the original—the "real"—Marjorie Pickthall, who is the lover and lilter of Nature. As a mere slip of a girl she divines the truth that half of the appeal of poetry is the music of it. And so she, from the beginning, makes her verse musical, and adds to this a freshness, delicacy, and charm of airiness and color. It will be found, I believe, that she made no advance in poetry, from her first essays, say, in her sixteenth year to her thirty-ninth (or last), save in perfection of craftsmanship, gaining, that is, in artistic finish of form and structure, mastery of rhythm and rhyme, delicate sensuousness, grace of diction, charm of color and pure verbal music. Let us say, then, that the poetry of Marjorie Pickthall is assured of immortality as an Ideal for future poets of Canada to emulate in technical perfection, and that when she sang of Nature, the afflatus in that case being natural to her genius, she wrote authentic poetry as such, poetry that was arresting, airy, bright, liquid, limpid, and, to use her own words with reference to Keats:

> " . . . . . of fragrance made,
> Woven and rhymed of light".

But we must be critically careful not to give Marjorie Pickthall, as the *singer* and nature-*painter*, which she was *par excellence*, undue distinction, as if she had no peers in Canada. "For thirty years," said Dr. Archibald MacMechan in a lecture on our poet, as reported in the daily press (*The Evening Echo*, Halifax, December 10th, 1918)—"for thirty years I have been a student of Canadian literature, and a watcher of the skies for the appearing of new [poetic] stars. In that time four only have arisen, the greatest of whom is a woman—Marjorie Pickthall". Of the other three, Lampman, I know, was one. The remaining two must be chosen from Roberts, Campbell, Duncan Campbell Scott, and Bliss Carman. If Dr. MacMechan had in mind four "stars" in the technic of poetry, in the demesne of Canada, the four Canadian poets who are oustandingly and pervasively technical artists in beauty of diction, imagery, color, and verbal and rhythmic music, are—Lampman, Carman, Duncan Campbell Scott, and Marjorie Pickthall. Of these four, the late poet, whose genuinely lamented death caused to disappear from Canadian literature—or literature as such—the reincarnation of the spirit of Titania or of Ariel, must be reckoned the least, or, at best, not the greatest, even in craftsmanship. Let me be just to others while yielding to none in my admiration of her genius and her artistry. It may be true that, as

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

Mr. Laurence E. Jones says (*The University Magazine*, December, 1913), we may search in vain "for a lame or halting line, for a strained or dissonant rhyme. It is all careful and clean-cut, but perfectly free and flowing none the less." But it is absurd to make her *sui generis* as a technical artist, excluding even Sappho, Alcaeus, Horace, Catullus, Gray, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, Arnold, Meredith, and Swinburne, by saying, as Dr. MacMechan has said (*vid. loc. cit.*), that her poetry, as he finds, exhibits "a flawless technique. Her verse is as musical as Carman's and as sincere as Lampman's; but, unlike both, it contains no failures. Her feeling for the right, the inevitable word . . . is exquisite and sure . . . It is not too much to call her work impeccable".

Dr. MacMechan's view would be important if it were not an uncritical opinion when it should state a matter of fact. No poet born of woman has been flawless, impeccable, in technique. Certainly Lampman, Carman, Duncan Campbell Scott are not; and there is certainly not flawless technique in these two lines, to take but two, by Marjorie Pickthall—

> "In those fair cov.. where tempests *ne'er* should be

This line is from "Dawn", the poem which, under the name "A Prayer", according to Dr. MacMechan, led Professor Mavor to the exclusive discovery of the new star in the poetic heavens of Canada. Next, consider the impeccability (?) of this line from Marjorie Pickthall's "Vale"—

> "And when immortal morning *opes* her door"

Technically, her poetry is distinguished by an extraordinarily successful use of alliteration; but the defect is that, on the whole, her verse lacks *style*. I do not mean that it is not written in the grand style. Technically her verse is free, flowing, musical, airy, tripping, graceful, "woven and rhymed of light"—in a word, *feminine*. But by thus much does it lack originality and substance of style—the subtle quality which gives us the sense of having met with beauty that is memorably, unforgettably, fine and pervasive as a spiritual essence. The supreme Canadian artist, in the fine style in poetry, in substantial manner is, in my view, Duncan Campbell Scott. He is rivalled, at times, in substance as well as technical style, by Lampman. But neither of these poets has had the singing or lyrical gift that is Carman's or was Marjorie Pickthall's—but her lyrical gift was not in the same absolute degree or quality as Carman's, which always had the sheer ecstatic lilt of the lark, while Marjorie Pickthall's was less above the earth, more confined, like the linnet's sweet, sensuous reaches in song. Lampman, Carman, and Scott may be technically at fault oftener than was Marjorie Pickthall; but when they are technically perfect, it is a finer perfection than hers, and their subtleties and sheer reaches in the technic of poetic style, structure, and substance were not hers. But I have no doubt that, had this darling of the gods, as her genius and, from the human point of view, untimely death, proved her to be—I have no doubt that Marjorie Pickthall would have learned much, if not all, of the technical reaches of Lampman, Carman and Scott; and that she would have come to take a place in English literature deservedly beside Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Christina Rossetti, and Alice Meynell. Amongst her contemporaries in the homeland, there shall abide a green and sweet memory of her as "th' eclipse and glory of her kind" in the technical artistry of exquisite lyrical singing and fanciful painting of Nature's face, and moods, and life.

"Rare virtuosity in the technique of the lyrical and pictorial treatment of Nature"—such is the formula of the essential, the natural, poetic genius of Marjorie Pickthall. Right are they who say that Nature was her chief mistress. But they are wrong in declaring that she had the Greek "feeling" for Nature, or that the Nature in her verse was that of the ancient Greeks. It was impossible for Marjorie Pickthall, an Anglo-Canadian, to have a Greek imagination; and they who claim that she had the ancient Greek feeling for Nature, might as rightfully claim that she had the ancient Gaelic or Keltic feeling for Nature, or the ancient Semitic feeling for the presence of God, or the medieval Breton feeling for Nature and the mystery of religious faith, which some have signalized as "mysticism" in Marjorie Pickthall's genius. The truth is that, first, Marjorie Pickthall had a mind and imagination which was naturally pagan, and that, secondly to her, Nature was but the material for fanciful and pretty treatment in verse. But to the Greeks, Nature, as perceived and embodied in their mythology and poetry, was their *vision* of the *real* face and heart of Nature, They believed in gods, goddesses, heroes, muses, naiads, mermaids, satyrs, fauns, and what-not living creatures as being Nature herself. They were pagans. But Marjorie Pickthall had, by native gift, only the sensibility and imagination that were naturally *pagan* in a love of and preference for thus *visualizing* Nature. She had saturated her mind, by reading, with the mythology of the Greeks; and her naturally pagan sensibility and imagination re-colored and re-expressed this material in a delight-

ful pagan—not Greek—way in verse. For the Greeks, as also the Kelts or Gaels, had a most lively sense of divinity in Nature—of spiritual presences everywhere, unseen but real and active. Marjorie Pickthall had no such lively sense of the reality of divinity in Nature. But she did have a lively pagan, if Anglo-Canadian, imagination; and so she peoples Nature with sprites, mermaids, nixies, fauns, elfs, playing with the Old Nurse Nature, or with themselves, and rejoicing in the sights and sounds which they see and hear amongst the woodlands, streams, hills, flowers, and the shy forest creatures. She thus paganly poetizes Nature beautifully, winningly, but it is all a *tour de force* of the senses and imagination *in her closet*, where she is temporarily shut off from the roar and turmoil of great cities. Had she steeped herself as throughly in ancient Gaelic lore, myths and legends, she would have written as engagingly of the Nature of the Kelts. In her single poetic essay in Gaelic "feeling" for Nature—the Gael's innate love of Nature and the Homeland, his nostalgia—she failed in a double way; first, by infelicitously giving her poem a German title, "Wanderlied"; and, secondly, by a dull and commonplace *imitation*, if not a parody, of Ethna Carbery, Norah Hopper, Moira O'Neil, Katharine Tynan, from which, too, is totally absent the light and glamor of the Neo-Keltic art of W. B. Yeats and, J. G. Synge.

Moreover, more of her imagery is derived from Nature in Canada as it actually is than from mythological Nature in ancient Greece. The coloring from Canadian woods in spring, autumn and winter is in her verse, also visualizations of Canadian fields and flowers, and the subtle handiwork of "the Frost King", and Canadian domestic felicities made possible by Nature, such as the winter arabesques on the window-panes in contrast with the inviting glow of burning logs on the hearth. And what but Canadian is this compelling line from "The Young Baptist"—

> "Clear-footed from the frontiers of the world!"

And yet Dr. MacMechan insists on declaring that Marjorie Pickthall's poetry is "not—emphatically not—'a contribution to Canadian literature'; it is literature." I must admit that probably I have overworked my formula that the poetry or prose of certain Canadians is "not a contribution to Canadian literature but to world literature". But emphatically Marjorie Pickthall's poetry is a contribution to Canadian literature; and is, or is not, a contribution to world literature, according as, or if, the poetry of Lampman, Carman, Duncan Campbell Scott, Bliss Carman, or Wilfred Campbell is or is destined to be world literature. At any rate, after declaring that Marjorie Pickthall's poetry is emphatically not a contribution to Canadian literature, Dr. MacMechan contradictorily uses a considerable paragraph to show that "Canada has made her own subtle contribution" to her "ethereal songs". For instances, he cites Canadian Nature in her poetry. "Maple leaves", he says, "are entwined in a song to the Nativity; choke-cherries and milkweed are decorations from Canadian fields and woods, the heart of Lalemant is laid bare in one soliloquy, and such a lyric as 'Frost Song' is the most intimate interpretation of our winter ever written [Mr. Laurence E. Jones, *loc. cit.* characterizes "Frost Song" amongst her "dull" and "commonplace" poems] . . . More subtle still is the influence of our [Canadian] cloudless skies and hopeful air". That is to say, according to Dr. MacMechan, Marjorie Pickthall's Nature poetry *is* and is *not* a contribution to Canadian literature. Our view is that her Nature poetry is a contribu-

tion to Canadian literature; and that only time, the impartial and inexorable critic, will prove that it is or is not world literature. In short, if I were signalizing the genius of Marjorie Pickthall's Nature poetry, I should employ this sub-title—"Lyrics in the Greek and Canadian Modes of Pictorializing Nature". Thus I should, by a single phrase, escape absurdly alleging that an Anglo-Canadian mind possessed Greek imagination and feeling for a mythological Nature, and signalize the fact that an Anglo-Canadian poet was gifted with a lively pagan sense of the beauty of a vanished world and a responsive sensibility to the great beauty of a real and present world of Nature.

Hence arises a singular problem in aesthetic paradox. For a decade, from 1899 to 1909—*circa* Marjorie Pickthall, as a poet, was preoccupied with naturalistic poetry. During that period her *spiritual* needs and satisfactions were *aesthetic* needs and satisfactions. An inward change came over her soul, and with it a change in the substance, atmosphere, color, and intent of her poetry. Did she come to realize that *spiritual* needs could be satisfied, not by *aesthetic*, but by *spiritual* values, and that beautiful treatment of religious values in verse would or might fulfil the longings of her aesthetic and her religious being? Her earlier poetry certainly was not, in Tertullian phrase, *testimonium animae naturaliter Christianae*—"the witness of a spirit naturally Christian", that is, Catholic. But her later poetry, considerable of it, and even her first posthumously published poem, "Christ in the Museum", given out to the press by Sir Andrew Macphail on the day after her death, is assuredly witness of a spirit not naturally Catholic but wistfully aware of the discrepancy between spiritual and pagan aesthetic satisfactions, and yet unable to work out her own salvation, both literary and religious, by the brave acceptance of a definite Catholic faith and discipline. It is, then, this *wistful* occupation with the legends, mysteries, and discipline of the Roman Catholic church that has been construed by many into what they are pleased to call "medieval mysticism". But it is not mysticism. It might be alleged that as she went to Greek mythology for material for poetic treatment, so she turned to medieval Catholicism for legends and other material to treat poetically. Heine had such an interest in Catholic legends, as in his lyric, "Die Wallfahrt nach Kevlaar" ("The Pilgrimage to Kevler"), with its refrain, "Gelobt seist du, Marie" ("Praise be to Mary"). It is possible that Marjorie Pickthall found in certain Catholic customs and legends merely poetic material and poetic coloring, as in "The Lamp of Poor Souls" and "St. Yves' Poor"; but there is too much of the air of wistfulness in "Salutaris Hostia", "Pere Lalement", "Pieter Marinus", "Deus Misereatur", and even in "Mary Shepherdess" and "A Child's Song of Christmas", to permit the view that the poet had only a pagan aesthetic interest, and not a deep and genuine religious or spiritual interest, in Catholic legend, dogma, and discipline. Aesthetic contemplation of spiritual ideals, with wistfulness, and the envisagement of them in verse, was essentially on her part an act of worship and love of the Ideal, and may have satisfied the soul of the poet. But, in nowise, may such wistful aesthetic contemplation and envisagement be named mysticism.

That it was not mysticism in Marjorie Pickthall's case, may be known from the fact that she died in the Anglican faith, and that mysticism, far from being a striving to find God in the soul, and a consequent sense of want of union of the human, finite Soul with the World-Soul, which be-

gets a poignant wistfulness of spirit, is a real conviction of direct, intuitional, personal "contact and commerce" with God, the result of which is to create in the subject enlarged spiritual vision of Truth and Beauty and Good, and a radiant moral and spiritual energy, and above all burning love of God and devotion to His causes. Such mystical knowledge has for its saving and sustaining grace "the peace of God which passeth all understanding".

There are no evidences in the verse of Marjorie Pickthall that the poet achieved such mystical knowledge of God, intimate union with God, and the surpassing peace of God. Since Beauty is the clearest manifestation of the union of the Real and the Ideal, that is, of Perfection, and is therefore a proof of the reality of God and of the supremacy of the Good and Truth, and since Marjorie Pickthall was aesthetically most highly endowed, so as to perceive and love Spiritual Beauty, it is a singular paradox that through her aesthetic perceptions she never attained the mystical knowledge and union with God which brings with it ineffable joy and peace of the spirit. Had she attained that mystical knowledge, union, and joy and peace, as Christina Rossetti, or Alice Meynell, or that saintly poet, Father Tabb, attained them, and had she lived to write under such ineffable light and joy, I have no doubt that Marjorie Pickthall would have composed poetry in virtue of which she would be accorded a place near Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats. But let us love duly her poetry as it remains to us. In it we shall see Titania and Ariel suffusing the earth with a bright airy magic; in it we shall hear the ethereal singing of a deathless nightingale. Then shall our Cup of Life overflow with the ruddy wine of Beauty and Gladness.

CHARLES MAIR—POET AND PATRIOT

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

WHEN, upon the morning of January the fourteenth, the stately S. S. *Niagara* slowly receded from the Vancouver wharf, there were many Canadians who felt deep regret that she carried with her Canada's grand old man of letters Charles Mair. Mr. Mair, who through his eighty-three strenuous years has learned to know Canada as few men know her, leaves her now only in quest of renewed health.

"I'll either come back or I'll be carried back," laughed Mr. Mair; but in the firm grip of his hand and the steady light in his eye there was small suggestion that the speaker would take kindly to "carrying".

Vancouver weather was not particularly thoughtful for her aged visitor, it being a time of frost and fog, but during the few days of his stay there he paid one visit at least—a visit to the beautiful resting-place of his old-time friend Pauline Johnson.

"Pauline and I were truly friends," he said. "We used to have great talks together and could always speak our thoughts without reserve. I miss her still—a fine woman, a fine, brave woman!"

In appearance, this dean of Canadian letters is a striking example of the age which does not wither. His eye is still the keen, blue eye of the pioneer, far-seeing and undismayed. His shoulders are squared, his chin held high ("Is it too high?" he asked anxiously as we snapped the camera) and he has a complexion which any youth of twenty might desire. In his presence one feels at once and strongly that age is not an affair of the soul and that man yields himself to it only, in the words of a mystic, "through the weakness of his feeble will". Charles Mair, at eighty-three, has not so yielded himself. He is still essentially the Charles Mair who pioneered the new Northwest; to whom a snow-shoe trip from St. Paul to Winnipeg was an incident, and whose defiance of rebellious half-breeds in arms, with five hundred miles of wilderness between him and the nearest help, was as prompt and unhesitating as if the whole British Army had been there to back him.

"I don't think Canadians quite know what those black days were like," said Mr. Mair modestly. "They know better what happened after Wolseley came in. But the critical time was over then."

Briefly, but in vivid words, he went on to tell of that little-understood time—of a three months' honeymoon rudely interrupted by the sudden alarms of Indian war; of the surrounding and capture of the little band of loyal Canadians by the pride-crazed Riel and his half-breed following; of their confinement, without arms, in a closely patrolled house and the cheery bravery of his young bride

Charles Mair at the Grave of Pauline Johnson

of twenty, who, under the very noses of the captors, carried the imprisoned men their guns, hidden under the swelling hoop of her fashionable skirt.

Mr. Mair must write these experiences himself. No other hand can be trusted—lest the color and sparkle of them be lost. To tell of strenuous times one must have lived strenuously and personal memories alone retain the still fresh hues of bygone years. What stirring pictures we saw, called up for us by the vivid words of this sturdy patriot! One likes to linger especially upon the glimpse of the young Charles Mair, worn with the miseries of confinement and the anxieties of separation from his young wife, yet facing Riel himself, ("and he had a bit of rum in him, too," said the narrator meaningly) and taking his death sentence with a scornful unconcern which sent the upstart "President" out of the room in red rage. (*"Banging* down the stairs!" said Mr. Mair with relish.) Nevertheless, that was Riel's day of power and his word was law. The prisoner knew this, and, when as he was led back to his cell, the tipsy half-breed slapped him on the shoulder he half expected to be throttled then and there. But instead of the waters of Lethe the guard offered only the strong waters of the best Hudson's Bay rum. ("And I didn't take any small swig, either," said Mr. Mair, with energy. Adding thoughtfully, "It did me good. They don't let you get rum in Winnipeg now.")

Another picture which follows closely upon this one, and which I must only indicate lest I spoil the longer tale, is that of the thirteen Canadian prisoners in their freezing cell, the filed-through bar of the narrow window, the one break in the stockade outside ("'Twas like the half-breed to guard us with a troupe of men and leave a break unmended," commented the story teller severely), the drunken guards, the firm decision to chance it all, and the breathless agonizing escape through the much-too-small window where every man had to be pushed through inch by inch and by main force, and at last freedom—freedom in an enemy's town with escape already discovered, no proper clothing and a thermometer 60 degrees below zero.

Here was romance, if you like, with a "get-away" to follow in which quick wits, the unselfish aid of friends and even the bitter frost of a Manitoba night helped the escaped prisoner to comparative safety, one of the few of the intrepid little band who was not, at that time, recaptured.

These are stirring memories, but it was not upon any of these that Mr. Mair dwelt with clouded eye. The one thing which touched the iron in his soul was the capture and wanton destruction of his precious trunkful of manuscript, the work of years—the literary flower of his young manhood. This trunk was taken with all other personal effects. ("And my wife's wedding presents—Riel took his breakfact with our wedding silver!") No trace of it was ever found. When things were in hand again, every search was made and a large reward offered but without effect. After a time a story drifted through of a young officer who declared he had seen a room in Fort Garry stacked with captured papers of all kinds in incredible confusion. This part of the fort had been burned and its debris must have been the grave of documeuts whose value will never be known. With them, in all probability, the early manuscripts of Charles Mair may have met their fate.

From talk of these lost manuscripts, conversation drifted naturally to the published work through which Mr. Mair is known.

"I did not write Tecumseh with any idea of its being acted," the author said. "It was conceived purely as a dramatic poem, not as a play."

"But it has been acted, hasn't it?" questioned someone.

"Yes," said Mr. Mair, "at Chatham. They didn't ask me about it. I guess," with a twinkle, "they just decided that I was dead. . . A great many think I am dead," he went on cheerfully, "but I can't agree with them—yet. I suppose I have lived a long time, but it doesn't seem long—only when I look back and see how far Canada has come." The pioneer's voice grew warm as he spoke of the long and changing trail which lies between the Canada of his early memories and the Canada of to-day. "We fought and worked to keep it Canada," he said, "and now there is no need to fight. What only Canadians guessed then, the world knows now and will know more and more. New knowledge takes hold slowly."

"Yes," laughed Mr. Mair's daughter, who sat beside him, "Canada may be a name to conjure with. But let me tell you an experience of mine in 1900." In that year, she said, she had visited London and thinking that the Mother of Empire might like to know something of the romance of her far away frontiers, she had offered a written story of her father's exciting experiences as a defender of the flag. From editor to editor she went and everywhere her reception was the same. The moment Canada was mentioned their attention flagged. Indeed they made no secret of their state of mind. "We are not interested in Canada," they told her. "If you have something concerned with South Africa—" They would not even spare the time to read the manuscript; a word and a shrug pushed the Dominion serenely off the map.

As he listened, the kind face of the veteran empire builder did not change, but his eyes grew bright with their old blue fire.

"They are interested now!" he said gently.

Sherbourne House Club, a splendid home for Toronto business women

SHERBOURNE HOUSE CLUB

CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING BY WOMEN FROM THE STAFF OF A DEPARTMENTAL STORE IN TORONTO

BY FLORENCE DEACON BLACK

THE unhappy boarding-house conditions under which girls in business had to live, the dangers and discomforts to which they were exposed, the lack of home-like reception-rooms for entertaining their friends, the excessive proportion of wages that board cost, these and other similar considerations moved the President of the Robert Simpson Company, Mr H. H. Fudger, with the sympathetic and practical co-operation of Mrs. Fudger, to attempt a solution of the boarding-house problem for as many women members of the staff as would avail themselves of it.

Just where to build and how to organize became the first concern. The house must be within walking distance of the main business district; it must also be in a good quarter for social purposes, for the idea was to make the house a centre for various kinds of women's associations.

In 1916 the home of the late Senator Cox on Sherbourne Street became available. It fulfilled all the required conditions as to locality. Its spacious drawing-rooms, sunroom, library, dining-room as well as the large upper rooms were exactly what was needed for the social uses of the Club. The property was purchased and there were added 150 bedrooms in the rear with dining-room, roof garden, and the most complete equipment possible in kitchens, laundry and heating apparatus.

Mr. H. H. Fudger,
by whose benefactions the idea of Sherbourne House Club became a reality

Miss Florence Bollert, the present superintendent, feels that the Club could hardly have become the wonderful success it has without the influence of those lovely old rooms, the heart of the House. The impressive doorway, wide halls and staircases, the rich woods used in the woodwork, the height and dignity of the walls, the comfortable old-time walnut furniture, the air, in short of a stately old home lingers in the rooms with the subtle persistence of belonging there, and no public use can dislodge it. The old joys mingle with the new.

When Sherbourne House Club was formally opened January 29th, 1917, a letter was received from Mr. J. Grant Ridout giving some interesting history about the house. The foundations were laid about 1857 in the midst of almost unbroken woods and was jocularly known as "The Acre House". The property extended from Carlton to Howard. Sherbourne Street was half its present width. The house was built for Mr. Thomas Gibbs Ridout, at that time cashier of the Bank of Upper Canada, though he never lived in it, the first occupant being Mr. Seckar Brough. Afterwards it became the home of Mr. H. S. Howland and later of Senator Cox.

Now this historic house, surrounded by wide lawns, is the home of about 170 business women. They are of vari-

The main stairway, Sherbourne House Club

ous ages and occupations, from banks, offices, stores; and they may stay indefinitely subject to good conduct, the applicant for entrance needing only to be self-supporting, in business or profession and away from home. Five teachers have been accorded the privilege of residing there. One conducts a choral class an evening a week, another a gymnasium class, a third gives an occasional lecture in English literature, while the fourth and fifth were Belgian women who presided over a French conversation table at dinner.

In February of this year a fifth anniversary dinner-party was given in honor of the thirty-nine women who have lived in the Club since its beginning. Histories and humorous

The Reception Room, showing a corner of the Library

prophecies figured in the programme. The different corridors competed in stunts and at the end of a very gay evening, a flashlight was taken.

The Superintendent long ago gave up keeping a waiting-list. She found that at the rate the rooms were vacated, it would take twenty-two years to cover the applications received the first year! There would be scarcely any vacancies at all were it not for marriages and changes of positions which entail leaving town. More than one hundred of the girls in Sherbourne House Club have married.

Members have always been free to entertain their men friends in the Club. They may also prepare cocoa and sandwiches themselves for their guests as they would at home, or they may have a large private party. "Spare nothing and make it homelike" has been the policy carried out with commendable persistance.

Miss Mary Louise Bollert, a graduate of the University of Toronto and a post-graduate of Columbia University, was the first superintendent and organized the administration. With a view to such work Miss Bollert had visited most of the Women's club residences in America. Sherbourne House is largely patterned after the Elinor Clubs of Chicago. It is self-governing, a President, Secretary and House Committee being annually elected, and a Suggestion Box gives everyone a chance to express her ideas. The only rules made are those necessary for individual comfort and liberty and the good reputation of the Club.

All kinds of good things educationally and socially come to a big club like this. The art societies invite them to their exhibitions at the Grange. Artists come to Sherbourne House and lecture on "How to look at

The Sun Parlor, Sherbourne House Club

pictures" and kindred art subjects. The best musicians in the city give their services. The Club formed themselves into a Chapter of the I. O. D. E. and are trying to endow a cot for business women in the Sanitarium at Gravenhurst. This will cost $5,000, half of which amount is ready. Sometimes they raise money by a bridge and dance or a theatre night, as well as by concerts and illustrated lectures. The dining-hall where the concerts are given holds seven hundred people. The Club is always able to give—to the Patriotic Fund of War days, to the blind and to all social service work. During the war the members sent out more than 500 boxes to soldiers

The women in Sherbourne Club, away all day, come home to busily happy evenings. Having walked to and from business they have had their outdoor exercise and are ready to relax. Besides the lectures, concerts and house parties all in the building, and the calls of their friends, the opportunity is there for them to make their own dresses—the sewing-room is large and complete—and to do their own laundering or to play basketball or tennis on the roof. Most of the members do all these things. There is a regular time-table for laundry work, and the laundry with its rows of tubs, its ironing-boards and its drying-closets is not the least interesting part of the House. Many take music lessons too and have regular practice hours. One may do all these things in Sherbourne House or none of them, for always there remains the quiet of one's own room.

When Miss Florence Bollert, who is a graduate nurse, was assistant to her sister before the latter's appointment to the professorship of English in British Columbia University a year

The Drawing-room, Sherbourne House Club

ago, an inquisitive visitor asked her:

"What do you do here?"

After numerous interruptions by telephone, callers, and household consultations, the visitor remarked:

"I'll not ask what you do but what don't you do."

Miss Bollert is extremely interested in the health of the House and when she notices a tired face or a fitful appetite she orders special food and rest. Everyone is "mothered" by Miss Bollert.

As the business girls do not come home at noon, the house is given over to women's organizations in the daytime. Forty different associations met at Sherbourne House Club last year, and tea was served to 9,600 people. The National and the Local Councils of Women, the Municipal Chapter of the I.O.D.E., the Women's Historical Society, the American Women's Club, the Women's Auxiliary to the Army Medical Corps, the Home and School Council, are among the forty that have made Sherbourne House their headquarters. Only two clubs use the house in the evening, the Canadian Literature Club and Dr. Kirkpatrick's Classes, and these are welcomed because so many of the ambitious residents want to hear the programmes.

In the summer when a large number of the members are away on their holidays, the rooms are rented to teachers who come to the city for lecture courses.

As to finances: The capital expenditure for house and grounds is the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Fudger. The furniture and a grant of $5,000 per annum for upkeep of the property represents the Simpson Company's contribution. The problem of the residents is thus reduced to one of current expenses. This includes cost of

management, dietitian, domestic help, clerical services, taxes, etc. Members of the staff of the company enjoy slightly preferential rates, but the cost for any resident is less than at an ordinary boarding-house.

All supplies are purchased to the very best advantage, the object being to furnish a plentiful variety of wholesome food, scientifically prepared, at actual cost, plus the expenses of the service. Cheerful, sanitary, fire-proof dormitories insure the safety and comfort of the residents.

From all over the world come letters asking the Superintendent how to manage such a club and what has led to its success. Many appreciative articles have been written about it. In a Glasgow paper a woman who had visited Sherbourne House wrote: "I should like to be a business girl in Toronto and live in Sherbourne House."

In England several of the large stores have residences for their women employees. This enterprise is slightly different. The management of Sherbourne House do not think it desirable to have more than two-thirds of the capacity of the house, from the Simpson store—because when the girls come home tired they want to get away from shop talk. Table companions are changed once a month, the girls drawing lots for tables so that all will become acquainted. Everything is done to rest the mind by an entire change of thought from that pursued during the day.

Sherbourne House Club has become a notable success. It will, no doubt, prove an inspiration for the starting of similar enterprises not only in Toronto but also in other Canadian and United States cities.

IN THE HARBOR

From the Painting by
Harry Britton

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CANADA AS A WORLD LEADER

BY E. E. BRAITHWAITE

RAPID have been the strides taken by the Dominion of Canada in recent years. A movement and a spirit that have been in very perceptible evidence since the beginning of the century were greatly accelerated by the recent war. Canada entered into this heartily from its very outbreak. And, lo, as soon as it was ended she had made the full transition which otherwise it would have taken many years to effect. She entered a colony, she emerged a nation. A loyal member of the British Empire before, with almost complete independence and freedom even then. And no less loyal now, in that she has grown up to take a much larger share of the responsibilities and privileges belonging to the whole community of nations constituting the British Commonwealth.

Astounding as has been the development of recent years, however, this promises to be surpassed by the still greater achievements of the near future. Earl Grey's prediction but faintly suggests the posibilities: "It is only a matter of time when Canada will be the most populous, the most wealthy, and the most influential part of the Empire." Our present position and a comparison of the development of other peoples, particularly the United States, are sufficient to establish this as a sober rather than a visionary forecast, and justifies the conclusion of Professor Adams that "the British Empire will one day center in Canada".

In view of the dominant world leadership which has long been maintained by Great Britain, this becomes a thought of very far-reaching significance. The importance of our contribution to the war, which has been so widely commented upon in other countries, and the representation we are now having in world councils and international assemblies, we could not foresee a few years ago. We probably could not have at-

tained the full development of our freedom and independence as a mere colony, but we are coming to believe there may be a great Commonwealth of nations each with its own liberty and independence, and unitedly serving the interests of the world at large better in this way than any other. And in this Commonwealth Canada may in time occupy a foremost place.

Must not such anticipations, however, be regarded as visionary and extravagant, especially as there is at once suggested a comparison with our great neighbor to the south of us? A century ago a similar claim for the United States would have seemed equally absurd. But not so to-day. That country has risen to a unique position. It has become the wealthiest nation, having even before the war one-third of the national wealth of all the nations. It has now one-third of the world's supply of gold, though this is not as great an asset as might appear. The immense extent of the country, its great population, and its unprecedented development of industrial activities add to its pre-eminence.

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way"—Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, Greece, Rome, England. What next? The Western Hemisphere? If so, then surely North America. And if so, then surely the United States.

But the kingly crown has already thrice been offered her, and she has thrice refused. President Wilson was all but crowned for a brief moment at Paris. But how great the fall that speedily followed! Whatever the merit or demerit of the subsequent change certainly not a little of it is to be charged to petty partisan politics. A prominent American author has just written:—"Had President Wilson taken such well-known advocates of a league as ex-President Taft and Elihu Root to Versailles with him, the partisan issue would have been precluded and the Senate would have adopted any covenant they brought back."

What an opportunity the League afforded the United States to be the real world leader. But the League had so many imperfections! Yes, verily! And, undoubtedly, this cannot become on paper anything approaching a perfect instrument. This does not prove, however, that it may not be successfully adjusted to the various concrete issues as they arise. But it is more difficult for American statesmen, accustomed to the more rigid nature of their formal statutes and legislative enactments, to see this than it is for the Britisher. The British North America Act, for example, was in itself a mere skeleton, which has gradually been clothed in flesh and blood through legal decisions, agreements, etc. It is the British custom to depend upon Acts of Parliament which may be changed by the ordinary processes of law instead of requiring the more serious procedure of amending the Constitution itself. Thus the ends of real democracy are often more speedily attained in the Empire than in the Republic.

A Republican supporter of Mr. Harding in a recent book insistently demands that the administration even now enter the league in some way, and maintains that the real sentiment of the American people, which has been grossly misrepresented by the politicians and yellow journals, is strongly in this direction, as manifested by numerous resolutions, straw votes, the election vote itself, college referendums and the reflection of the press.

America almost retrieved herself at Washington—almost. Secretary Hughes made the world gasp at the boldness of his disarmament proposal. America might then again have worn the crown. She almost did. It was the daring of the disarmament proposition that carried it to success. If the same daring had been shown to the end of the Conference under the same leadership, nothing could have interfered. But America faltered, temporized, played

politics—and lost. It was difficult, of course, to do otherwise. The others failed too. But the leader must accomplish the unusual. Other opportunities have since presented themselves—Genoa, the war debts, the European situation in general. How in this day can any people anywhere keep from being involved in European affairs? That may have been practicable a century ago. But the world is different now. Distances have been annihilated. We are too inseparably bound together. The Monroe doctrine is out of date to-day.

The Chicago News has recently paid a wonderful tribute to British diplomacy, in part as follows:

"British diplomacy of to-day is the precise opposite of American diplomacy. American diplomacy shrinks from making the United States the special friend of any foreign nation. British diplomacy might almost be said to jump at the chance of making Great Britain the special friend of every foreign nation all the way around the whole circle of the important nations of the world.

"Who is the best and greatest friend of Japan? Great Britain.... The latter is the one white nation that has continuously befriended Japan in the twentieth century.

"What foreign nation is also most steadily expressive of special regards and respects for the United States?... Undoubtedly Great Britain. Washington may recoil from London's advances, London gallantly continues them and so to speak, sends flowers every day.

"What nation does most for France? The British may quarrel at times with the French, but what nation is the only nation that really in any degree is helpful to the French in collecting the indemnity from Germany? Great Britain.

"But what nation sticks up for Germany and says all the time that Germany cannot pay quite so much? What nation mitigates French wrath and tempers the French storm to the German lamb? Certainly not the United States; certainly not Japan. Italy does it a bit, but Italy is not strong.... Germany in the German hymn of hate had "one foe and one alone"—Britain. To-day it has one friend and one alone—Britain.

"Finally, where does Russia find a helping hand? What great nation first makes a treaty with soviet Russia? What nation proceds to introduce soviet Russia to respectable international society? What nation but the hearty friend of the world—Great Britain?"

But there is a wonderful genius and adaptability in our American cousins. If they can quickly readjust themselves to the present situation, they may easily yet reach the very apex of the world's leadership. But if America still continues to refuse, the leadership will unquestionably remain with Great Britain. And might not this leadership then eventually come to Canada? Stranger things have happened. In any case, there is every reason why we should not be content with any ordinary attainment. In addition to the very rapid advance of the recent past there is a solid foundation for our highest national aspirations in such matters as the unsurpassed material resources of our country, the well demonstrated ability of Canadians individually, and the prominence Canada has already attained not only in intellectual and commercial pursuits, but more especially in the higher realm of moral and religious movements.

As far as population is concerned, we are now just where the United States was a hundred years ago, and we are in danger of having a far more rapid increase during the twentieth century than she had in the nineteenth. It may have to be one of our chief concerns to keep the population from growing too rapidly. Even before the war immigration was assuming a far more serious aspect with us than it ever did in the United States, reaching as high as four and five per cent. of the population in certain years, while it never went much above one per cent. there. What with the immensely superior facilities of transportation provided by our great steamships and transcontinental railroads such as were never dreamed of in the corresponding period of last century, and the multitudes of people in poor troubled Europe anxiously looking towards the new world, we may before long have to do something

to stem the tide. We certainly need and have room for great armies of people in our spacious realm stretching from sea to sea, but we must be watchful lest in peopling our vacant spaces our ideals be demoralized.

Our natural resources, too, are at present incalculable, and our wealth is far from being limited to agriculture. Indeed, competent authorities inform us that less than ten per cent. of Quebec, about fifteen per cent. of Ontario and only twenty-five per cent. of Manitoba are suitable for agriculture, and that of the whole Dominion only about fifteen per cent. is fit for profitable cultivation, while fully ninety per cent. is rich in minerals, including gold, silver, platinum, nickel, coal, oil, salt, etc. It is evident, therefore, that only a faint beginning has been made in tapping this enormous wealth.

Mr. C. V. Corliss, general manager of the Mond Nickel Company, in a recent address said:— "Can anyone point to a similar area anywhere else in the world, producing such a variety of metals and in such abundance as these five world-famous groups of mines: Lake Superior Iron, Michigan Copper, Sudbury Nickel, Cobalt Silver, Porcupine Gold? It is not exaggerating in the least to say that these five groups will produce during their life many billions of dollars in gross value of metals."

Mr. Percy E. Hopkins of the Ontario Department of Mines asserts that Ontario now yields more gold than any other state in the Union except California, the production during 1921 reaching about $15,000,000. During the last quarter of the year this was running at the rate of $19,000,000, and it is confidently expected that 1922 will show a considerable increase over this, especially because of augmented milling capacity. The Hollinger mine, one of the most productive in the world, has forty to forty-five miles of underground workings, and work is carried to a depth of over fifteen hundred feet. About four thousand tons are mined here daily, running about $8.00 to the ton. In this district the known ore reserves approximate $50,000,000.

The impression that our gold production has already made even in England may be judged from an important article recently appearing in the London *Financial Times*, in part as follows:

> "Where is the world to look for the replenishment of its supplies of gold? While it may be true that, as a result of reduced production cost, the low-grade mines of the Rand will increase their output, the maximum yield from South Africa must be inadequate to meet even the normal pre-war demand, and it must be remembered that during and since the war there has been a shortage in the world's production of gold (as compared with the pre-war output) of no less than twenty-seven per cent.
>
> "Little as Canada is known on this side as a gold-producing country, it is nevertheless a fact that, as a result of the development of the rich mines of the Porcupine district of Ontario, Canada not only now ranks third among the six leading British Dominions producing gold, but is the only British colony that has increased its output during the past few years. The value of Ontario's output of the precious metal amounted last year to $18,000,000. The Porcupine field now boasts in the Hollinger one of the largest gold mines in the world, while there are other mines in this field—as, for example, the McIntyre and Dome—that bid fair to become large producers."

Canada produces 85 per cent. of the world's asbestos and eighty per cent. of its nickel. She stands third in the production of silver, seventh in copper, and eighth in steel. The nickel mines were unknown till about twenty years ago when they were accidentally discovered during the construction of a railway. The Cobalt silver camp was discovered less than twenty years ago.

Though Canada is not in the front rank of coal countries, the known coal areas cover more than 100,000 square miles. There are estimated to be even of anthracite coal 400,000,000 tons in Western Alberta alone, while 30,000 square miles of Alberta are supposed

to be underlain with bituminous and semi-bituminous coal. In the Nova Scotia mines there are 560 miles of railway track underground, while the coal deposits of Canada are about one-seventh of the world's known supplies.

In addition to all this there is our immense forest wealth of about 300,000,000 acres of merchantable timber, besides another area of tree-covered territory nearly as large; our extensive fisheries covering 5,000 miles on the Atlantic and 700 miles on the Pacific as well as 220,000 square miles of fresh water; our potential wealth of a water-power of more than 17,000,000 horse-power nearly population centres, less than ten per cent. of which has yet been developed.

Is it any wonder that *The Providence Journal* says:—"Canada is rapidly becoming one of the greatest commercial countries of the world. The United States is beginning to appreciate the potential resources of her northern neighbor."

As to the ability of Canadians to cope with others in business undertakings, some good illustrations were given recently by *The Financial Post*, showing the many responsible executive positions filled by Canadians in American banking institutions.

When the present writer went to Chicago a few years ago in charge of an important inter-denominational movement for the State of Illinois, one of the names first mentioned to him whose co-operation it would be most desirable to secure was that of James B. Forgan, president of the First National Bank. Mr. Forgan, whose assistance in this enterprise was in due time secured, and his brother David R. Forgan, president of the National City Bank, two of the leading financial authorities of Chicago, are both graduates of our Bank of Nova Scotia, though they came originally from Scotland. A few of the other Canadians holding prominent banking positions in the United States are Clive T. Jaffray, a native of Kitchener, Ont., who is president of the First National Bank of Minneapolis, the largest bank in the northwestern states; John McHugh, formerly of Belleville, president of the Mechanics and Metals National Bank of New York; Archibald Kains, president of the $7,000,000 Federal International Banking Company, having its main purpose of financing the products of the South in foreign trade; Raymond E. Jones, formerly with the Royal Bank of Canada, now vice-president of the Bank of Manhattan; John W. Platten, president of the United States Mortgage and Trust Company; E. J. Schelling, formerly with the Union Bank of Canada, now Foreign Exchange manager of the Lincoln Trust Co. of New York; John Ballantyne, formerly of London, now president of the Merchants National Bank, Detroit; J. G. Geddes, vice-president of the Union Trust Co., Cleveland; and G. F. Orde, president of the Lincoln National Bank, Minneapolis.

The Financial Post makes this comment on the subject:—"Canadian-trained bankers came into particular prominence, when, in the closing years of the war demand arose in New York for internationally equipped bankers, men with a broad knowledge of foreign trade financing and international exchange operations generally. Under the more or less localized system of America's unit banks Canadians were found to have the advantage and many 'steals' were made from this country." Similar illustrations could be given from other fields of activity where Canadians are ably filling some of the most important positions over the border.

In the higher realm of the intellect and the spirit, too, Canada has taken a high place. Her schools and her colleges have the highest standards. She has given the world a real leadership in church union. Many years ago the various branches of Methodists were united into one great Methodist Church and a similar union

took place among the separate Presbyterian bodies. There were probably as great distinctions in doctrinal beliefs, forms of worship and particularly in the sentimental relations to one another among the various divisions of these respective churches as among the three great denominations now arranging the final stages of their organic union—Presbyterians, Methodists and Congregationalists—which will be another noteworthy Canadian achievement in this direction. Great gains undoubtedly result from such steps as these, especially in the smaller places, in many of which the undue multiplication of churches with their divided congregations, their financial struggles, their diminished enthusiasm has presented a sorry spectacle for religion. If, on the other hand, these weakened causes were united in one great effective enterprise, there would be a stimulus and enthusiasm in the cause of Christianity well worthy of its advocates and proving irresistibly attractive to many of its opponents.

Perhaps we may not speak so confidently of our political life. But if that has seemed to be worse than others, it has only been because we have been closer to it and known it more intimately. An occasional opportunity to witness the political life of other countries which many of us have had, has manifested nothing better than we have among ourselves, to say the least. Indeed, even at the present time, when we seem to be in a transition period in connection with an experiment with a sort of group government which is giving many of our leaders considerable concern, one may be anything but pessimistic. With the present small Conservative repsentation in Parliament, it would scarcely have been fortunate for the Government to have had the undivided allegiance of all the other members, with the overwhelming majority this would have implied. As it is, the Progressives appear to be sincere in their purpose to support the legislation of the Government as far as they deem it worthy of their support, which will naturally have a healthful effect both upon the Government and the official "Opposition".

Moreover, in the Prime Minister's chair sits a man who is one of the best representatives of the cultured Canadian. Canada has never had a more distinguished scholar for her Premier. He has not only enjoyed the most thorough training in one or two of the best institutions of higher learning on the continent both in an undergraduate and a graduate capacity, but this has been in a department which has kept him in closest touch with the people instead of removing him from contact with this sphere, as is so often the case. Moreover, the opportunity of testing out in a practical manner the ideal relations of various elements of the community in connection with a great institution unexcelled in the advantages it could offer, should be of untold benefit to him in his present prominent but critical position. Though still a young man, endowed as he is with conspicuous ability and with ideals of the highest character, if he can resist the domination of professional party politicians, maintain an untrammeled and unprejudiced attitude towards all public questions, and in the spirit of justice to all secure the best interests of the great body of Canadians over whose destinies he presides, as well as a business-like, honest, and economical development of the great natural resources of the country, there is no limit to the position which William Lyon Mackenzie King may reach not only in the Dominion, where he has already attained to the highest seat, but in the Empire as well.

In Canada we are naturally not so wedded to traditions as is the case in older countries. We have a certain freedom from prejudice and partisanship which have taken deeper root elsewhere. Perhaps the very breadth of our domain may have a teudency

to give us a greater breadth of view. It would be difficult to find a place anywhere on the face of the earth where the great ideas of freedom and toleration, of democracy and liberty, of education and moral welfare, of responsible and representative government abound more than they do right here. It is not so much upon our material wealth that we have to depend, important as that may be. But if we emphasize strongly those ideals that will provide for our citizens equality of rights and privileges, that will secure for the young educational facilities which will enable them to cope with the many intricate problems confronting ourselves and all the world in these epochal days, and that will lay stress upon those ideals of mutual helpfulness and service in promoting each other's happiness and the world's welfare, we need not be concerned about the future of our country. There is always a place near the top for any people who will live their life in this spirit.

In the August number Dr. Braithwaite will consider "Canada and the other British Nations".

COVE LIGHTS IN NEWFOUNDLAND

By MARY JOSEPHINE BENSON

NEVER so sweet are house lights anywhere
As where the sky is wide and rocks are bare.
And sea, an aye-inviting treacherous host,
Who scatters in the night full many a ghost
To fright the guests escaped from out his charm
Back to their little cove homes safe and warm.

Nowhere so kind the hearth as where the bold,
Outrageous winds of ocean storm the hold
Of little humans making battle grand
Against the elements. In Newfoundland
Strangers behold in lighted panes Love's mark:
Only the Cold is outcast in the dark!

Surely the fingers of creating God
Tingled with purpose when forgetting sod
For field or door-yard's grace, he shaped the rock
For fishers' villages and 'gainst the shock
Of wreck-desirous wave and hungered wind
With firesides He made the shore heart kind!

TWELVE HABITANT SONGS

TRANSLATED, WITH HISTORICAL NOTES, FROM THE ORIGINAL FRENCH

BY JOHN OLIVER LEWIS

THE habitant songs of Canada, like the old creole songs of the Southern States, are in a class entirely by themselves, differing very much from all other vocal music. They tell of the simple life of the pioneers of this great country, brave hardy men, who had to stand all sorts of hardships, but who in the end won out in the great struggle for existence which the colonization of this country meant.

The folk-lore of our ancestors is always an interesting subject. Unfortunately, however, it is fast being forgotten. The people of the day do not seem to have the time for such matters, added to which they speak and understand less and less French. Therefore it should be interesting for many to read the very literal translations from the original French, of the folk-lore songs, which I have called the "Habitant Songs of Canada".

It seemed most desirable, too, that the airs (which need no translation) should be given, for they are just as interesting as the words.

One conclusion that anyone who reads this article will at once draw is the fact that the singers of old times must have had strong voices, for nearly all the songs are of great length.

One of my earliest recollections of uncultured French-Canadian singing was years ago, at one of their Fête Dieu processions. I will never forget the little procession of bare-headed, devout Christians wending their way over the previously well-swept road of the little town, with the background of the St. Lawrence—all very picturesque. For the sound of those untrained voices, singing the ancient hymns, produced a deeper religious feeling than the pomp of the biggest cathedral.

Then also (before the advent of motors), when all building foundations in Montreal were built of lime-stone quarried on the Island, the "stone-carters", as they were called, used to sing these old songs as they rumbled slowly over the unpaved city streets.

Nearly all the habitant songs came from France. Some, however, are purely Canadian. Of the twelve which I have translated it may be interesting to note where they originated, so I have made the following list:

"At the Crystal Brooklet" (*A la claire fontaine*) came from Normandy. This is undoubtedly the most popular of all the habitant-songs.

"Saint Malo, Beautiful Sea-Port" (*A Saint Malo, beau port de mer*) came from Brittany.

"Long live Canadian Girls" (*Vive la Canadienne*). The words are of course Canadian, as the name implies. The air, however, came from the county of Franche.

"Rolling my Ball" (*En roulant ma boule*). This song went also under the name of "The White Duck" (*La chanson du canard blanc*). It

came from France, and was very popular with the voyageurs, and later with the snow-shoers.

"Gay are we, Gay the Rose" (*Gai lon la, gai le rosier*) came from the county of Saintonge and Le Bas-Poitou.

Isabella's Walk (*Isabeau s'y promène*). This very quaint song came from the county of Champagne.

"Little Shrine of the High Mountain (*Petit Rocher de la Haute Montagne*) is entirely Canadian. Some most interesting details of its origin will be found following the song. Cadieux the hero is a well-known character in our early history. An island in the Lake of the Two Mountains, and a street in the City of Montreal in a once fashionable locality, bear his name.

"Tenaoquiche tenaga, Quich'ka" is an odd song, with its name of untranslatable, imitation Indian.

"Ah! Who passes Me in the Wood?" (*Ah! Qui me passera le bois?*) An entirely French-Canadian song.

"It is in the City of Bytown" (*C'est dans la ville de Bytown*). As its name implies, this also is a purely French-Canadian song. The wording is a gem of the *Patois* of the country.

"On the bridge of Avignon" (*Sur le pont d'Avignon*). A very well-known song from the town of Avignon, which is noted for its singers—where the Popes of Avignon created a school of singing, and music.

"The Ignoley" (*La Ignolée*). This last song on the list of those translated was placed there on account of the custom which it represents, which always took place on the last day of the year. It was in vogue all over France. Its history is most interesting and will be found following the song.

It would be a pity indeed not to mention here, in an article of this character, an ancient custom in Canadian folk-lore, which passed away nearly a hundred years ago, but which is well worth recording, and which was called "Saint John's Fire" (*Les feux de la Saint-Jean*) and which was at one time a time-honored custom among the people of the Province of Quebec.

We may read in an old volume entitled *"Dictionnaire de Bécherelle,* under the word *"feu"* (fire):

> "The fires of Saint John, appear to go back to an epoch before the establishment of Christianity. They may be called a relic of the ancient superstition and veneration, which the Celts had for fire, which purified all, which heated and consumed all. The pagans adored it as the prime force of life and movement of the universe. The visable symbol of Divinity. They lit these fires as a sign of rejoicing in the coming of the sun to the summer-solstice, which began the long warm days."

Saint Eloi, who died in the year 659, it is said, worked most diligently to uproot the many superstitions which had obtained a firm hold on the people of Northern France, such as dancing, and singing at the feast of the 24th of June, when delicate women were forced to jump over live coals of the fires which had been lit on the previous night, in order that they might be blessed with a safe delivery.

At the hearing of the Assembly of Prelates, at Lestines (France) in the year 742, a list was given of the pagan superstitions then practised, and among them that of the fire of Nodfir in the month of June, lit by rubbing together two pieces of wood, making a fire-of-joy, in honor of the gods and goddesses, the touching of which fire, or smoke, drawing many pretended benedictions. So it was thought that the best way to cut short this remnant of paganism was to change it into a Christian feast, which was done.

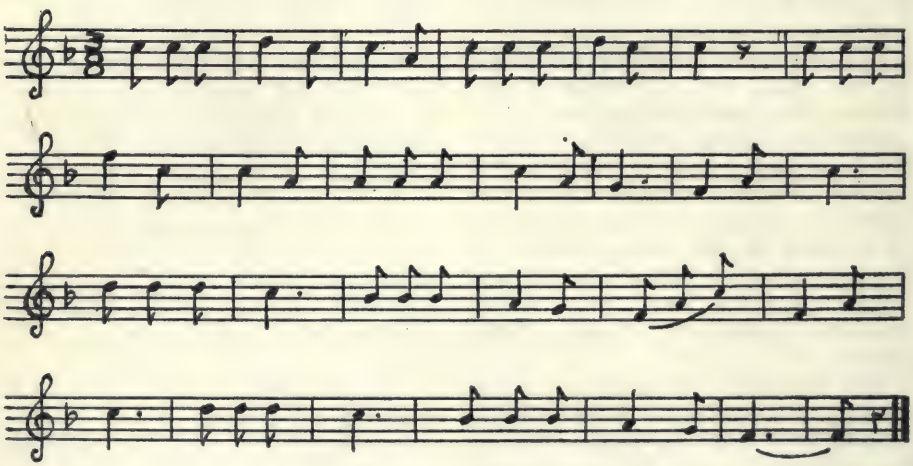
In Canada the feast of St. John's Fire (as it was thereafter known) was kept up for many generations. The last celebration, however, of which there is any record, took place on the Island of Orleans, near the

City of Quebec. The account given by one Mr. Larue, published in a volume more than forty years ago, is as follows:

"Fifty-six years ago, the last fire-of-joy, of Saint John, took place at St. Jean, on the Island of Orleans. It was the great feast of the Isalnd, the fire being lighted on the eve of the holiday. The habitants of the adjoining parishes came in great numbers, all on horseback. The women also came, they, too, being on horseback. The cut wood consisted of splinters (éclats) of cedar, furnished by Laurent Fortier, whose grand-children still reside in St. Jean. The curè blessed the pile; then, striking his flint on his tinder-box, started the fire. The excesses without number that followed the ceremony caused it to be forever abandoned.

Much of the information in this article was found in a volume published by one Ernest Gagnon forty-one years ago, and entitled *"Chansons Populaires du Canada"*.

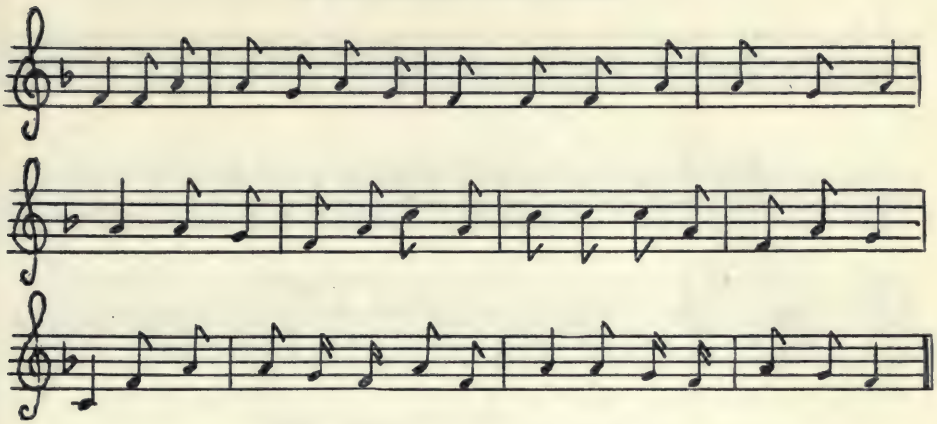
In the translation of the songs, an exact literal translation has been attempted, without any desire whatever to detract from their original quaintness by beautifying the verse. It is to be remarked that only a portion of the wording of most of the songs is printed.



On the bridge of Avignon, all the world is passing,
On the bridge of Avignon, all the world is passing.
The gallants do like this—(Taking the hat off)
The ladies do like that—(Making a curtsy).

The people of Avignon were very proud of their Bridge, for among their songs I found three about the famous structure which was built in the eleventh century. That they have, however, become insensible to its importance is shown from the fact that they have forgotten their songs. It is related that a Canadian traveller, thinking to please his hearers, when crossing it, sang one of the songs he had so often heard at home, of its greatness, but soon learned that no one knew of what he was singing, and were much surprised and interested on hearing that the bridge of Avignon was still sung about in far-away Canada.

A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE



Down by the crystal brooklet,
Did I wend my weary way,
Found its deep water, cooling,
In I plunged without delay.
Sweet one, I have always loved you,
You I never can forget.

Found its deep water cooling,
In I plunged without delay,
On its bank, a giant oak-tree
Gave me shade, in which to stay.
Sweet one, etc.

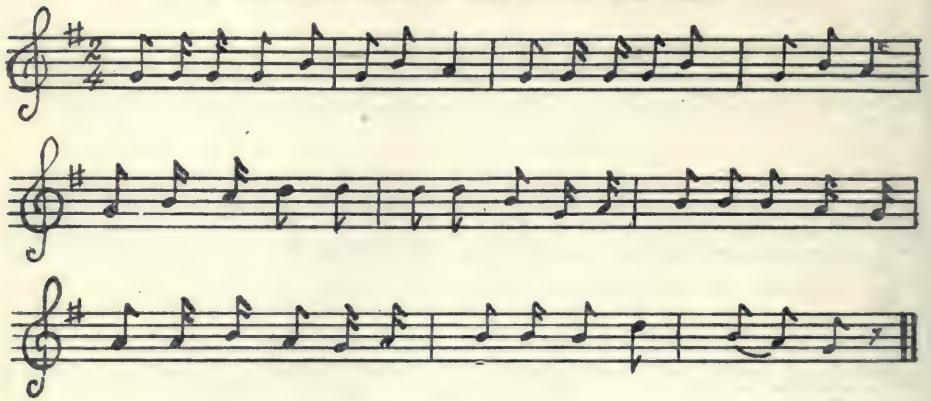
On its bank a giant oak-tree,
Gave me shade in which to stay
While from its topmost branches
Sang a rossignol all day.
Sweet one, etc.

While from its topmost branches
Sang a rossignol all day
Sing rossignol, sing louder
Sing your sweetest roundelay
Sweet one, etc.

Sing rossignol, sing louder
Sing your sweetest roundelay
My heart aches, crushed with sorrow
I can't sing at all to-day.
Sweet one, etc.

My heart aches, crushed with sorrow
I can't sing at all to-day,
For I've lost my sweet mistress
Who did want some roses gay
Sweet one, etc.

A SAINT MALO, BEAU PORT DE MER



Down at Saint Malo, by the sea,
Down at Saint Malo, by the sea,
Three great ships are at the quay,
We soon will sail, we must away
And romp and play on the Island.

Three great ships are at the quay, (bis)
Loaded with grain, loaded with hay,
We soon will sail, we must away
And romp and play on the Island.

Loaded with grain, loaded with hay, (bis)
Three dames to buy, are on their way,
We soon will sail, we must away
And romp and play on the Island.

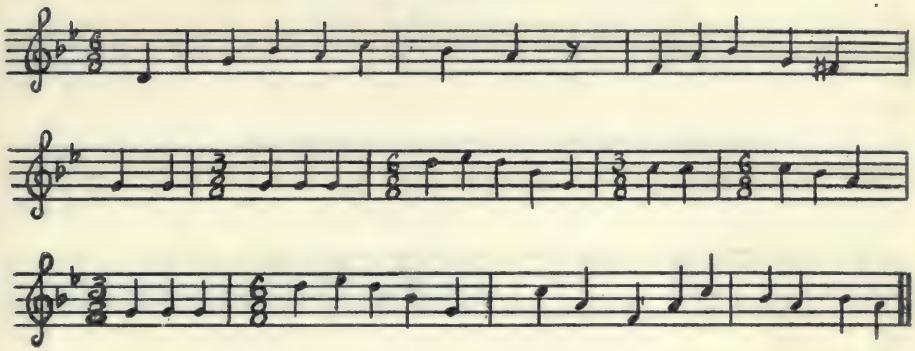
Three dames to buy, are on their way, (bis)
Skipper, what is your price, I pray?
We soon will sail, we must away
And romp and play on the Island.

Skipper, what is your price, I pray? (bis)
A pound for wheat, a pound for hay,
We soon will sail, we must away
And romp and play on the Island.

A pound for wheat, a pound for hay, (bis)
Too dear by half, is what I say,
We soon will sail, we must away
And romp and play on the Island.

Too dear by half, is what I say, (bis
Then step aboard and see my hay,
We soon will sail, we must away
And romp and play on the Island.

ISABEAU S'Y PROMENE



Isabel' wandered idly
Her garden-walk all along,
Her garden-walk all along,
At the edge of the Island, etc.

Her garden-walk all along,
By the side of the Sea,
Toward a ship in the lee.
At the edge of the Island, etc.

Very soon she had a meeting,
With thirty good sailors bold,
With thirty good sailors bold,
At the edge of the Island, etc.

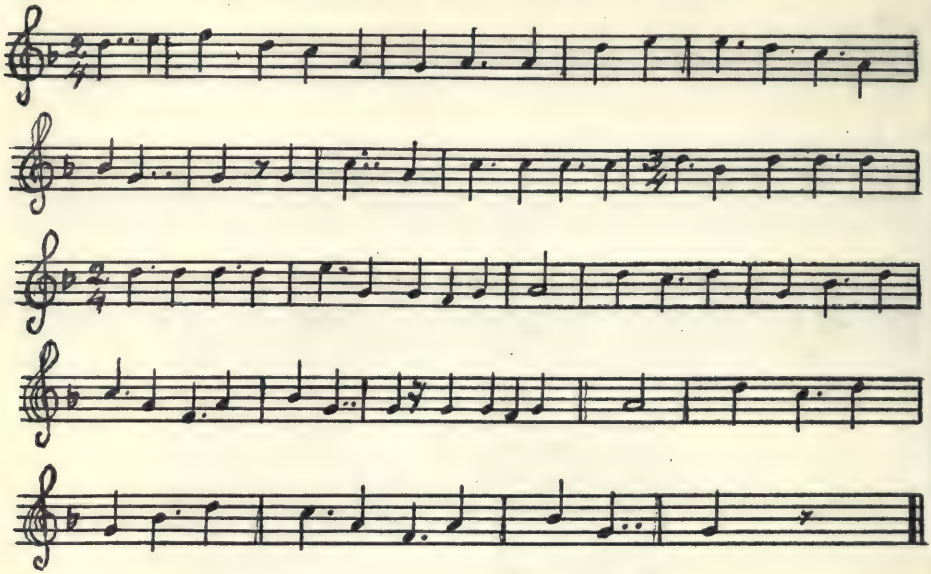
The youngest of the thirty,
Began a sweet song to sing,
Began a sweet song to sing,
At the edge of the Island, etc.

That song which now you're singing,
Do teach it to me I pray,
Do teach it to me I pray,
At the edge of the Island, etc.

If you will board my ferry,
I'll soon teach it all to you,
I'll soon teach it all to you,
At the edge of the Island, etc.

When she was on the ferry,
Quite soon she began to weep,
Quite soon she began to weep,
At the edge of the Island, etc.

C'EST DANS LA VILLE DE BYTOWN



This strange song is interesting from the fact that it is one of the most primitive in the whole collection. It comes from the country of Lake St. Peter, where, fifty years ago, the boat-men were fond of singing it.

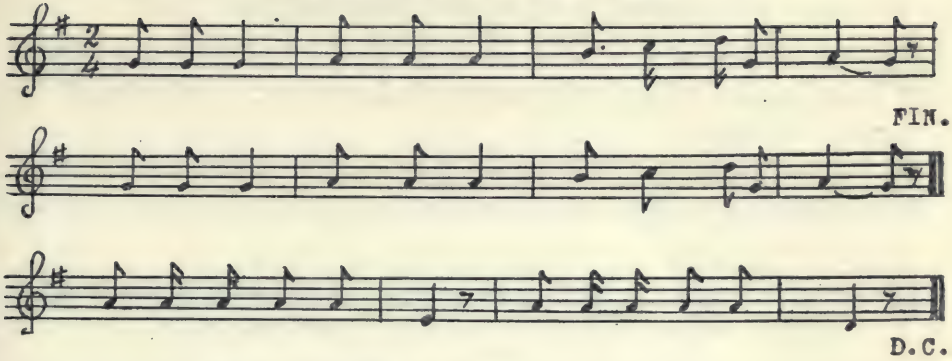
I was once in Bytown City
Just on a visit, I went there,
For all the girls are very pretty
And quite sweet beyond compare,
But there was one above all others
Whom, they said, I was courting there.

Bytown was the old name for Ottawa. Twenty years ago, one often heard the very old men use the name. At the time the Chanson was written it was the last settlement of any size through which the voyageurs passed when on their way from Montreal out to the wilds, to do their season's trapping.

The original chanson is the best specimen of the Habitant Patois perhaps in the whole collection, and for this reason, and on account of its shortness, I give it below:

C'est dans la vill' de Bailtonne
La iousque j'ai'te fair un tour
La iousque ya des joiles filles
Qui sont perfait' et gentilles,
Mais yen a-t-an' que, par'sus tout
Z-on dit que j'y fais l'amour.

GAI LON LA, GAI LE ROSIER



Where rossignol is singing,
Singing both night and day,
It sings for lonely maidens,
For no lovers have they.
Gay are we, etc.

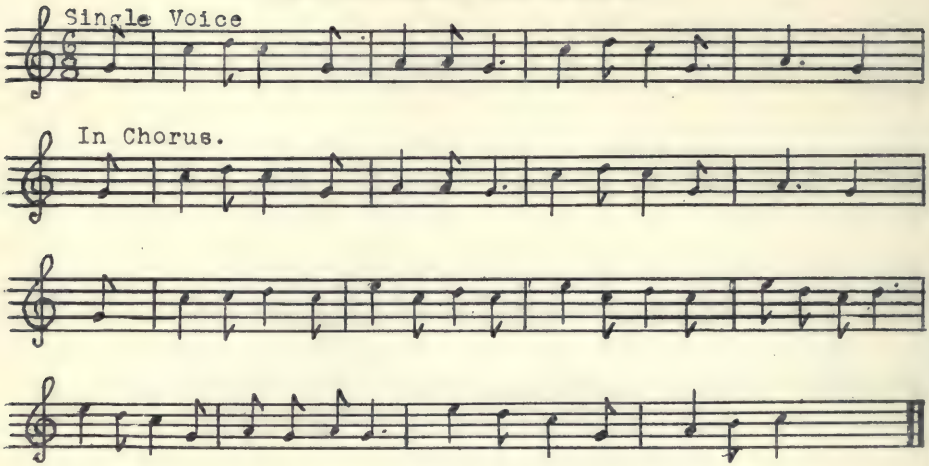
It sings for lonely maidens,
For no lovers have they,
Never for me its song is,
My Love is fair to see.
Gay are we, etc.

Never for me its song is,
My Love is fair to see,
We cannot dance together,
For he's away from me.
Gay are we, etc.

We cannot dance together,
For he's away from me,
Far far away in Holland,
In dungeon deep is he.
Gay are we, etc.

Far, far away in Holland,,
In dungeon deep is he,
What would you not give, dear-one,
Who brings him back to thee?
Gay are we, etc.

EN ROULANT MA BOULE



Back of our house, there is a pond,
My ball I keep rolling.
Back of our house, there is a pond,
My ball I keep rolling,
Three big fat ducks are bathing there,

Roll in roll out, my ball rolls about,
Rolling along my rolling ball,
My ball I keep rolling.

Three big fat ducks are bathing there,
My ball I keep rolling.
Three big fat ducks are bathing there,
My ball I keep rolling,
The king's son will shoot them sure,

Roll in roll out, etc.

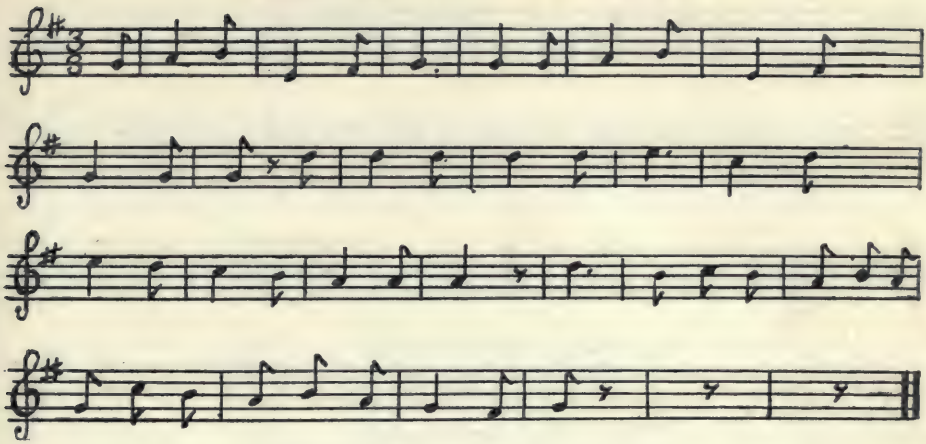
The king's son will shoot them sure,
My ball I keep rolling.
The king's son will shoot them sure,
My ball I keep rolling,
With his great gun, of silver wrought,

Roll in roll out, etc.

With his great gun, of silver wrought,
My ball I keep rolling.
With his great gun, of silver wrought,
My ball I keep rolling,
Aim at the black, but kill the white,

Roll in roll out, etc.

TENAIOUCHE TENAGA OUICH'KA



Once an old, old Indian,
With black and dirty skin
Quich'ka.
With his old gray blanket
And his tobacco pouch
Quich'ka.
Ah! ah! tenaiouch' tenaga
Tenaiouch' tenaga ouich'ka.

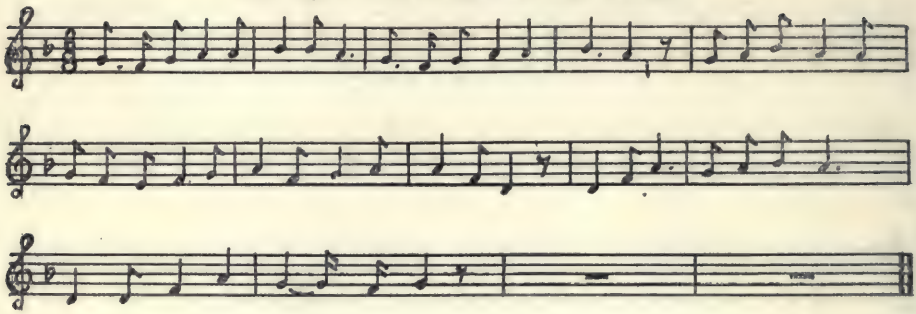
With his old gray blanket
And his tobacco pouch,
Your comrade old is dead,
He is dead and buried,
Quich'ka.
Ah! ah! tenaiouch' tenaga
Tenaiouch' tenaga ouich'ka.

Your camrade old is dead,
He is dead and buried
Quich'ka.
There were four old Indians
There to carry the pall,
Quich'ka.
Ah! ah! tenaiouch' tenaga
Tenaiouch' tenaga ouich'ka.

There were four old Indians
There to carry the pall,
Quich'ka.
And two old lonely squaws
To sing Ounchikaera.
Ah! ah! tenaiouch' tenaga
Tenaiouch' tenaga ouich'ka.

The refrain "Tenaiouche Tenaga Ouich'ka" is, of course, only imitation Indian. The chanson in the original French is odd in the fact that none of the lines rhyme. For this reason no attempt has been made to make the translation rhyme.

AH! QUI ME PASSERA LE BOIS?



Ah, who passes me in the Wood,
I who am so very small?
It must be the Master, very good,
Does he not look exceeding tall?
Are we in the deep, deep wood,
Or at its border still?

It must be the Master, very good,
Does he not look exceeding tall?
Yet in the middle of the wood
Quickly does he start to run.
Are we in the deep, deep wood,
Or at its border still?

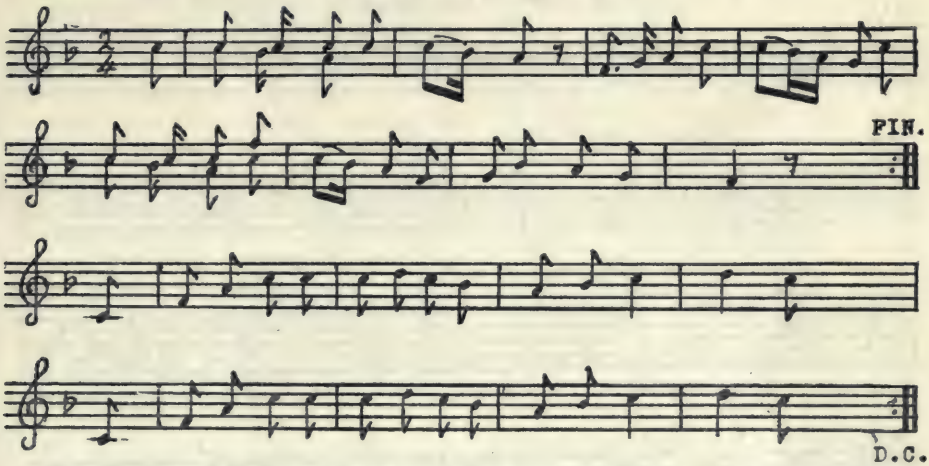
Yet in the middle of the wood
Quickly does he start to run.
What is the matter, worthy Sir,
Pray why run so very fast?
Are we in the deep, deep wood,
Or at its border still?

What is the matter, worthy Sir,
Pray why run so very fast?
I hear the wolves, they'll surely come,
The wood's border's safer far.
Are we in the deep, deep wood,
Or at its border still?

I hear the wolves, they'll surely come,
The wood's border's safer far.
But when the forest had been passed,
The wee-one laughed loud and long.
Are we in the deep, deep wood,
Or at its border still?

But when the forest had been passed,
The wee-one laughed loud and long,
Pray tell me wee-one, why this mirth
Makes you laugh so very long?
Are we in the deep, deep wood,
Or at its border still?

VIVE LA CANADIENNE



No collection of Habitant Songs would be complete without *"Vive la Canadienne"*, for in many localities it is played or sung at various entertainments, in place of the National Anthem. It is, of course, much more modern than many of their other songs. One verse (the first) is, however, all that is ever sung. Never in all the years that I have heard it, have I ever heard more than the single verse. It is interesting to read more of the poem, as it gives a picture of French-Canadian life.

Long live the Girls of Canada,
Soar on my heart, forever on,
Long live the Girls of Canada,
With eyes of softest hue.

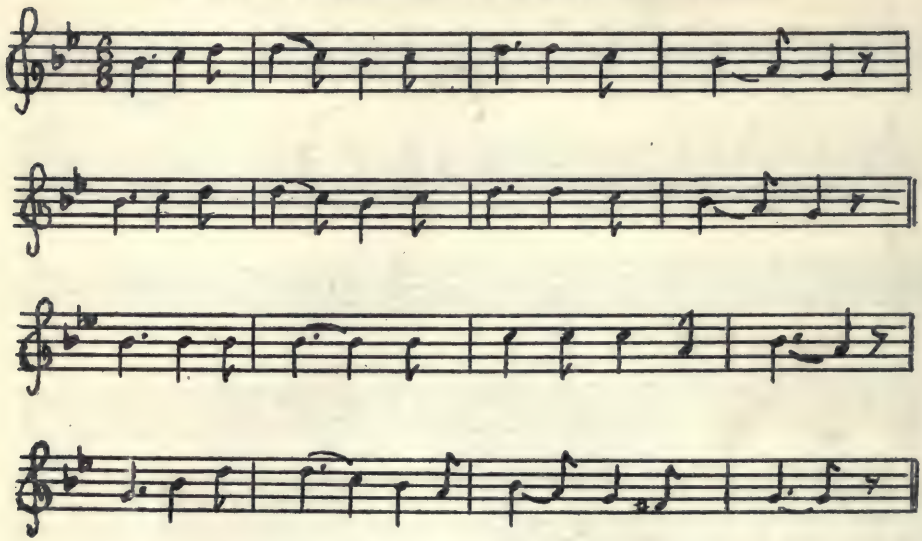
With eyes of softest hue, hue, hue,
With eyes of softest hue.
With eyes of softest hue, hue, hue,
With eyes of softest hue.
Long live the Girls of Canada
Soar on my heart, forever on,
Long live the Girls of Canada
With eyes of softest hue, hue, hue,

We bring them to our weddings all,
Soar on my heart, forever on,
We bring them to our weddings all,
With all the beauty there.
With all the beauty there, etc.

There we all chat without restraint,
Soar on my heart, forever on,
There we all chat without restraint,
We all are much amused.
We all are much amused, etc.

There always is good cheer for all,
Soar on my heart, forever on,
There always is good cheer for all,
And we all have good taste.
And we all have good taste, etc.

PETIT ROCHER DE LA HAUTE MONTAGNE



Little Altar of this rugged mountain great
Here ends my life, 't is my lonely fate
Oh softest echoes, hear my lonely sigh,
Languishing I know, I'm soon to die.

Sing little birds, your chirping song so sweet
Makes life so dear, my happiness replete,
Had I but wings, soon would I fly away,
Being as I am, must I surely stay.

In this forest, so full of deep concern
For all those dear-ones, how I long to learn——
Dreading lest in waters cold, they sleep
That cruel Iroquois, their trophies keep.

Once, while I strayed away from here,
Returning late, did quake with mortal fear
My chimney smoked, my hut was filled—
Perchance with Iroquois, then would I be killed.

But crouching low, I saw through open door,
Three countrymen of mine, and nothing more,
Yet fainting then, when just as help had come,
To wake, to find myself once more alone.

A howling wolf approached me as I spoke,
Seeing that my fire had not any smoke.
My gun I seized, while quickly taking aim,
Begone I cried, lest surely you'll be slain.

An old black crow, flew up as if by chance,
With prying look, he perched on nearby branch.
Said I then, "Fly quickly off from here"
Get your carrion at another's bier."

Among the old "Chansons des Voyageurs" none have a more interesting story that the foregoing, which describes the adventures of the brave Cadieux, ending in his death.

The scene was in the vicinity of Carillon, on the Ottawa River, about forty-two miles (the Habitant would say fourteen leagues) from Montreal. Canoes came down the Carillon rapids and on down the Ottawa River to the Lake of the Two Mountains. Landing somewhere near the present Village of Oka where the "Oka Indians", the direct descendants of the much dreaded Iroquois, have settled and become a peaceful people.

On the opposite shore of the Lake there is an island called after Cadieux. Some writers say that it was here that his party landed in their flight from the Iroquois. But as they were in bark canoes they would hesitate from crossing the Lake which, with their canoes loaded down, would prove dangerous.

A writer by the name of Taché quaintly tells the story of Cadieux, as related to him by an old voyageur by the name of Morache, of which the following is a fairly literal translation:

"In going up the great Ottawa River one always stops at 'The Little Altar of the High Mountain' which lies midway in the portage of 'The Seven Rapids' below the Island of Grand Calumet. For there is located the grave of Cadieux, of whom all the World has heard.

"Always, when the canoes of the Company pass the Shrine, some ancient voyageur will recount to the young people present the story of Cadieux, while the older voyageurs, who have often heard the story, gladly listen. On this occasion it was the ancient voyageur Joseph Morache who told the story as follows:

'Cadieux was a voyageur and an Indian interpreter, married to an Algonquin Indian. He spent his winters trapping, and his summers trading with the Indians for the white traders of Montreal.

'One Spring, at the time of the last of the raids by the Iroquois, Cadieux spent the Winter at the Portage of the Seven Cataracts along with several other trappers who had camped there with their families in their comfortable cabins. The month of May had arrived; soon the Indians from The Island and those from the Ottawa (Courte-Oreille) would arrive, when, with them he and the other trappers expected to go down the river as far as Montreal to dispose of their winter's catch of furs.

'The greatest tranquillity had reigned in the settlement near the "Little Shrine", when one day a young Indian, who had wandered down past the Rapids, to below the Portage, returned breathless to where the families were quietly assembled around their cabins, shouting "The Iroquois", "The Iroquois". In fact at that moment, at about a league below the portage of the Seven Cataracts, there had assembled a war-party of Iroquois. Knowing it was about time for the canoes to come down the big river from the trapping-country, they were waiting and ready to pounce upon them, as they had done many times before.

'The trappers held a council, and decided that there could be only one way of escape, which was to attempt to take their canoes down the Seven Cataracts, something almost unheard of. As old Morache said (using his exact words) "They had not been fledged canoes to shoot the Seven Cataracts."

'But this was not all, however, for it was necessary that some one should remain to create a diversion, in order to draw the Iroquois into the woods, and so to prevent their knowing that the canoes had gone down the river, thereby preventing their being attacked immediately on landing below.

'The Iroquois of those days were very cunning, as may be shown from the fact that when they arrived a few days afterwards at the spot where the Winter Camp of the trappers had been, they examined the tracks which they found leading to the river, and thereupon divided themselves into two parties, one going up, and the other down, in search of the fugitives.

'Cadieux, being the most capable, and the most intelligent of all his party, undertook to stay behind, a perilous and generous mission, taking with him a young Algonquin Indian, in whose faith and courage he had perfect confidence. It had

been decided that when their end had been attained, that he and his companion should rejoin their party by the safest road. In case, however, of a too long delay it was agreed to send them assistance.

'When all preparations had been completed, the cabins were pulled down, and the portage to the bank of the river made. Cadieux and his young companion, armed with their guns, axes and knives, rationed with a few provisions, left to go on in front of the Iroquois. It being understood that the canoes would leave the shelter of the river bank, and shoot into the rapids on hearing one or more distinct gun-shots in the direction of the portage.

'An hour had not slipped by, when a gun-shot resounded, soon followed by another, and thereafter several more. During the confusion at the sound of the detonations, the canoes, struggling with terrible currents, bounded to the middle of the stream of bubbles and froth, plunging down, to come up again on the crest of the wave which carried them on their course. The expert canoists, men and women, at either end of each canoe, guided their movements, avoiding rocky points, and holding with their paddles the frail bark-canoes in the safe streaks of water, indicated by the state of the surface of the waves, and by the form of the currents. On embarking, they all placed themselves in the care of the good Saint Anne, praying continuously from their hearts all the while. "I saw nothing in the Seven Cataracts," said the wife of Cadieux, who was a very devout and pious woman.

' "I saw nothing but a Great White Lady who glided on above the front of the canoes, showing them the way through the cataracts."

'The canoes were all saved and arrived in a few days beyond danger of attack from their enemies, in the Lake of the Two Mountains. But Cadieux and his Indian, what had happened to them during all this time? This is what occurred, as we learned later from some Iroquois, and from those who went to meet the brave interpreter.

'Cadieux at first had left the Iroquois busy with their portage. Then having chosen the most favorable place where he could keep out of sight of the River, he made an ambush for himself a short range from the road, well hidden in the heavy underbrush, placing his Indian in a similar ambush, a few arpents higher up, to give the appearance of a large party to the invaders, after the engagement had started. He let the Iroquois scouts, who were examining the edges of the path, and the warriors, who were carrying canoes, pass, until they reached the locality near where the Algonquin was in hiding, when he heard a gunshot, followed by the sharp cry of a fallen enemy.

The Iroquois, thus suddenly attacked, bounded with surprise, then called an instant halt. But before the carriers could put down their loads, a second shot, fired by Cadieux, himself, into the very midst of the convoy, laid low a second warrior.

'It is probable that Cadieux had arranged to meet his Indian in a little ravine, a short distance from the portage, for it was towards this place that the two proceeded after the successful shots from the cover of the underbrush. The advantage, however, with which these two brave men made war on their numerous enemies did not prevent the young Algonquin from falling during the attack. Selling his life dearly, he could not, however, rejoin Cadieux as had been prearranged.

'During the ensuing three days, the Iroquois beat up and down the woods, endeavoring to discover traces of the trappers, never imagining that they had ventured to take the perilous journey down the raging river. During these three days too, they hunted the brave voyageur through the woods, giving him no chance to rest during the day or night. At the end of this time, the invaders, despairing of overtaking the trappers, and so become master of their untakable adversary, being also convinced that they had been frustrated in the object of their expedition, put their canoes in the water, to once more make the passage down the Great River.

'Many days having passed since the departure of the trappers from the Little Shrine, they having heard of the withdrawal of the Iroquois, and Cadieux not having arrived, three men were chosen to go to meet the interpreter and his Algonquin companion. These three voyageurs ascended the Ottawa as far as Portage-du-Fort without finding any traces whatever. There they began to find marks of the passing of the Iroquois, and a little higher up, signs that their friend had lived in the vicinity.

'On arriving at the Portage of the Seven Cataracts, they found a little ambush, constructed of branches, which seemed abandoned. They resolved, however, to push their search farther up, thinking that Cadieux and his companion had perhaps been obliged to go on, to take refuge with the friendly Indians of "The Island".

'After two more days of search (it being the 13th since they had left Cadieux),

having talked with a number of Indians which they happened to meet, they began to retrace their steps, feeling sure that their two comrades had either returned to the Lake of the Two Mountains, or were dead. Imagine their astonishment, when, in passing again by way of the Little Shrine, they saw in the distance, at the edge of the Portage path, by the side of the little hut (which they had thought abandoned) a rude wooden cross, an object which, naturally, they approached with great reverence.

'The cross was planted at the head of a shallow grave, which had been dug in the soil, and in this trench lay the corpse of Cadieux, still fresh, showing that his death had taken place but a short time before their arrival. His hands were joined across his breast, covering a large piece of birch bark covered with writing. The voyageurs took the piece of bark which they thought would tell them the mystery surrounding the death of their friend, and perhaps explain other strange circumstances which they could not account for. One among the party, who could read, took the sheet of paper-of-the-wood, and read and reread the writings to them and to the corpse of the brave Cadieux scarcely cold.

'From what they had seen and picked up from the Indians they had encountered, and from what was written on the sheet of bark, the voyageurs concluded that the brain of their poor comrade had been weakened from the fatigue caused by the long vigils full of anxiety and from privations, that he had wandered around aimlessly, till by chance he came back to where he had started from, existing on wild fruits, and what little hunting he could do, not daring to make a fire in his little lodge for fear of the Iroquois, and becoming ever feebler and feebler day by day.

'That when they had stopped there (two days before) at his little hut, he had returned and recognized them from a distance, but his emotion and joy had produced such a shock that he had lost all power of speech, nor was able to move. That seeing them depart without the possibility of stopping them, he had lost all hope of rescue, and knew that he could not long survive. That he must have regained his strength somewhat, and in those solemn moments written his farewell to those living. Then digging his grave, planting a cross at its head, placing himself in the self-made tomb, and drawing over himself the branches he had gathered for the purpose, had awaited in prayer death, which undoubtedly he knew would soon come.

'Cadieux was a voyageur, poet and warrior. What he had written on the bark was his death song (chant de mort). So before lying down in the little cold grave by the Portage of the Seven Cataracts, his imagination, after a life spent so close to nature, had been exalted, and as he had been accustomed to write songs of the voyageurs, he had written on the leaf of bark his last song.

'He addressed his last plaint to those near him, to let them know of his approaching end, his regrets at leaving them, and this world. Then he spoke of his suffering, his alarm for the trappers, of his great anxiety for them, calling them all his friends. He spoke of his terrible fear of his seeing the smoke of an encampment close to his hut, fearing that it was occupied by the Iroquois. Of his great joy on recognizing the faces of Frenchmen instead of the dreaded Indians. Of his inability to call to them or move. Of their departure without knowing of his presence. And of his great desolation at finding himself deserted, without any hope of further succor.

'Cadieux saw a wolf and a crow come, knowing that he was dying. With the returning spirit of the hunter and the pride of the warrior of the forest, he threatened one with his gun and told the other to go feed on the corpses of the Iroquois which he had slain.

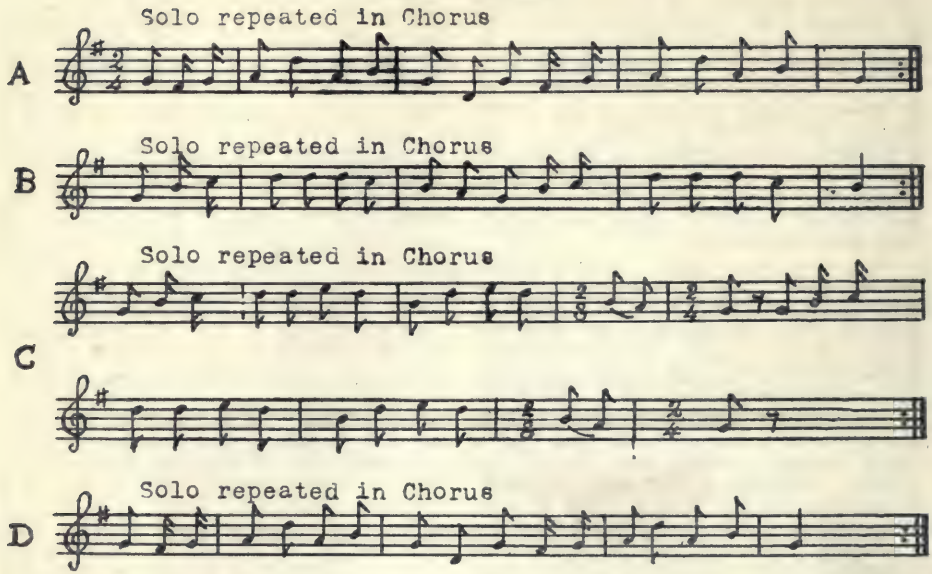
'He urged the rossignol, his companion during his sleepless nights, to carry his adieux to his wife and his children, whom he had loved so much. And in the end, being the good Christian that he was, he placed himself in the hands of his Creator, asking at the same time the motherly protection of the Blessed Virgin.

'Voyageurs have held that Cadieux could not write, and that therefore the writing on the bark could not have been otherwise than miraculous. But on the other hand, Cadieux, although not educated, knew how to write as did all the interpreters of the day. Anyway, the story I have told you is precisely as it happened.

'The three voyageurs wept over poor Cadieux as they heard the dirge. They planted the cross firmly, filled the trench which contained the remains of the brave man, raised a mound over the solitary grave, and then knelt in fervent prayer for the repose of the soul of their comrade.

'The bark on which the song was written, was brought back to the trading-post on the Lake of the Two Mountains, where the voyageurs soon adopted an air, appropriate to a song so characteristic of the rough life of the hunter and warrior of the woods, and yet so wonderful in its thoughts, and so worthy to be recorded on account of the strange circumstances under which it was written.' ''

LA IGNOLÉE



A Good day to the Master and Mistress
And all good people of the House.

B On this last-day of the passing year
Something you owe the Ignoley.

C If nothing to us, you would give,
Pray truly tell?
For then would we take away from you,
Your eldest girl.

D Then will we make her cheer us ever,
Then will we surely warm her feet.

C All we ask—a pig's saddle roasted
No other dish.
But you can give us just as many,
As you may wish.

D The Ignoley, or the Ignolag,
Pray put some pork into my bag.

C When we were midway in the wood
In shade so deep,
I heard the cuckoo singing loud,
And a peep-peep.

A Oh, rossignol of coppice green,
Rossignol of wondrous wood,

B Go thou to my sweetest mistress, say
For her dear eyes I pine all day.

C All girls who no brave lovers have,
How do they live?
They live, ever longing, wishing
A life to give.

The song of the Ignoley (La Ingolée) is remarkable on account of the antiquity of its origin, which has been the subject of several articles by French-Canadian writers, among them the late J. C. Taché, who contributes an article in *"Soirées Canadiennes"*, 1863, of which the following is a translation:

"The name "La Ignolée" tells of a custom and a song, brought to Canada by our ancestors, but to-day almost entirely forgotten.

The custom consisted in making a house to house call in the town, on the eve of New Year's day, begging for food and clothing for the poor, and in some localities, asking for wax for the altar-candles.

The begging was always accompanied by a song, which varied slightly in different localities. The different dialects of the various provinces of France, named it "La Ignolée", "La Guillonée", "La Guillona", and "La Aguillanleu", where this custom was preserved from the ancient customs of the Gauls.

In this country the most prized gift for the poor on the eve of New Year's Day was a saddle of pork with the tail attached, which was called "l'echignée", or "la chignée". The young people of the town always preceded the procession, calling out "The Ignoley is coming" (la Ignolée qui vient), the householders preparing refreshments for those who desired it, together with the donations for the poor.

The procession on arriving at a house, knocked at the front door with long sticks, beating time to the song. They never attempted to enter until the master or the mistress of the house, or their representative, came with great ceremony, opened the door, and invited them in. They then took a little refreshment, received the gifts for the poor in their bag, which they carried out and emptied in the sleigh, which followed the troop. Then off to the next house, escorted by all the children and by all the dogs of the neighborhood, the rejoicing being great."

An Almanac, published in Paris in 1855, called *"L'Illustration"*, has the following account of this most ancient custom, under the head of "La Guillanée":

"The custom is carried out in the following manner in the southern districts. On the 31st of December, groups of children, young people, and beggars, go from house to house by torch light, both in the country districts, and in the cities, begging for a present in honor of the New Year, singing their lamentations, or their stories in bad French, and finishing up always with the words, (or similar ones) 'Give us La Guillanée'. The presents received consist occasionally of money, but oftener of provisions, generally roast pork."

The version of the song I have given comes from the county of Berthier. To-day the custom of collecting for the poor on the eve of New Year's Day has almost disappeared, but not entirely. It is still the custom in the French Canadian districts of Montreal, clothing, however, being all that is asked for.

A few years ago, when snow-shoeing was in vogue, the snow-shoers, dressed up in their bright-colored blanket suits, with their red or blue toques and sashes, used to go from house to house, singing their tramping songs, and collecting for the poor, making a very picturesque sight. To-day, this is all forgotten, for we have no more snow-shoers.

CROONIN SANDS

BY HAROLD BINDLOSS

THE tide and sun were low and Croonin water ran like a shining ribband across the yellow sands. At the door of his turf bothy on the Knock Island, Bob Mossup nailed down the lid of a big fish box. His old blue jersey and trousers were stained by tar and salt, for although Bob had got his education at a famous public school, his occupation was now a 'slongshore fisherman's. Perhaps it was strange, but his fishing paid. By and by he put down his hammer and looked about.

Thin white lines marked the edge of the curving sands; across the bay, the line on Windy Hill was red, and the ripple of the tide across the Causeway was like chiming bells, but Bob heard another sound. Somebody coming from the beach sang an old ballad of the turbulent Border and her voice was clear and good. Bob's eyes twinkled because he imagined Margaret Jardine did not know he was about. Turning his head, he saw her against the shining sea; her tall figure was finely poised, and her white feet shone in the shallow water. She carried a milk can and a basket, and he knew she was bringing him supplies.

She stopped in front of the hut and for a moment the blood came to her skin, but next moment the colour was gone. Her look was calm, her unconscious pose was dignified.

"I've brought the malk and potatoes ye wantit," she said.

Bob smiled. Sometimes Margaret used the homely Border Scots that now harmonized with her bare feet and working clothes: sometimes she talked like a girl from an Edinburgh high school.

"Thank you, less. You thowt I was off in boat!" he said, and his accent was the accent of the English industrial North.

Margaret knew Bob liked a joke; in fact, she knew him better than he imagined, but she glanced at the fish box and he saw she disapproved. Fine sea-trout and one or two small salmon shone among the fern.

"It's no' safe, Mr. Mossup."

"I don't see much risk, *Miss Jardine*. In this neighborhood, we're all poachers and I don't expect my friends wll give me away. Perhaps it's not important, but they call me *Bob*. Anyhow, I mustn't let my Manchester dealer down. He took my plaice and lobsters for a just price and now he wants salmon. I want some money."

"You ought to give it up," Margaret remarked in a quiet voice, and Bob noted she used colloquial English.

"When winter come I'm going to give it up," he said and studied her.

He got no sign, for Margaret was marked by something of a great lady's calm.

Jardine was a crofter, fisherman, and poacher, but he sprang from good Border stock and Margaret had inherited much from her stubborn Mosstrooper ancestors. Her hair was

red-gold and her eyes were like the sea.

"Stealing salmon leads nowhere except maybe to jail," she remarked. "I'm glad you mean to stop. You need money to start a better job!"

"I really need money in order to satisfy people I can earn some," Bob replied. "The head of our house is a grim utilitarian and thinks me an extravagant wastrel. I rather think I'm not, and the argument that I've doubled my very small capital will carry some weight. However, I don't like to imagine you're glad I'm going away!"

Margaret's glance rested on him for a moment, as if she were amused, and then was gone. When Bob was romantic she baffled him like that.

"Ye'll gang where ye properly belang," she said, and he wondered whether she meant to remind him she was a crofter's daughter. "But wha kens ye're catching white troot?"

"I think nobody but your father and Jimmy the post; he brings my letters and has seen me pack the fish. Sometimes I give him one or two and sometimes a drink."

"Dinna let him see," said Margaret in a meaning voice, and looked thoughtful, for Jimmy was her repulsed lover. "Weel," she resumed, "I must go away."

Bob did not go with her; if Margaret had meant him to go, she would have indicated it. When she crossed the causeway she did not sing and he lighted his pipe. His claim that he was not a wastrel was justified, but he had firmly refused to start on the career his relations planned for him. He started for Australia and, until he lost his boat, earned some money by pearl fishing. Returning to England, he bought a small trawl boat. The strange thing was, he caught fish and sold his catch prudently, but after all the Lancashire Mossups were keen business men and he had not yet taken his rich uncle's offer to give him a proper job when he came to his senses. Anyhow, he had been happy at the Knock, and sitting on the fish box, he mused about Margaret.

He understood she had come back from Edinburgh when her mother died, and although her work at Jardine's croft was hard, her manner was the manner of a cultivated girl. Margaret had talent and Bob knew her staunch and straight as a finely tempered blade. In fact, he knew she was the girl for him, but she was not his for asking, and she had urged him to go back where he belonged. For her sake, Bob meant to go and take Margaret. All the same, since she was proud, some tact was indicated and he must wait.

In the meantime, he resolved to leave the salmon alone. For him to go to jail for poaching would not persuade Robert Mossup his nephew was not a fool, but when the plaice came in with colder weather his luck was good, and Jimmy the post noted the boxes he sent off. The boxes were the boxes that had carried the salmon, and nets not allowed by the fishery laws occupied much of Bob's hut. In a few weeks he meant to stop the fishing for good, but he must talk to Margaret frankly before he went and Margaret was visiting with some Edinburgh friends.

At dusk, one evening after her return, Margaret went to the cot-house door. Mist rolled about Windy Hill and the Knock's dark hogback cut against the angry sea. The wind was strong and lines of foam advanced across the sands, but the tide had not reached the Causeway, and if Bob came across he could get back at slack-water in Jardine's boat. Margaret thought he would come; she had not seen him since she arrived. Shutting the door against a gust, she returned to the kitchen.

"It blows fresh," she said.

Jardine, sitting by the fire, nodded, "Full tide and full moon and the river in spots! A bonnie nicht for the salmon to run!"

"Has Mr. Mossup put out a net?"

"I dinna ken," said Jardine, but gave her a keen glance. "Bob's no been over since ye left."

"But if he had used a net, ye would ken!"

"Maybe; if he used it reglair, but Bob's a cautious noon. For a' that, on a nicht like this, when the fish are runnin', he might be tempit—"

Margaret was puzzled, but she knew her father and talked about something else. By and by Jardine put down his pipe. He was lame and getting old, but his ears were good and he heard steps outside. Then the door was pushed open and two men came in. Jardine thought he had heard four.

"A fresh nicht and ye'll get wet 'or ye're hame," he said. "What are ye waintin'?"

"To begin wi', we want Robert Mossup," a river-watcher replied.

"Just that!" cried Jardine, smiling. "Weel, I doot ye'll no find him here."

Margaret's heart beat, but she quietly resumed her sewing and the men opened the door of Jardine's bedroom. Jardine went to another door, near which his big duck-gun hung. The others turned and one advanced.

"Ye'll bide!" said Jardine. "I dinna allow strangers in the lassie's room."

They looked at him and hesitated. Jardine looked at Margaret, but since Bob was not at the cothouse she was puzzled and waited for a sign.

"Ye're a thrawn auld fool to anger *us*," remarked the river-watcher meaningly. "Oot o' the way and let us in!"

Jardine stepped back, and when the others pushed into the room, quietly crossed the floor.

"If ye're quick ye can cross the Causeway and let Bob ken," he said to Margaret in a low voice.

Since the others would know why he had gone, Margaret admitted that he must stop. Moreover he was lame and speed was important. Somebody must warn Bob, but Margaret pondered.

"They'll miss me and follow before I can win across."

"Ye must risk it. Noo they ken Bob's no' here, they'll gang up the sands to look for his net," Jardine replied and chuckled. "I'm thinkin' they dinna ken the Nor-Wester's bringing in the tide weel afore it's time!"

Margaret stole towards the door, but the river-watcher came out from her room.

"Ye'll bide in the hoose; your father's coming wi' us," he said and turned to his companion. "Wha'll stop and see she dinna leave until we get back?"

"Awell," said Jardine in a resigned voice, "I'll just get my lang boots."

The others went out and Margaret heard something like a dispute outside. One voice was the postman's and she imagined Jimmy was not keen to stop. In the meantime Jardine got his boots and went to the door. He fumbled with it for a few moments and Margaret saw the key was gone from the big lock. Then, as a man came in, he pushed the door back as far as it would go. The wind swept the kitchen, the lamp flared and went out.

"Bide a wee. I'll get a licht," he shouted.

"Ye will not!" said the river-watcher. "Bring him along, Jock."

They went off and Margaret heard a man move awkwardly in the dark.

"Hae ye a match? I canna fin' mine," he said.

Margaret's heart beat, but she braced herself. The night was very dark and the man did not know the room. She did not at all fear him, but her father had given her the chance.

"I ken where the box is. Dinna move or ye'll coup the lamp," she said and stole across the flags.

She reached the door, stopped to turn the key on the outside, and sped down the path. The man was a prisoner, and in the turmoil of wind and sea his shouts were faint. He would break out, but when he did so Margaret thought it would be too late. Running to the beach, she saw the tide was on the Causeway, but a rippling white line marked the stony ridge and she plunged in. Although entangling wood washed about her feet and the spray from the reef beat her face, she got across and climbed the steep bank to Bob's turf hut. When she opened the door he jumped up.

"You must go!" she gasped. "Jimmy brought the river watcher and two or three more."

"Ah!" said Bob quietly. "Where are the fellows? And how did you get away?"

Margaret narrated her escape and said the men had gone up the sands to look for his net.

"My net!" Bob remarked in a thoughtful voice. "Well, perhaps it's not important. Since they've forced your father to guide them, I doubt if they'll find the thing. All the same, the fellow you left at the house will soon break the door. I must get off—"

He threw some clothes into a bag, opened a cupboard and packed a quantity of food. Then he studied the pile of net in a corner.

"We might perhaps carry the net down and drop it overboard, but on the whole I think we'll leave it. Put on my oilskin coat. I expect the boat will beat out, but the sea is bad and she'll ship some water."

The blood came to Margaret's skin. For a moment she turned her head and then, standing very straight, fixed her eyes on Bob.

"You see, you can't go back," he resumed. "For one thing, the tide's now running hard across the Causeway. Then the fellow you locked in will presently bring the others across the Causeway in your father's boat and the part you played is obvious. If I stop, I go to jail, and the law would be satisfied you were my accomplice. This isn't all my argument, but as far as it goes it's sound—"

He stopped and leaning on the table gave her a steady glance. "I'd sooner,—think you my lover. Anyhow, I'm yours!"

"Ah!" said Margaret, "you feel you ought to talk lik' this! Because I came to warn you. Because people—"

"Not at all! On the whole, my habit's not to do the things I ought. For example, it looks as if I'd recently been stealing salmon. The fact is I've known for some time you were the girl for me, but since you're not the girl to marry a poaching fisherman I said nothing. When I'd got a better occupation I meant to claim you."

"You know I'm not your sort," said Margaret proudly.

"I don't know," Bob declared. "You're plucky and clever and beautiful. You spring from good Border stock; your ancestors were mosstroopers, smugglers and romantic folks like that. So far as I know, mine were operatives in cotton mills. But time's important and we must let it go. If I can get off to Lancashire, I expect a relation will give me a job that will enable me to support a wife. If you stop, I stop and a Scottish sheriff will, no doubt, send me to jail. Well, are you satisfied?"

"You must not go to jail, Bob," said Margaret quietly.

Bob's eyes sparkled, but he did not take her in his arms. He knew Margaret.

"That's fixed and we must start," he said and got a fountain pen. "All the same, we'll leave a signed statement that you are my wife. I imagine it will count for something by Scottish law, but we'll celebrate the wedding properly in Lancashire. Until then an old aunt who has long indulged me will look after you."

He wrote his declaration and Margaret wrote hers. Then they fastened the paper on the table and went out in the dark. An angry swell broke upon the beach behind the reef and Bob's small dinghy was thrown back on the stones, but they got her off and reached the plunging trawl boat. Margaret was strong and knew the sea, and when they lashed down the dinghy, tied three reefs in the mainsail and hoisted the little storm-jib Bob was glad of her help. Gasping and breaking his nails, he got the anchor, and the boat, lurching out round the point, fronted the long white rollers of the Irish sea.

An hour afterwards, Jardine and four others landed on the Knock. The others were very wet; when their retreat was cut by the rising tide Jardine had with some trouble got them on board his boat. One saw the paper on the table.

"Mossup's awa wi' the lassie," he remarked.

Jardine studied the document and smiled. "I wouldna' say but I expectit something like yon. Weel, ye have got the net and had a fine bit swim. Ye ought at least to be satisfied!"

"Jock was a fool to let ye slip off when we crossed the dub," another observed. "I doot if Jimmy's satisfied, noo he's lost his lassie and canna pit his spite on Mossup."

"A man canna loss what wasna his," Jardine rejoined in a scornful voice. "Margaret's got a man and no' a traicherous swine."

Two weeks afterwards, in the drawing-room of a Lancashire country house, Bob presented a rather stern old gentleman to Margaret. As a rule, people were presented to Robert Mossup, but he admitted his nephew took the proper line and he rather liked his pluck. When Margaret met his searching glance hers was level and frank, and he remarked her quietness, her fearless pose, and the blue dress that harmonized with her eyes. Mossup thought he knew something about women and he had long ruled men.

The fisher girl knew his importance and he imagined she acknowledged him head of the house, but she was not daunted, and she used no arts to please him. He thought she would hold Bob and, if needful, hold him firm and straight There was something strong and primitive in her and he sprang from stock like hers. Margaret gave him a bow, and he gave her his hand.

"I long thought Bob was a fool, but now I doubt," he said.

"Sometimes Bob is rash," said Margaret quietly.

Mossup smiled and turned to his nephew. "You resolved to risk my approving, lad! If I were young and had your grounds, I'd have risked as much. Well, I'm your father's brother and if I come to your wedding I give the bride away."

After a time he let them go and Bob remarked: "That's that! I admit I'm glad it's done with and the old fellow's satisfied. Not that I really doubted. He's rather a good sort and you, of course, are you."

Margaret pondered. Robert Mossup's satisfaction was important, but she weighed another thing.

"Bob," she said presently, "the night I came to warn you I was puzzled. When I talked about the net I thought you were surprised."

"Perhaps I was surprised," Bob admitted with a twinkle. "You see, if there was a net on the sands, the net was not mine. All the same, it didn't count for much since Jimmy knew enough to send me to jail, and I expect your father didn't know another plan. I had, of course, an object that justified me playing up."

Margaret blushed, for she wondered whether Bob yet saw all her father's plans.

"You're very staunch, my man," she said gently. "On the Border our boast is, we dinna forget."

FLAG DAYS FOR CANADIANS

VII.—DOMINION DAY

Confederation of the Provinces, July 1st, 1867

BY W. EVERARD EDMONDS

ON July 1st, every year, we celebrate the national birthday of Canada, and no true Canadian should let that anniversary go by without some thought of the great men who dreamed of Confederation and did their best to bring it to pass. We should think of the Loyalist refugee, William Smith, who, more than a century ago, spoke and wrote of a federation of the British provinces. We should give due credit to Lord Durham, whose epoch-making Report prepared the way for responsible government. We should call to mind, too, the prophetic words of Joseph Howe, who saw in glowing vision the vast expanse of territory between the two oceans transformed into progressive provinces containing "every variety of coil, climate and resource."

Nor must we forget the men who made these dreams and visions come true, men like John A. Macdonald, George Brown, and a dozen other statesmen whose stature increases as time goes by.

Canada, it is well to bear in mind, was the first Dominion to attempt the experiment of federal union, as she had been the first to work out a scheme of responsible government. It was a great achievement, for it not only laid the corner-stone of a greater Canada, but it strengthened beyond breaking the bond that linked the Canadian provinces with the Mother Country.

Before 1867 the provinces of British North America were threatened with serious dangers both from without and within. The repeal of the Reciprocity Treaty, the abolition of the Corn Laws and consequent removal of favored treatment for the colonies in matters of trade with the United Kingdom, the general unfriendly attitude of the United States toward Great Britain revealed by the Trent Affair and the Fenian Raids—all these dangers from without served to make the provinces realize their weakness so long as they remained isolated units with only the slight bond of British connection.

Nor were the dangers from within to be disregarded. The failure of the provinces to pass the Militia Defence Act was a serious matter, and the existence of hostile tariffs, separate currencies and independent telegraph and postal systems only served to keep the provinces apart. Furthermore, the system of government in Canada had completely broken down. The Union Act had given Upper and Lower Canada equal representation in both branches of the legislature, and this had resulted in a constant condition of deadlock.

Confederation was one way out of most of these difficulties, and how it was brought about may be summed up in very few words. When Canada

proposed to consider the matter in 1859, only Newfoundland responded; when Nova Scotia took up the question in 1860, only New Brunswick was willing to co-operate. But in 1864 the Canadian coalition ministry of Macdonald and Brown set about the matter in earnest, while the Maritime Provinces arranged for a conference at Charlottetown, "for the purpose of considering the subject of the union of the three provinces under one government and legislature".

This maritime conference met, and on the second day of its sessions received a delegation from Canada. So deep was the impression made by the speeches of the Canadian representatives that it was immediately decided to call a larger conference at Quebec to be attended by delegates from all the provinces. Here the statesmen of British North America joined hands and by united action and generous compromise made confederation a practical possibility. The members went back to their respective Provinces, and in due time the proposed basis of union comprising seventy-two resolutions was laid before the various legislatures.

In the Parliament of Canada the proposal was carried in 1865 by a large majority. New Brunswick defeated the measure in 1865, but passed it after a general election in 1866. Nova Scotia, after some hesitation, adopted it in the same year. Delegates from these four Provinces met in London in December, and early in the following year the completed bill was submitted to the Imperial Parliament. It became law on March 29th, and came into effect in Canada on July 1st, 1867.

On that first Dominion Day Canada consisted of but four Provinces, for Prince Edward Island did not enter Confederation until 1873. A few settlers dotted the banks of the Red River, but the West was "the Great Lone Land", unpeopled and unknown except to the hunter and fur-trader. Government was maintained throughout this vast region by the Hudson's Bay Company, and on the Pacific coast a similar state of affairs existed. The population of what is now the Dominion of Canada barely exceeded three millions, and the Province of Ontario was looked upon as Western Canada.

To-day the Dominion, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is crossed by three transcontinental lines of railway. Out of the unknown West have been carved four great Provinces, and in the far North regions of untold wealth have been discovered. More important still, a broader national spirit has been developed through a growing consciousness of what this new land is destined to accomplish in the days to come. We would indeed do well to heed these forceful words of J. A. Macdonald on Canada's destiny and in every way strive to be worthy of the great future they so eloquently foretell:

"At this moment there is not in all the world another young nation with so great an opportunity, commanding so strategic a position, and holding so distinctly the key to what is best and noblest in the life and civilization of the world. If, then, we Canadians stand true to what is best in the past and most inviting in the future, if with steadiness and courage we take the straight road marked out by events beyond our control, we need covet no nation's past glory, but with a sober sense of our country's high destiny we may go forward confident of this: that in playing its own part worthily Canada will suffer no loss in the sum of achievement when the history of world nations comes to be written. Canada to-day holds the key position in the English-speaking world, and to hold that position worthily is to touch the destiny of all nations.

A WINTER'S DAY

From the Painting by Lawren Harris.

THE MAUVE KIMONA

BY ESTHER BOTTING

THE kimona draped the perfect figure of a lovely waxen lady standing, ivory hair-brush in hand, before a mirror in the model bedroom into which the corner window space of the big department store had been converted. It was a charming kimona of fine mauve crepe, with bunches of mauve satin ribbons at the Empire waist line, and little mauve silk tassels finishing the points of the flowing sleeves. It was marked, on a ticket hanging from one arm like a little basket, "$13.75, regular value, $17.50".

Felicia Batt, on her way home from work, stood looking into the window at the waxen lady. When Felicia's mother, unprophetic soul, gave her the name, she may have been reading Mrs. Hemans, or perhaps she wanted to offset the "Batt". But the "Felicia" did not fit, and the "Batt" did. Besides, Felicia knew no one in all Montreal intimately enough to be called by her first name. On the payroll of the insurance office where she did minor clerical work, she was "F. Batt". To her younger fellow clerks, when they noticed her at all, she was simply "Batts", or in kindlier mood "Poor old Batty".

While many women at fifty manage to look thirty-five, Felicia Batt at thirty-five managed to look fifty. Her hair was an ashy neutral tint that had nearly the effect of gray hair. Her skin would have been sallow if it had not been lacking in any warmth of tone whatever. Her pale gray eyes were unaccented by the ash-tinted lashes and thin brows. She wore a dark gray serge coat and skirt suit from spring to fall and a long coat of gray tweed mixture in the winter. She was addicted to natural colored shantung blouses because she could, and did, launder them in her wash-basin. Her hats were a succession of little round black shapes trimmed with a black satin ribbon band and bow, and perhaps towards the end of the season a small wing or a bunch of "marked down" flowers.

That was Felicia Batt, as she stood looking into the brightly lighted window, prudently withdrawn to one side out of the current of traffic. Felicia always withdrew out of the way. The mauve kimona seemed to stir something not quite dead in Felicia's beauty-starved nature. Her woman's heritage of innocent personal vanity, meagre at the beginning, had long since dwindled to the vanishing point. Her love for pretty things had been deflected through long and constant economy into impersonal channels. When the shops blossomed out in the spring into colorful silks and dainty flowered voiles and alluring hats, Felicia noticed them as she noticed the leaves coming out on the trees, or the returned robins hopping on the grass in Phillips Square. They were all part and parcel of the season, one no more her personal concern than another. For a quarter of a century she had been schooled into this passive acceptance of the drab side of life, from the time when, as a pale, ashen-haired child of ten, she had had for prudential reasons to content herself

with a brown and white checkered gingham instead of the lilac muslin her patient little soul coveted.

The renunciation of the lilac frock, long forgotten, came again into Felicia's mind as she gazed at the mauve kimona. She had a curious feeling that if she were to buy the kimona it would somehow make up to the child for the pretty frock she hadn't had. Not that Felicia seriously contemplated the extravagance of paying $13.75 for a garment she didn't actually need. She had two kimonas already, a brown and gray figured flannelette for winter and a gray and white seersucker for summer.

After she got home and cooked her supper on a gas plate on a shelf in a corner of her room, Felicia got out the note book in which she kept a conscientious account of every penny expended. She studied the items for the last six months to see if there were any that could be cut down for the future, but beyond the purchase of half a pound of chocolates and a matinee ticket to see "The Luck of the Navy" at His Majesty's, she could not discover anything that belonged in the class of luxuries. Clearly there was no way to balance the price of the mauve kimona should she depart from the straight and narrow way of economy so far as to buy it.

For two days Felicia avoided the window where the waxen lady displayed the charms of her raiment. Then on Friday evening, with her week's pay envelope in her shabby imitation leather bag, she betook herself in the direction of the shop where the coveted garment was to be found. As she reached the corner the window dresser was removing the decorations preparatory to arranging a new scheme to meet the public gaze the next morning. The blonde lady was being borne bodily away, kimona and all.

Felicia glanced at the clock on the front of the jeweller's across the street, and saw there was still quarter of an hour before the shop's closing time. She must make up her mind quickly, a thing Felicia Batt was not accustomed to doing. To go in and buy the kimona or give it up altogether, that was the question. Felicia did not know what became of things that had appeared in the show windows. Did they disappear finally, so far as the general shopper was concerned, or were they put back in stock, and if so did they revert to the "regular" from the "marked down" price?

Felicia made a little rapid calculation in her mind. If she paid $13.75 out in one lump, she would have only $3.25 left to do till next pay day, which would mean keeping lunches down to the minimum and getting meagre breakfasts and suppers over the gas plate in the corner. Fortunately rent day was still a fortnight away.

It is not to be supposed that Felicia lived from hand to mouth. One can scarcely be said to live in that precarious fashion when one has a bank account, and Felicia had $235 in the City and District Savings Bank, the product of Heaven knows how much self-denial and how many small and determined economies. The sight of those figures in her pass book was one of the consolations of her life.

She had begun her business career with very little training, after having looked after an invalid mother and a shiftless father until she was twenty-seven, when, left alone and penniless, she had neither the energy nor the means to fit herself to claim a good position. Young girls fresh from high school and business college, rattling their type-writers at a tremendous speed, outdistanced Felicia on the pay-roll, and her "raises" had been far between in spite of the painstaking, but slow, accuracy at figures and the conscientious devotion which were her chief assets. It had taken eight years to save the sum indicated in the pass book, and Felicia would have suffered actual pangs of hunger before she would have drawn a dollar of it out.

With a feeling of surprise at her own prompt decision, Felicia hurried into the shop. The waxen lady was just being carried into the elevator, and Felicia got in after her and accompanied her to the floor where other waxen ladies stood about in various stages of disarray.

A languorous saleswoman detached herself from a group and came forward, making little attempt to hide her annoyance at being disutrbed so near closing time by a customer of such small importance. Her supercilious "Madam?" aroused a spark of self-respect and spirit still alive beneath the colorless exterior and Felicia returned the saleswoman's lead with a fair imitation of hauteur.

"Have you another kimona, a fresh one, like that on the figure?" she demanded.

The saleswoman answered with a brief "No", followed by a resentful "That is perfectly fresh".

"Will you be good enough to get it for me, then," said Felicia; "I want to see for myself."

"Do you wish to buy it?" queried the saleswoman.

"I want to try it on first," said Felicia calmly, "unless it is to much trouble for you. If it is, perhaps the manager of the department—"

The saleswoman without waiting to hear the alternative advanced upon the waxen lady, disrobed her with one turn to the hand, and brought the kimona to Felicia, who slipped into the garment and surveyed herself in the long mirror, while the attendant stood disdainfully by.

"Have it wrapped up at once, please, and I will take it with me," directed Felicia, as if she were making a concession to the convenience of the store. As she handed over the money for her purchase, she felt a qualm of misgiving at her own extravagance, modified by a quite new sensation of pleasurable acquisitiveness.

That evening, as soon as her solitary supper was over and the dishes cleared away, Felicia gave herself up to the enjoyment of her new treasure. A poet has described his disappointment when he brought home a wild bird, because its song no longer pleased him when the singer was removed from its natural surroundings. Fortunately, Felicia was not of so sensitive a temperament. The mauve kimona pleased her not a whit the less in her shabby bedroom on the second floor of Mrs. MacIlray's "rooms to let" than it had when the waxen lady wore it in the old rose and French gray model boudoir in the shop window. Only it did dawn on even her sense of fitness that be-ribboned negligées required something fluffier in the way of coiffure than her own style of hair-dressing, drawn back with severe plainness.

Several birthdays had passed since Felicia had used tongs or other means of making the straight tresses curly. Now, however, she brought out the discarded implements and heated them over the gas. Her hair, though not abundant, was fine and soft, and when it had been duly waved and fluffed a little—a very little—around her forehead it looked quite pretty and touchable.

As she surveyed the effect in the unflattering mirror over her dresser the telephone bell rang in the hall on the ground floor, and Mrs. MacIlray's voice was projected up the two flights of stairs. "Miss Batts! Miss Batts! Yer wanted on the 'phone"!

Felicia was so seldom wanted on the 'phone that a call when it did come was a little exciting. She hesitated a moment, conscious of her negligée. Never had she gone downstairs clad in a kimona, but, then, never had she been clad in so pretty a kimona. Besides the chances were against meeting anyone on the stairs or in the hall.

For once the off-chance won. As Felicia regained the first landing after a short talk with the Sunday School superintendent of her church who

wanted her to take a class the next Sunday, she met the "star" roomer coming from the first floor front.

Gideon Barkley was a thin, dapper little man on the sunny side of fifty, but rather on the shady side of life. He was head of the "gents' furnishings" in a department store, and was so trim and immaculate that he might have been head of the "ladies' blouses" just as well. He was alone in the world, except for an indifferent niece or two who had no expectations. He had been married when he was very young, but his married life had lasted such a short time that he had almost forgotten it, and his development had been along the lines of old bachelordom. His chief companions in his evening leisure were books and his gramophone. His choice of records was varied. Harry Lauder, Gounod's Ave Maria, selections from "Pinafore", Galli-Curci in the mad song from "Lucia", "I dreamed I dwelt in marble halls", "Work for the Night is Coming",—these and others of their type all had their turn according to the solitary little man's mood.

Gideon had never really perceived Felicia Batt as an individual; she was just "one of the women upstairs". But as she passed him on the way up from the telephone with a prim "good evening", the flash of mauve made a definite impression on his brain. It made him think of the lilac bush in the corner of the garden of the old house in which he had been born, and for one fleeting moment he saw himself again a thin, delicate little boy standing on tip-toe to sniff the lowest clusters of the fragrant blossoms. The mood of reminiscence stayed with him while he took his regulation evening walk around the regulation ten blocks, and when he returned he hunted out the "Roamin' in the Gloamin'" record and listened to Harry Lauder sing it through twice.

The lilacs were out in the city gardens a couple of weeks later, and Gideon, faring forth from Mrs. MacIlray's mansion on Sunday morning, caught a whiff of their fragrance, and decided on an expedition into the country. The Round-the-Mountain car was filled with young men and maidens, fathers and mothers and their children, and the usual crowd escaping from the city streets for a few hours. At one stop a woman with a baby on her arm got in, and Gideon, always polite, rose to give her his seat. He moved a little farther up the car to a vacant strap handle, and found himself facing Felicia Batt. Since the evening when he had become conscious of her existence through the glimmer of the mauve kimona, they had exchanged a few formal phrases when they happened to meet in Mrs. MacIlray's hall, but the acquaintanceship had not progressed appreciably.

Now, freed from the ordinary routine and in holiday mood, they greeted each other with an approach to animation.

"So you are neglecting your religious duties, too, Miss Batt," said Gideon, looking down on Felicia as he swayed slightly with the motion of the car.

"I don't often stay away from church on Sunday morning," explained Felicia conscientiously, "but I couldn't resist the temptation to enjoy one spring morning out in the sun and air. I just thought," she added, "I'd see if I could find some lilacs in the Outremont woods or somewhere where they didn't belong in anybody's garden."

"Another case of great minds running in the same channel," said Gideon. Felicia smiled at the old witticism, and Gideon with a little nervous cough ventured to propose a joint expedition.

"If you'll come with me," he said, "I know a place where there are some lilac bushes. I found it out last spring and can go right to it."

"Thanks," answered Felicia with prim politeness; "I shall be glad to."

When they left the car Gideon and

Felicia dropped behind the crowd of pleasure-seekers. Nobody noticed the oldish little man and the neutral tinted woman, both with the atmosphere of years of uninspired "business" life wrapping them round. Gideon led the way along a path through the bushes and undergrowth, fresh with the green of early spring. The lilac tree which he claimed by right of discovery stood by itself in a little open space where there had once been a house and garden. The trees were well covered with the lovely purple blooms, and Gideon broke off a couple of panicles and handed one of them to Felicia. Then they sat down on a log, and gazed at the blossoming bush like two worshippers at a shrine.

"Lilacs are my favorite flower," said Gideon. "I lived in the country when I was a boy. There was a yard that sloped down from the house to the road, and along one side of it were lilacs, some purple and some white. I used to begin to watch for the flowers as soon as the snow was off."

He went on to talk of his boyhood on the farm and the trials of his first years "in business", first in hardware and then in the "gents' furnishings". Felicia, not being used to talking herself, was a good listener, and Gideon enjoyed the pleasure middle age feels in recalling past experiences and giving them expression to a sympathetic ear.

"This is certainly a great spring day," declared Gideon after a silence following his reminiscences.

"Yes," agreed Felicia; "you'd never think from here there was a big city just on the other side of that mountain, would you?"

"I'm glad there is, though," said Gideon. "I must confess that though I was brought up in the country I wouldn't like to go back to it to live. I soon get lonesome away from the stores and street cars and electric lights, and people."

"One can be pretty lonesome right in the city, too," remarked Felicia.

"Well, I can't say that I ever get real lonesome," said Gideon, bachelor-like considering the generalization as affecting himself. "I'm busy all day, and when I get home nights I'm tired enough to just enjoy reading or playing a little music. If I feel like going out I drop into one of the movies or the Orpheum."

"I don't very often go to the movies," said Felicia, and wondered painfully if he would think she was hinting for an invitation.

This misgiving recurred next day as she sat in her place before the long desk where seven working years of her life had been devoted to monotonous copying statements and adding figures. But in spite of that, the little outing and unaccustomed male companionship had been like a breath of fresh air stirring, if not lifting, the fog of monotony.

"Batty is getting younger, I do believe," whispered a bepowdered little girl in a georgette blouse at one of the end desks to the stenograhper next her.

"It's the way she does her hair," pronounced the other, patting her own ear-puffs. "If you notice, she doesn't screw it up tight the way she used to. And with that little wave in it, it isn't so bad."

"And that striped silk blouse she has on puts a little more life in her than those old shantung ones that are so near the color of her skin you hardly know where the one leaves off and the other begins."

For Felicia, inspired by the mauve kimona, had made a little innovation in her wardrobe, and, one of her characterless blouses being near the end of its career, had replaced it with a pretty wash silk, making the discovery that ugliness has not a monopoly of economy.

"Gee! I wonder if she was ever in love with anyone," giggled the little girl in the georgette blouse.

"Or if anyone ever was in love with her," finished her neighbor.

It would not have troubled Felicia if she had known how impossible it seemed to these girls—attractive in their way—that she could ever have been the subject of romance. Few rays of admiration had come her way, and fewer still of a warmer feeling.

She did not see Gideon again till Saturday; when she got home from the office he was standing on the front steps.

"Got the afternoon off, Miss Batt?" he inquired. "Going to do anything in particular?"

Felicia, who had been "going to" wash some handkerchiefs and put fresh paper linings in her bureau drawers, said, "Nothing very special".

"Well, then," proposed Gideon, "What do you say to going up on the mountain? I haven't been up this summer yet."

"I shall be glad to," said Felicia.

So up on the mountain they went, following the path skirting the "Ravenscrag" grounds, where a tiny brook gurgles over the stones late into the season. They sat on one of the green benches under the trees and watched the people passing, in couples, in groups, on foot, in carriages, on horseback.

"Don't you sometimes wonder," Felicia ventured, breaking a silence, "when you see people out on a Saturday afternoon, what their lives are like the other part of the week? I mean the people who have to work. Sometimes when I look at young people so gay on their half day off I wonder what they work at and if they like it, and whether they are looking forward to something that makes it worth while. Sometimes I can't help pitying girls, and boys too, with all their disappointments ahead of them."

It was a long speech for Felicia to make.

"Well," said Gideon, "I suppose most people start out with the notion they're going to do something great and get rich in a few years. First time they get their pay envelope they are all set up. They never feel as rich afterwards, for by the time next pay day comes round they have learned something of how money goes. For a while the wonderful thing they were going to do is just round the corner ahead of them, but they hardly ever catch up with it, and by and by they get into the way of just going on at their job from one year's end to another, neither liking nor disliking it very much. It's the pay envelope," concluded Gideeon sententiously, "that makes the industrial world go round."

Felicia thought this sounded clever, and Gideon thought so, too; he repeated, "It's the pay envelope that makes the industrial world go round."

Presently he broke forth with some resentment in his tone. "Some of the young people nowadays seem to think of nothing but having all the fun they can. Talk about 'All work and no play making Jack a dull boy'! It would be all play and no work with some of them if they weren't afraid of being fired. There are some of the young chaps in our shop that take no more interest in the concern than nothing at all. So long as they have money enough to buy new ties and silk socks and take a girl to a dance or a show it's all they seem to care for. I don't know what kind of men they'll make I'm sure.

"And the girls they go with are a good match for them," after a moment's breathing space. "They don't care whether school keeps or not if they can just dress up and get out and go somewhere—putting everything they make on their backs."

"Perhaps," Felicia ventured midly, "the reason why young girls and young men go in so much for good times is because from—from looking at others they see dullness and—and monotony ahead of them, and want to enjoy themselves a little while they can."

"I don't know what the world is coming to," reiterated Gideon stubbornly. "Pleasure loving young men and extravagant women!"

Felicia flushed half guiltily, thinking of the mauve kimona.

That was not the only outing Gideon and Felicia had together; in fact it became their custom to go off on Saturday afternoons, to the mountain or Cartierville or one of the other places easily reached by street car. Mrs. MacIlray's twelve-year-old son Bob came across them in one of these jaunts, and told his mother and all the others in the house as he got the chance.

"Seen them coming down the Peel street steps off'n the mountain, I did," said Bob impishly. "She was standing on one of them landings and he was a few steps down, talking up at her like that guy and the gurl on the gallery at the show." Bob's knowledge of "Romeo and Juliet" had been gained from the screen .

"Bob," reproved his mother, "you mustn't be so unrespectful. Let me not hear any more of that from you. Is it your business when a gentleman and lady goes for a walk together, and them with the afternoon to themselves?"

"Well, anyway," persisted Bob, "I think it would be great fun if they'd get married—two old ducks like them."

"Sure then, they're not thinking of the like, and what did I tell you about calling names?" and Mrs. MacIlray accompanied her combined assertion and query with a dexterous box on her irreverent young hopeful's ear. None the less, she began to do some thinking.

Were they thinking of "the like"? Was Gideon—was Felicia? Certainly nothing had been said in any of their walks or car rides that might not have been shouted from Mrs. MacIlray's staircase. Felicia talked very little about anything, and Gideon talked a good deal about himself, about happenings in the store, occasionally about something in the day's news.

To Felicia who had lived an isolated existence for many long years in the midst of unheeding fellow-beings, these hours of companionship gave a new color to her week-ends. It did not occur to her to resent Gideon's egotism and self-absorption. What little experience she had had of men was that they were like that. He was always carefully polite in little things, like letting her go first through doors and helping her off street cars, and this chivalry appealed to Felicia who had pushed her own way on and off crowded cars many hundreds of times.

As to Gideon, he would have said, if anyone had asked him, that "Miss Batt was a very pleasant lady", and he would not have dreamed that he meant by that she was a good-natured and patient listener. Like many men of his age and attainments, Gideon unconsciously divided womankind into two classes, the pretty ones and others, subdivided as "stylish" and otherwise. Felicia was not pretty, neither was she stylish, so Gideon's attitude had remained oddly impersonal, notwithstanding their tacit compact as to Saturday afternoons.

With the close of the summer came the end of the half holiday in the "gents' furnishings", and the end of the expeditions. There followed some damp chilly weather, and the newspapers reported many cases of grippe. One Sunday afternoon Mrs. MacIlray came up to Felicia's room.

"Miss Batts," she began, "would you be doing me a favor, and a good turn for Mr. Barkley besides? The poor man is in for the grippe, I'm afraid. He oughtn't to go out for his meals, the state he's in. I took him up his lunch, but my sister in Maisonneuve has the grippe herself, poor soul, and I promised to go and see her. Would ye mind getting the poor man his tea? He's on the sofa in his settin' room, not in his bed, so it'll be all right. I wouldn't ask ye, but my sister telephoned and I ought to go."

"Why, yes," said Felicia; "I shall be glad to as soon as I change into a dress." Felicia as a special indulgence wore the mauve kimona in her room on Sunday evenings.

"Now just keep what you've got on," advised Mrs. MacIlray. "You look real nice in it, better than in anything else I ever saw on your back."

"But I can't go down in a kimona." objected Felicia.

"Sure it's a tea-gown if you've a mind to call it so," compromised Mrs. MacIlray. With them ribbons and all it's just like them nigligées you see in the fashion papers. Come on down to the kitchen now, an' I'll show you where to find the things."

Felicia was not a skilful cook—a gas plate in a bedroom-kitchenette does not afford a domestic science course—but she managed to prepare quite a tempting tray, which she took up to the invalid.

"Mrs. MacIlray asked me to bring your tea because she and Bob had to go down to Maisonneuve," she hastened to explain.

"It is very kind of you," Gideon said politely. "Not that I want much. I don't know when I've had such a headache, and I'm sure my temperature must be away up, if I had a thermometer to see."

While he ate he enjoyed describing his symptoms and sensations, and Felicia, who had retreated to the door, seeing that he expected her to remain, took a seat at the other side of the table and poured the tea.

"I do believe I feel better," Gideon declared when he had eaten his poached egg and toast and strawberry jam and drunk two cups of tea.

"If I ever want a recommendation as a nurse I'll refer to you," said Felicia, as she departed with the tray. She smiled, and Gideon noticed for the first time that she had nice white teeth.

For several days Gideon was kept to his room, feeling miserable and lonesome. He saw nobody but Mrs. MacIlray, playing the gramophone hurt his head, and he had no resource but his bookcase. He was an intensive rather than an extensive reader. He liked Dickens, whom he had once described to Felicia as a "real interesting writer", and he had an almost complete set of his favorite author's works. To while away his enforced leisure he chose "Nicholas Nickleby"; he had read it two or three times before at long intervals, but this time, when he came to the party at the Cherryble Brothers', where Tim Linkinwater, the old book-keeper, proposes to the little spinster miniature painter, Miss LaCreevy, the passage caught his attention as if he had read it for the first time.

Tim's question, "Why shouldn't we both be married, instead of sitting through the long winter evenings by our solitary firesides? Why shouldn't we make one fireside of it and marry each other?" gave Gideon pause.

He looked around the room. "Solitary fireside!" he muttered. "Solitary radiator! The most cheerless thing on earth!"

He read on Tim's pleading, "Let's be a comfortable couple, and take care of each other. And if we should get deaf, or lame, or blind, or bed-ridden, how glad we shall be that we have somebody we are fond of always to talk to and sit with! Let's be a comfortable couple. Now do, my dear!"

Gideon shut up "Nicholas" and sat back with his eyes closed. It certainly was lonesome living alone, and not likely to get any less so as the years went on. Of course he wasn't anything like as old as Tim Linkinwater, but there wasn't any reason why he should wait till he had one foot in the grave. He hadn't intended to marry again, still——

"I could afford to take a little flat out in Notre Dame de Grace," Gideon reflected. "Goodness knows I'm sick of restaurants, and they're expensive, too. Two could live at home on what its costs one, or very little more, if she wasn't extravagant. Besides, there is my endowment policy comes due in a few years. We'd be all right," he at length told himself convincingly.

The next day Gideon's grippe was almost gone, but it rained and he remained home as a measure of precaution. His thoughts persisted in the channel opened up by Tim Linkinwater. He visualized a cosy flat and himself coming home to be welcomed by someone always good-natured and interested in his welfare, and who would be a faithful but never aggressive companion, and he thought how pleasant it had been that Sunday evening when Felicia in the robe that made him think of his mother's lilacs had poured the tea—just the two of them together.

That evening, restless from days of captivity but unable to settle down with a book, Gideon was prowling aimlessly about his room when he heard Mrs. MacIlray in the hall outside call up the stairs to Felicia.

"Miss Batts, would you mind coming down to the parlor for an hour or two, just so you'd hear the 'phone if it rings, or the door bell. I promised Bob I'd take him to the show, but we won't be long. It's Charlie Chaplin, and he amuses the young ones, you know, not that I care for his antics myself. If ye wouldn't mind bringin' your work and sittin' in the parlor, now?"

Felicia replied in her accustomed obliging phrase that she "would be glad to", and presently Gideon heard her going down the stairs. Soon after the street door closed, and he knew Mrs. MacIlray had gone and Felicia would be alone. Most of the other inmates either kept to their rooms in the evening or kept out of the house.

For more than an hour Gideon hesitated, between the intention to go down and "settle things" with Felicia and reluctance to commit himself. It never occurred to him in his egotism that Felicia might not welcome his proposal. As he brushed his hair and changed his tie in front of the mirror, he looked at an insignificant little person, already growing elderly in a mould shaped by narrow circumstances and small aspirations, but what he saw was a Man—with a capital letter—about to do a woman the honor of offering to marry her.

Still, when at last he stood in the door of Mrs. MacIlray's parlor, the dry shell around his heart was touched and softened. Felicia was sitting near the light with her crocheting, and she looked small and domesticated and solitary. For the moment Gideon ceased to be Man and became manly. He had a glimpse, beneath the unassuming surface, of the pure soul that had accepted life's niggardlinenss without bitterness and ceaseless plodding without complaining.

A faint flush rose to Felicia's cheeks as she looked up at his entrance.

"Good evening." Mr. Barkley; I hope your cold it better," she greeted him formally.

"Yes, thank you; I think I'll be able to go back to the store to-morrow," Gideon answered rather absently.

Felicia glanced at him in some surprise, it was so unlike Gideon not to be interested in the state of his health and his affairs.

"I hope you are keeping well—escaping the grippe," he said presently. Felicia's flush deepened. The words were commonplace politeness, but the tone was one of genuine solicitude, and Felicia was unused to solicitude on her behalf.

"Oh yes, there is never anything the matter with me," she said, with one of her infrequent smiles.

In the silence that followed Felicia's heart beat more rapidly than its calm wont. She felt, from instinct rather than experience, that Gideon's call had a purpose beyond the escape from invalid loneliness .

Gideon looked at the clock. The "seven-to-nine" interval at the show would soon be over. He experienced a sort of indignant amazement that his mind refused to shape sentences for what he wanted to say. He thought, "I'll wait till another time",

but some tenacious strain in his nature forbade a retreat.

"I'm afraid the fine weather has broken up," Felicia, trying to think of something to say, offered to fill the hiatus in the conversation. "The leaves are falling off already."

Gideon saw an opening. "I shall miss our walks on the mountain," he said. "I enjoyed them first rate."

"I have, too," murmured Felicia.

Again a silence! The hands of the clock were at right angles, and Gideon knew that unless Mrs. MacIlray allowed Bob to cajole her into an ice-cream parlor after the show they would soon be home. He called up some of the determination that had got him to the head of the gents' clothing department. Necessity gave him directness.

"Miss Batt—Miss Felicia," he began in a tone that trembled slightly in spite of his determination, "I came down here because I heard what Mrs. MacIlray said and I knew I would find you alone. I wanted to ask you to m-marry me. I—I think," with a recollection of Tim Linkinwater, "we could be happy and comfortable in a little house of our own. This living in rooms and eating in restaurants isn't what—what it's cracked up to be, as the saying is. We seem to get along well together and enjoy each other's company," he went on, seeming to find it almost as hard to stop as he had to get started, "and—and what do you think? Will you?"

In the rare moments when she had allowed her imagination to picture romance coming her way Felicia had never rehearsed proposals quite like that: She dropped her hands upon her lap, and looked shyly at Gideon, who moved his chair closer and took one of her hands while he waited for her answer.

"Why, I shall be gl—I mean, yes," she murmured, and the color that mounted to her cheeks made her look younger and almost pretty.

Gideon pressed the hand he held, then released it as he heard Mrs. MacIlray's key in the door.

"I'll say good-night now," he said hurriedly. "To-morrow we'll talk over our plans. I'd like to get settled comfortably before the winter."

"Did ye have any callers?" inquired Mrs. MacIlray when she came in a moment later.

"Neither the telephone nor the door-bell rang," said Felicia, feeling her answer rather a clever bit of duplicity, but pardonable.

When she went up to her room she stood for a few minutes looking about her, until the familiar aspect of the shabby surroundings restored her to her wonted state of calm. She went to her closet, took out the mauve kimona, folded it carefully in tissue paper, and placed it in the bottom drawer of her bureau.

"I'll keep it nice for my trousseau," she said to herself.

OMNES BELGAE FORTISSIME

BY FRANK YOUNG

HOW may one account for the excessive fickle and flirtatious tendencies of the Mariettes, the Ivonnes, the Ghislaines and the Margots? They have been reared in tender homes and under a chaperonage and confiement of medieval extreme. On graduating to the Convent the espionage becomes even more acute. Their available literature has the highly classical and moral tenor as found in the adventures of Bayard, sans peur and sans reproche, or the Quest of the Holy Grail with all reference to Morgan le Fay deleted.

The young lady returns to the bosom of her family and apparently is not yet to be trusted. Further Scotland Yard measures are adopted by the Mother and with good reason, it seems, since we are told that this girl, placed in an isolated companionship with an attractive young man, would deport herself in a manner which would cause great admiration to America's most daring vampire.

Where then is the source of this sudden and at the time uncultivated accomplishment? if it be not that association through thousands of years, with different armies of occupation, has had that effect on the very nature of the civilian population.

It is admitted a fact that the soldier, even just preceding or during the preliminary bombardment, has no thought of the welfare of his soul in the highly probable event of his sudden death. In most cases, he is piling up his sins in that moment, at the usual rate, allowing for certain lack of opportunity. During periods of more leisure and less noise, he still knows sub-consciously that his time may be short and he runs the gamut of human desires with no thought of their consequences morally and very little physically.

In order to avoid a libel action, we must address those remarks as applicable to the soldiers of Theodoric and Attila and to those of Caesar, Napoleon and Wellington, and state that we have no reference to the troops of this enlightened age during the recent trouble.

Some might place the original blame on that ancestress of Mariette who gave the encouraging eye to possibly a centurion of the Tenth Legion. This officer was no doubt pleased at being detailed for service in Gaul instead of Britain or with Scipio Africanus, nor should that later forebear who so greatly admired Kellerman's scarlet tunic or Ney's yellow hair, be entirely absolved. Also was not Charles O'Malley himself in Belgium for some time, not to mention the Rawdon Crawleys and Georgie Osbornes.

Having endeavored to establish this failing or gift, whichever it be, as hereditary in Mariette, we must mention that it was entirely non-existent in her sister Agnes, believing such a condition to be possible without injury to the theory, Agnes simply did not run true to form. As the old priest of the village remarked, Agnes

was *Tres sage,* but Mariette, *toujours enfant.*

The introduction of young Mr. Drury to the family had some of the earmarks of a reception at court. The invitation to tea was given on three days' notice. The formality of madame was in the extreme. This ceremony as practised in the best circles was not an entirely new affair to Mr. Drury and he was creating a most favorable impression with his hostess until certain lack of diplomacy led him to entice the only too willing Mariette to the billiard room. Whereupon one could almost visualize the "thumbs down" decree of Madame. For the future it was of no interest to her whether Mr. Drury required two lumps or none at all.

Another guest on approval was Mr. White, who with Agnes joined the unfortunate Drury and his accomplice. In this instance the old lady registered distinct approval.

White realized he had, under the present allotment nothing to lose and suggested drawing for partners. In an undertone he said to his friend:

"Don't look so enthusiastic, Jim."

Fate decided that White should play with Mariette. Agnes appeared anxious to establish her partner's social standing in his own country.

"What is your family device, Mr. Drury?"

The gentleman thus addressed was at a loss to know her meaning.

"Your device?" she repeated, "your, oh—*comment dit on*—your motto?"

Drury did not deem it wise to reply that at the moment he did not remember. He noticed that her sister appeared interested, and answered:

"Once aboard the lugger and the girl is mine."

"What is lugger?" both girls asked.

"Ship," he told them, "boat, bateau. Some day I will sail up the river and when I see a girl I want I will take her prisoner."

His partner's experssion was a blank. It was difficult to know if she approved of such a procedure or not. Mariette was vastly amused.

"The lugger not catch me," she said. "To-morrow I am going to Namur for a visit and afterwards I return to the convent for always. I like to go on the train alone because perhaps I will have adventures."

This seemed an odd desire for a prospective nun, and Drury said:

"If my lugger comes and you are in a convent, *ca ne fait rein,* I will disguise myself as a carpenter and get the work of putting on the double windows."

Mariette looked as if she thought ths a first-rate idea, but said:

"No, no, you cannot do, Mother Superior would not allow."

Both Agnes and Mr. White did not care to hear further details of the proposed abduction, and when Drury lost the game by missing a very simple shot, the former had to draw to the utmost on her good breeding to force a pleasant smile.

"Can we not play again soon?" asked Mr. White. "I am going to Brussels to-morrow, but only for two days."

Mariette turned to him.

"Oh certainly, you must be very satisfied to go to Bruxelles, you will visit the café, the tea-room, the theatre, the dance!"

"No, I have heard there are beautiful churches there, and I want to visit them all."

"Not l'eglise," she assured him, "I still think you will go to the dancing."

The next day Mariette went to Namur, and on her return Drury was at the station.

"Did you have adventure, Madmoselle?" he asked..

"No," she replied crossly, "opposite me on the train I saw a Capitan Scotch, soon I reach out and drop the glove in the aisle, but no good; Scotch Capitan, he sleep."

Many stories of the Scotchman, involving matters of expenditure have been told, but who has heard of one

acting so ungallantly. What a disgrace to record in the annals of the glorious 51st Division! It had failed Belgium in the hour of her extremity.

Straightway resolving that such an imputation should never be laid at his door, Drury said to her:

"May I come with you to the house?"

"Mamma does not allow."

"Mariette, my horse is in your stables, could you not bring him sugar sometimes?"

"Yes Jim."

"When?" he asked.

"In ten minutes."

They were passing the old village priest. He regarded them disapprovingly, and spoke in the same manner to Marieette :

"Girl, how are you? It looks as if you were late for church last Sunday, mademoiselle."

They approached the port-cullis like gate of the court yard, and Drury saw that he could pass in to the stables without observation from the Chateau, and feeling an utter villain he left her with a slight pressure of her hand.

To his dismay, old Francois, the groom, was brushing down the family drivers.

"Fait bon, monsieur."

"Yes," said Drury, affecting to examine his saddle and bits.

"Would you like a new pair of gloves, Francois?"

"But yes, monsieur."

"Well, here are some francs, go and buy a pair."

Presently Mariette came out, a little nervous, possibly about half as much as Drury. What a setting for a love scene! Francois's notion of a clean stable was not in keeping with Army regulations. Drury's horse annoyed him by staring at them in unwinking intensity.

"It is not well for you to call him Bill, is it not the same as the Kaiser?"

"Yes it does seem hard on the horse," he replied. "Do you miss Mr. White very much?"

She shook her head and leaned slightly against him.

"When come the lugger?"

"It is here now," he whispered, putting his arm about her.

"No, no, I think it not come ever."

At this moment he heard the sabots of the wretched Francois clicking on the paved court yard, and must leave the whereabouts of the lugger's mooring as an open question.

Mr. White had returned from his ecclesiastical tour of Brussels. There seemed no way to change the order of things as decided by the flip of a coin, at the billiard game. This time, madame being out for the afternoon, a French lesson was decided on. Drury found himself under direct instruction of Agnes, while White was at the far end of the table with her more beauteous sister.

Mariette did not refer to the stable liason by word or sign, and it was in the deepest melancholy that Drury returned to his quarters.

Here his host regaled him for sometime with a description of how, when a member of the Guard Civil of Charleroi, he had cut the throat of a wounded German Cavalry man.

"Do you mean to tell me," asked Drury, "that you actually cut a wounded man's throat?"

"Certainly, monsieur," and the old man drew his fingers across his throat and rolled his eyes in a horrible gesture.

God preserve anyone from falling into the hands of the home guard of Charleroi. The custom of spiking a fallen adversary as practised in the Canadian lumber camps, by jumping on his face, seemed effeminate by comparison. Drury recalled a conversation he had had with a German priest in the Roman Catholic Rhineland. The priest tried to excuse the excesses of their occupation of Belgium, by stating Drury did not know the character of the people. He maintained that drastic and terrorizing methods were necessary for the continued health of the troops in occu-

pation. Also who has not heard of the printing and circulating of that little sheet, the *Liber Belgique* published at times right under the nose of the commandatur in Brussels? Drury afterwards learned that one of the trusted agents was his little Mariette. She would receive possibly one hundred copies by special messenger, and would distribute them at night to the people of her village.

At this point in his musings the gallant captain of the home guard appeared to have something on his mind, and he said:

"Mademoiselle at the Chateau will be very sad when you go away."

Drury concluded he must be referring to Mariette and White, taking it for granted that her recently evinced love of horses had not been noticed.

"Yes," he replied, "Mr. White won't know if he is going home or leaving home."

The captain made no comment, but produced an ancient photograph.

"Here is a picture of madame."

Drury saw the snapshot of a stout girl in sabots, milking a rather tubercular looking cow, and an explanation dawned on him. The viceregal receptions of madame had not rung true, her manner had been too studied. She was, in fact, an example of the proverb, which has reference to the mendicant suddenly placed in an equestrian position. Why the lord of the manor had married her must be left a point of conjecture, as even the photo of her youth presented no claim to beauty.

The Belgian evidently considered he had given Drury some valuable information. He swaggered about the room, halting at odd moments deep in thought, then blowing out his fierce moustaches with such gusto that one thought of the gentleman of Chocolate Soldier fame, Captain Pop-off.

"Monsieur, I want you shall dine with us to-night, it is our wedding anniversary, and my wife will be much pleased to have you among the guests."

"With pleasure," replied Drury, rising and bowing to the lady in question, who had just entered.

She was carrying a huge live rabbit, and to the absolute loss of Mr. Drury's appetite, he decided the poor animal was destined to furnish the *pièce de resistance* for the feast.

In case these remarks should ever reach the eye of one who has a fondness for jugged hare, we must here state that Drury considered it an excellent dish, and in the instance mentioned the cloyed appetite was the result of sympathetic and not dietic reasons. His surmise was correct.

"How will this be, monsieur? Is he not excellently fat?" said madame.

The guests arrived in a body about six o'clock, and strangely enough the ladies repaired at once to the kitchen. Presently amid the utmost confusion, the men were served to a steaming bowl of stew. Both the initial helping and an apparently endless series of recalls came along from the kitchen after the manner of people conveying water to extinguish a fire by passing the buckets from hand to hand, a line of women supplying the link to the kitchen stove.

Our host arouse and said:

"Messieurs, I have with difficulty procured a great surprise for you. I have some bottles of the national beverage of one of our brave allies. It is some Scottish wine."

Again the characteristic bravery of these people came to the surface. The Scottish wine was nothing more or less than quarts of Kilmarnock, but having been introduced to them as wine, they drank it as such and from large claret glasses.

The home guard began to react the battle of the Sambre, and fearing that they might require him to take the role of the wounded cavalry-man, Drury slipped out of the room unnoticed, and to bed, pondering on the way strange experiences which may happen to one.

The following day White and he had planned to drive to Waterloo;

also madame had relented and invited them both in the evening for "the bridge". What would Agnes think, if she learned of the dinner party of the previous evening?

Ten minutes before the car was due to arrive Mr. Drury devised an excuse whereby he might see Mariette alone. He would go boldly to the door, and perhaps she would be the one to open it; should it be anyone else he would tell them of the Waterloo trip and the possibility that they should be a little late for the bridge.

Mariette came to the door and he said to her:

"Bill has had no sugar for a long time, mademoiselle."

She appeared very nervous, glancing back into the house from time to time.

"Mama does not wish that I shall see you again," she said.

"Why, what has happened, Mariette?"

"The maid saw us from the kitchen when I went with sugar for your Bill, and she has told mama."

Drury judged it was a little early for madame to be about the house and took Mariette in his arms saying:

"Never mind dear, soon we will go away in the lugger."

He was heaping mental curses on the head of the maid. Here was the source of the information which Captain Pop-off was in possession of.

"Go now quickly," Mariette whispered.

"One kiss, dear," he urged, bending over her.

The porch door opened suddenly, and still with his arms about her, Drury glanced back to see White regarding them in utter amazement.

"Hell's furies," White said. "I knew I should not have had these rubber soles put on my shoes." Mariette ran into the house.

"Why in the devil did you interrupt us?" said Drury.

"Oh, for no special reason, except that I am engaged to that girl you were with," said White.

It was Drury's turn to be surprised.

"When did all this happen?" he asked.

"Last night. She came out to give my horse some sugar, and in five minutes we arranged that I should take my discharge in Europe and marry her at once." He glanced about the spacious grounds with the air of an evicted tenant.

Here was a day started wrong, thought both, as their car was speeding along toward Waterloo. They both agreed that some order of things would work itself out at the bridge that evening. They avoided further reference to the fair Mariette, and their conversation during the day was of a strictly historical nature, inspired by seeing the names of such places as Sombreff, Ligny and Quatre Bras on passing sign boards.

On approaching Hougoumont Drury gave the information that the monument on the right, erected to the memory of some gentleman's leg, referred to that A.D.C. of the Duke of Wellington, who said to the Duke:

"I've lost my leg, by God."

"Have you, by God," replied Wellington.

The British lion on the Waterloo monument has been transformed to a Belgian one, by a twist of the tail, as it were. When the French came through in '57, a soldier knocked the tail from the British lion and it was replaced after the manner of the Belgian emblem, that is with a downward bend, in the hope of avoiding a recurrence of any future avenging of Waterloo.

It was during this campaign that the French names, Isabella, designating the pretty combination of colors, of cream merging into chocolate, originated. Isabella, the wife of the attacking Commander, vowed she would not change her chemise, until the fortress had fallen. It is reported that the siege lasted one year, by which time the chemise had assumed the tone described above.

The two tourists arrived for the bridge party in good time, and always sentimentally inclined in the evening. Drury's thought had reverted from famous battles of history to the exigencies of the present. He recalled that in a game of cards his permanent partnership with Agnes would not matter; in fact he would be sitting closer to Mariette as her opponent than as her partner.

Madame entered the room with Agnes. Where was Mariette? A forboding of ill news came over them. Madam spoke in a manner of poorly concealed triumph:

"It is necessary that I shall take my daughter's place. Mariette has left for Mons to visit the people of her fiancé.

Here's wishing you the best of luck, Mariette. May you have many adventures on the train, and elsewhere.

THE ARCHWAY

From the Painting by
F. M. Bell Smith, R.C.A.

JOHN YATCHU

A Canadian Ukrainian. He attended the Teulon Boys' School Home for four years, and while there secured his teacher's certificate; became a teacher and, later, a principal; then took a teacher's training course in Manitoba College, a summer session in Queen's University, and graduated in arts from Saskatchewan University in 1921.

NEW CANADIANS MAKING GOOD

BY FRANK YEIGH

WE who are native born, or whose one language is English, are prone to regard the peoples of other tongues and races as inferior in caste and status. We would, in all probability, hasten to deny the charge, if directly and abruptly made, but it would be difficult to completely disprove it.

We are open to the same criticism from the new-comer whom we have long tabulated as "the immigrant" or "the foreigner". Only in recent years have the improved descriptions of "new Canadian" or "non-Anglo-Saxon" replaced the old terms. There is, indeed, an urgent need to recast and revise our whole attitude towards the inflowing multitude from lands other than our own, and that speak a babel of languages far removed from our own English.

This depreciatory attitude, no matter how unconsciously it may exist, leads to many erroneous conclusions. It is the object of this article to correct and remove one of these mistaken ideas—that the so-called "foreigner" is, for the most part, illiterate and ignorant by presenting a few simple illustrations, from among the large number that are available, of the way he is making good in Canada, with special emphasis on those who are doing so educationally and are en-

The "Wolf Cubs" and their Ruthenian mothers

tering upon wider fields of usefulness in all that good citizenship implies.

Let us first take the Ukrainian element in our population. Their number, which is estimated at over four hundred thousand, including the foreign and Canadian-born, constitutes an important racial group among the fifty nationalities that make up our composite population. There are many evidences that the young Ukrainian—whether he be Ruthenian, Bukowinian, or Galician—is a keen and earnest student, quick in the assimilation of language and other studies, thus fitting himself for the teaching and other professions. It is, in fact, one of the many helpful signs of the day that the process of Canadianizing this Central European stock by educational means is showing encouraging results.

Let us take as a concrete example a young Ukrainian who is making an enviable record for himself in the Canadian West and from whom we will likely hear more in the future. Born in Manitoba, of Ukrainian parents, he received his early education at a little rural public school, followed by a term in the Teulon High School and a year in Manitoba College. After this, he became Principal of the school in which he was once a junior pupil. Two years of teaching and a summer course at Queen's University were the next steps in his development. He finaly enters the University of Saskatchewan, from which he graduated last spring with a B.A. degree—the first Canadian-born Ruthenian to be graduated from this institution. He is described as a thorough Canadian, and one who is specially anxious to serve his own people.

The young man in question has probably, by this time, decided on one of the professions. He developed marked ability in his class and executive work and has always taken a prominent part in college and university activities, acting as a member of students' representative councils, heading college historical associations and rendering excellent service in student Y. M. C. A's. He is also very much interested in the welfare and development of the New Canadian, especially of the Ukrainian type. Many national and race problems that confront us at the present time, especially

A rural public school of many nationalities in Alberta

in the Canadian West, will be aided in their solution by the type of citizen this young university graduate represents.

Another illustration is afforded by a youthful Ukrainian who has overcome a succession of obstacles in his efforts to secure the best education the country affords. He came to Canada as a boy of fifteen with everything to learn, including the language. Working as a section man on a wesern railway. He devoted every spare hour to his task of self-education. In course of time, he enrolled in McGill University, where he succeeded in working himself through, with little or no outside aid.

Take another case. W——, though of Ukrainian parentage, is a native Canadian, having been born in Saskatchewan. Like many another Canadian lad whose parents were pioneers in a new district, his early opportunities were limited. He had no chance to attend school until he was eight years old. Even then, he could attend school only very irregularly and it was not until five years later that he enjoyed an unbroken year of school life. He showed his appreciation of the privilege by crowding three years' work into one, passing through Grades VI, VII and VIII and standing in each grade at the head of his class.

The Nisbet School Home, conducted by the Presbyterian Church in Prince Albert, offers Ukrainian boys the opportunity to secure a high school education at a minimum expense, while living in a Christian Canadian home. W—— gladly embraced this new opportunity and attended the Collegiate School without interruption for two years, making a record for himself that any boy might envy. His public school habit of leading his grade continued throughout the two years he spent at the Collegiate, the following being some of the records he made at the term examinations: French, 90; Chemistry, 90; Algebra, 91; Geometry, 100; Hygiene and Physiology, 100; History, 100. The last mentioned achievement

A group of immigrants of many nationalities as they arrived at the Winnipeg Immigrant Hall

was so remarkable as to elicit special mention from the Principal, who informed the school that it was the first time in his experience, as student or teacher, that such a mark had been secured.

But it is not alone in his school work that this youth has gained distinction. He has shown steady and marked progress along many other lines. He took an active part in collegiate sports and stood third in the mile race. Though once averse to social functions of any sort, he has also learned to appreciate the importance of being a good "mixer" and of helping to brighten the lives of others by social fellowship.

Even more important, W—— has grown in those moral traits that constitute true manhood and is revealing and cultivating a strength and dignity of character that will fit him for real leadership and influence in his chosen sphere. During one winter, he had charge of a dormitory in the School Home, with seven boys under his supervision, and showed both discretion and personality in his management of the group. He learned to appreciate Scripture study as an indispensable aid to worthy living and, in the final contest in the young men's class, won first place with more than ninety per cent. He also secured the Presbyterian General Assembly's Diploma and Red Seal for Scripture memory work. This youth is typical of many of his people in his ambition for the best things, in the diligence with which he has used his opportunities, and in the undaunted spirit with which he has met and conquered the obstacles that have confronted him.

An Ukrainian Nurse

Another case is that of a girl who was born in south-eastern Europe, of Slovakian parentage. The family came to Saskatchewan about 1904 and settled in the north-eastern part of that Province. The girl was nine years of age when she started to study the English language, in which her progress was rapid. She never had any but English-speaking teachers. Just after she had reached Grade V., her parents moved to British Columbia, where she continued her studies, recently graduating from the University of that Province. The young lady has since returned to Saskatchewan as a public school teacher and is now a fine specimen of the newer element that is entering into our national life.

Another example is a young girl of Hungarian parentage. Her grandfather and grandmother knew no English. Her father was born in Hungary, but came to this country a very young man. M—— was born near Yorkton and attended a school taught by English-speaking teachers. She graduated from the Yorkton Collegiate Institute four years ago and then entered the University of Saskatchewan where, last spring, she obtained her B.A. degree. She has a First Class Normal diploma and is now principal of a three-roomed rural school. Probably she is the first of the Magyar race to graduate from a Western university. "I know of no finer specimen of Canadian womanhood," is the testimony of one who knows her well.

A familiar name to many in the West is that of Miss Annie Korzak, a Ukrainian, who was adopted when a child by Miss Bell, Superintendent of the Presbyterian Mission Hospital

A group of School Home pupils, Vegreville, Alberta

in Teulon, Manitoba. Miss Korzak speedily showed marked mental aptitude in her public and continuation school work, afterwards taking a full training course as a nurse. Following her graduation, she continued with Miss Bell for some years until her appointment as temporary Superintendent of a similar Mission Hospital at Vegreville, Alberta. So satisfactory was Miss Korzak's service that the citizens of all classes petitioned the Presbyterian Women's Missionary Society to have her retained as its permanent head. Quite recently, this Ukrainian lady has married a young Scotch Presbyterian farmer and in her new capacity has established a Christian Canadian home of her own.

One of the leading lawyers in Saskatoon is of Doukhobor parentage, having graduated from the Provincial University and Law School and further allied himself with Canada by marrying the daughter of a former professor of Queen's University.

Among the immigrant arrivals from Galicia in 1910 was a bright and sturdy lad who took advantage of the nearest public school to master English. Moving along from grade to grade and school to school, without missing an examination, he ultimately won the gold medal in the University of Saskatchewan and is now a successful medical practitioner in Edmonton. Another Ukrainian lad is a successful worker in high-grade metal work in the same city, while another has developed as an inventive genius, with several successful inventions to his credit.

The Saskatchewan Department of Education has made an interesting contribution to the subject herein dealt with in a series of New Canadian leaflets, containing true stories of what the Saskatchewan schools are doing for the New Canadians of that Province, in the population of which more than forty nationalities are represented. One of these leaflets tells the story of a bright young Polish boy who came from Austria in 1905, started to attend a public school in 1908 and who won his B.A. degree from the University of Saskatchewan three years ago. Even when he was mastering the language and attending a high school, he was granted a permit to teach a public school in a non-English district, which he did with marked success. In order to obtain the highly-prized education, he worked in helping his parents to erect a new home, where all practised rigid economy. During his high school period, he lived in a little, home-made shack, did his own housework, even baked his own bread, and kept a younger brother and sister so that they, too, might attend the public

Pupils in School Home, Prince Albert, Saskatchewan

school of the town. As he tersely puts it in his own words; "For a considerable time I was busy hammering, cooking, studying and attending high school." As a teacher between times, he labored unceasingly for the forty Ruthenian children who formed his class. Not content with that service, he conducted a night school for parents as well as children, and also took an active interest in community matters. The record concludes: "This is Louis's story——truly one that should prove an inspiration to every Canadian boy and girl. He has overcome every obstacle and now holds his B.A. degree and, what is more important, is a worthy citizen of Canada. What a splendid record of obstacles encountered and overcome, of worthy ambition, of loyal self-sacrifice and youthful devotion to duty in the pursuance of a grand ideal! For Louis's ideal is to equip himself in order that he may the better be enabled to ameliorate the social conditions under which too many of his fellow-countrymen now live. Nor is it extravagant to assert that there are others of this young Canadian's calibre who are consecrating their lives, in a greater or less degree, to the same noble task."

Many stories might be told of the bright boys and girls of foreign parentage who like the examples previously given, are the product of the "School Homes" carried on throughout the Canadian West, by the Presbyterian Church. Hundreds of foreign children are thus cared for while attending a neighboring public or high school. At the present time, there are at least a hundred boys in process of education, with the most promising prospects. Scores have already graduated from these homes and schools and have entered the leading professions, where they are fully holding their own. Many a lad, and lassie too, coming from non-Anglo-Saxon stock, is making good, not only educationally but as intelligent and promising citizens.

We are not apt to regard the Mennonites, at least the older stock, as being unduly keen over acquiring the English language or complying with public school conditions. Nevertheless, many of the younger generation have already adapted themselves to our modern conditions, several have made rapid strides in education, public schools are now quite common among them and one of the recent Rhodes Scholars from Manitoba was a brilliant young New Canadian whose parents were Mennonites.

An exceptional instance comes from Fort William in the case of a young Syrian who had a good educational basis when he arrived in this country. Fired with ambition, however, for improvement, he not only attended a night school but took advantage of

every other opportunity for reading and study. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that he made exceptional progress in English, later specializing in the history of the British Empire and the British Constitution. At the close of the war, the young man in question went to Armenia in search of a sister of whom he had lost track for some years. He had not been long in the East when he met some British officers who were quick to note his exceptional knowledge of Empire subjects. After satisfying themselves as to his responsibility, he was appointed by the British Government to teach the ideals of British justice and freedom to the native people in Mesopotamia. Such a record has the elements of romance about it.

The peoples of Northern Europe are specially keen on education. For example, 25,000 Icelanders have settled in the Canadian West and, because of their high aims and ambitions, it is claimed they exert an influence out of all proportion to their numbers. Not a few New Canadians of Icelandic descent, resident in Manitoba, have won Rhodes Scholarships. In addition, they have provided several professors of Canadian Universities and are largely represented in the teaching profession generally. There is the case of a young Icelander who came to Canada when he was sixteen, at once attended school and mastered the English language and, later, won his B.A. degree at the University of Manitoba. During the war, he won the Military Cross for bravery at the Front. A roll call of men of Icelandic birth who occupy prominent positions in the West would make an impressive list. Such names occur to one as the Attorney General of Manitoba, Hon. T. H. Johnson; the professor at the head of the department of chemistry in the University of Saskatchewan, and the leader of the moral and social reform forces of Manitoba, while others have been elected to the House of Commons and local Legislatures. Swedes, Norwegians and Danes all belong to the sturdy stock of Northern Europe who have been quick to learn English and to assimilate with the Anglo-Saxon peoples. They, too, are taking full advantage of the educational opportunities that Canada affords.

One of the largest public schools on the American continent is found in the north end of the City of Winnipeg. Its pupils represent, probably, more nationalities than any other public or secondary school in the country — no less than thirty-eight in number. A marked feature of this and other schools in the West, with scholars of non-Anglo-Saxon parentage, is the high place they take in examinations and prize-winning, thus proving themselves to be keen and earnest students. One secret of this success is the mental attitude of pupils towards their studies. It is well illustrated by the story of a public school inspector in Saskatchewan who, on visiting a non-Anglo-Saxon school in his jurisdiction, largely Hungarian in nationality, was so pleased with the results of his examination that he directed a half-holiday. "They won't like that," came the surprising reply of the teacher. "Why not?" answered the astonished Inspector, "I never saw a school yet that would not welcome a holiday." Putting the offer to the school, there came a fusilade of "No, No, No!" from the children, and that settled the matter. They found more fun in their studies than in a play period.

The education of non-Anglo-Saxons in the Canadian West is calling forth many splendid examples of altruistic service where young women teachers, seized with an ambition to train as well as teach, are making many a prairie school a centre of national enlightenment. In a remote section of Saskatchewan, isolated when the

roads are bad, a highly educated young Canadian woman recently spent a year as a public school teacher in a Ruthenian settlement, operated under a Board of Ruthenian Trustees. Some were reactionary and anxious to reduce the already modest salary, but another member of the Board stood out against such an unwise policyfi in which he was upheld by a majority of the ratepayers. The teacher has written regarding him: "I would not wish to be associated with a more gentlemanly, generous or thoughtful man, or one who has the interests of the school more at heart."

Here the young school teacher, with a junior assistant, made a contribution that cannot be reckoned in formal terms. Not content with the teaching hours in the school, the young people were gathered around their fireside in the evenings who were eager to learn more English and how the teachers "kept house". The boys consulted little pocket dictionaries when they struck an unknown word. The attendance in this school is uniformly good, even in stormy weather, and parents drive their children to school, sometimes from long distances. Here the primary educational process is under way which is bound to bear fruit in later years as these children of an alien people take their place and play their part in the life of our country.

A word of praise is due the home missionary of the churches for his contribution to the aliens of the prairies and their Canadian-born children. His service is often educational, in the broader sense, as well as religious and, in this, he is an ally of the teacher. Together, they are often the chief agencies having the best interests of a foreign community at heart, in fact, both are missionaries of a high order.

Nor should the efforts of the Provincial Departments of Education in this direction be overlooked. Each of the Western provinces is alive to the need of affording the non-Anglo-Saxon every educational facility. Saskatchewan, for example, has in Dr. J. T. M. Anderson, Director of Education among New Canadians, an official who is sympathetically meeting the needs of the many racial elements in that Province, and Manitoba and Alberta are not behind in their programmes.

In addition to the public schools, many auxiliary agencies are making their contribution, as is shown in the accompanying illustration of a Saskatchewan Boy Scout group, known as The Wolf Cubs, composed of boys of Ruthenian parentage. The Regina Rotary Club enabled some of them to attend a summer camp last season at Lumsden Beach. Such a point of contact with Canadian leaders is, of itself, a help in their assimilation and a stimulus to study and adaptation.

The Four-Fold Programme of the Protestant Churches for 'teen age boys and girls, known as the Canadian Standard Efficiency Training course for Canadian boys and Canadian Girls in Training, is also reaching many groups of foreign children throughout the West, the educational value of which is worthy of recognition.

Many are the encouraging signs, therefore, in the educational development of the children of non-Anglo-Saxon parentage in Canada. Any agency, provided by Church or State or by individuals, seized with an altruistic spirit of helpfulness, is to be welcomed and encouraged. He who, directly or indirectly, helps the "New Canadian" to make good educationally is thereby helping him to make good nationally; he who assists in raising the status of citizenship is, himself, the best of citizens.

ROMANCE AND THE TWO-WHEELED CART

BY VICTORIA HAYWARD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDITH S. WATSON

TWO wheels are both leisurely and elegant. No doubt it was these considerations which in the beginning of Time decided Romance on riding in a two-wheeled cart. We cannot imagine Romance anything but leisurely. She lives where time stands still, yet paradoxically hitches to the wheels of Progress. It is true we cannot imagine the automobile or even the aeroplane without a four-wheel carriage. But it is equally difficult to think of either of these as leisurely. They are the symbols of speed and utility in a commercial age. Nevertheless despite the new order of this age of speed, Romance, though not utterly ignoring car and plane, continues to ride in her old cart—

"Jiggity jog, jiggity jog!

Bad roads, or no roads at all, never betray the ox or Dobbin into the ditch. "Get out and Get under" is a song not in the two-wheeler's repertoire. Yet of course the *slow-coach* misses as by a great gulf, the thrills which are auto's and aeroplane's very own. So, between two and the multiple of two, or four, for the time being, honors are easy.

Yet to the two-wheeler must go the honor of pioneering transportation. With it began all life in Canada. And there are parts of the Dominion where two-wheels are still a people's dependence. All Eastern Canada still pins faith to the two-wheel cart! Whether it be Quebec or dear old Nova Scotia or the far-away Islands of the Gulf. Big wheel or little wheel, or whether *cheval, chien* or *le boeuf* produces the motor power, Romance, in the East, still rides in the two-wheel cart.

They appear on every road. Where there are no roads they must go along as if there were one. Unless a forest obstructs, no lesser obstacle can ever hope to turn one of these old carts from its objective.

One may tramp a country road in Quebec without seeing a sign of life. Then presently a speck heaves in sight on the distant horizon. Long before it can be "made out" intuition says, "It is a two-wheel cart".

As it comes along toward you, its own individuality becomes more and more evident. You can distinguish it perhaps for the cart of the old woman from Saint Fereol who comes down once or twice a week to sell her pickings of wild framboise or mountain raspberries to berry-hungry Pilgrims-to-the-shrine-of-bonne-Sainte Anne. For shrewd old woman that she is she knows that even "pilgrims" must eat.

This old weather-beaten Frenchwoman and her cart from the hill-country are well-known characters of the Beaupré road; and every woman

The Quebec Calèche

In Old Quebec

having anything from farm to sell hails madame as she drives along. So that when this particular cart arrives in the town every village housewife is agog at her door to see what madame has brought them to-day *pour diner*. And else for the cart itself, it overflows with beets and carrots, potatoes, maple sugar, a jar or two of honey; and from the mass struggling chickens gasp for breath. But *des oeufs et framboise* are all carefully protected under layers of cool leaves. Some morning we engage to ride back with madame when she has sold all her berries and what-not. We sit, one on the board beside the fat figure of madame, the other, on a box in the body of the cart among the empty berry pails. We ask madame how she got so many tins? "Du lard" mesdames, "du lard" mesdames, "du lard." She responds quickly. Looking about on the heap of lard tins it seemed to us as if the mountain folk must buy lard just to get the tins for their berries.

At first the springless cart is a little too much of a good thing, but we soon get used to the jolting and then forget it in speculating on the sights and sounds of the road. That whirr and buzz is not bees but a spinning wheel at work. We look in at an open door and there is madame at the wheel. She and the market woman exchange a hearty *bon jour*. The houses are fairly close on this road. Scarcely one is passed before another heaves in sight.

In some yards the hay-cart goes into the barn with a full load. In another there is heard the heavy thud thud of the loom. From our high cart we can see right into the room where madame is at work, shuttle in hand, bobbins in basket, balls of yarn on the floor.

Then behind us comes the honk of an automobile. Neither Dobbin nor madame seems to have heard. Their *sang froid* of the road is in no wise disturbed by the speeding motorist or the cloud of dust in which he envelopes our cart, as he flies past. It is not until we turn off from the main highway where the catcher-up-of-dust motor, meant little more to madame than a summer whirlwind, that she and Dobbin rouse themselves to an interest in the road.

The road here does two things. It goes off into deep woods and it begins to climb up and up. Madame gets down on her side of the cart. Simultaneously we fall out of it behind.

Hauling Fish

Down by the Sea

Dobbin gets a drink at a cool spring. We wash hands and faces.

The old woman cries *'Allez, allez"*, and Dobbin once more takes to the road, now leafy and sylvan but steep and winding, urged along with many an admonitory *marche donc* from madame. This shade is very graceful to both Dobbin and his mistress after the hot morning in town vending berries.

It is such a road as the motorist down there would never think of attempting. There is now a look about Dobbin at one end and madame at the other of the worn leather harness and reins, and a something about the lines of the old weathered cart which bespeak the satisfaction of the master. Down there, the Ford had the road to himself. He flew over it. But up here, this perpendicularity belongs to this trio of the old. Belongs to the two-wheel cart and the old French market woman.

Just for a moment down there our heart went back on our conveyance. Our allegiance weakened. We said, "Oh, for a car!" But up here in this "land of the sky", where the road comes out on the mountainous brow of *'Tite de Cap* and the gray St. Lawrence lies far below like a silver ribbon, the blue mountains of Northern New England against the southern sky, and away behind to the West, a smoke in the sky (that is Quebec) our faith in the cart returns with smashing convincingness. The two-wheel cart's the thing!

When madame begins to stop in front of cottage gates to pay out of her deep pocket the proceeds of each morning sale and we hand out to eager hands the right number of lard tins going to repeat their mission as berry containers, to our minds nothing is wanting in the Romance which weaves itself about the scene and the figure of the old cart and its mistress.

But we must not ride forever in this mountain-climbing and thrifty "hope of the hills". Other carts are calling. Let us drift down stream on the bosom of the St. Lawrence far out where it is "The Gulf" away past Prince Edward Island to the Magdalens. In this corner of Quebec the two-wheel cart is practically the only means of land transportation. These Island carts, like the islands themselves, overflow with originalty and character. They are soft and full of

the sea's wetness as they come toward us along the treeless, island-landscape. We notice, too, a difference in the horse. The Magdalens cart is drawn by an island pony. Mares are accompanied by shaggy colts, all legs, running beside the mothers, or following behind the cart, nose over the tailboard. When the load is a long mackerel boat going into winter quarters, after a long season's fishing on a distant beach, it is indeed a strange procession.

The up-hill-and-down road, causing it now to heave in sight and now to disappear as if the boat still rode the mobile crests and valleys of the Gulf.

But the most romantic of all the carts is the procession across the long barachois, a winding procession crossing the sands — cart after cart — a Canadian caravan of the desert. All sorts of weird and bizarre shapes of dusk and distance and creeping sea-fog add to the romance of this strange train.

What takes the caravan into the Desert? Not the trade in rich silks and carpets of far Eastern looms or the bringing of precious stones from one mart to another, but a trade just the same. An individual and romantic trade peculiar to the Magdalens. The culling of the clam. The tiny hard white mollusc with as pretty lights in it as the pearl when it comes wet from the underseas sand-home out there where the wet sea-fog begins in the eye of the wind.

One may think the path-finding lead-cart of this caravan has nothing to do. But try to find your own way across these sands and you will soon be glad to follow along behind any old cart that heaves in sight even if it is navigated by an old cow in harness. Out here the sea-wind licks up the sand and fills in and levels off landmarks just as the Scirocco levels off the shifting dunes of old Egypt.

Over there, there is the instinct of the camel, the desert knowledge of the man, and the light of the stars to guide—but out here on the sands of the Magdalens it is a woman's hand that holds the reins of the lead horse.

Her cart may be made of bits of driftwood and in the half-barrel tub, in the waist of this semi-sea craft, a rusty three-pronged homemade digging fork, and a lantern by her side, may be the only gauges to a rising tide.

Could your eye follow the long caravan winding its way across the sands at night. Lantern after lantern, a Will o' the wisp line of light and, black figures in whose path lies the sinister quicksand, you must easily fall under the spell of this wet and mystical wraith of the night which coming nearer resolves itself into a succession of carts coming from or bound to the clamming.

Like light comedy sunny and bright and tenderly human by contrast with the night caravan of the barachois is the scene of children of the Islands playing in the two-wheel cart next morning in the home yard. Elder brother plays Dobbin. Two garcons and a habitant maid occupy the driver's seat. Mother in Breton cap and ample apron gives confidence to the baby who fain would ride too but fears the big adventure. Another year, however, and he will ride with the boldest. . . .

At Percé the two-wheel cart is a beach character. Sometimes *le cheval,* but just as often *le boeuf,* comes swinging along over the beach shingles and sand with the cart for codfish heads. Nowhere but among coastal folk is the codfish head either available or prized as garden fertilizer. Tradition says that our forefathers learned the value of the buried codfish as fertilizer from the Indians. The fish-guano of trade is ground into a powder. But old-timers of the seacoast let nature do her own pulverizing. They bury or half bury the heads which are now the only part of the fish spared to the land. Every

On one of the Magdalen Islands

old woman's turnip or potato bed hereabouts rests on but partly concealed foundation of heads. Every afternoon when the boats come in from sea with fish you can watch the old men and boys coming with their carts to spear up with pitchforks the residue of the splitting-tables. And when it is not heads that are up, it is a load of seaweed they are after. The sea can always contribute something with which to make or enrich a garden.

Between the Government pier and the renowned Percé Rock, after a heavy bit of weather from the North, the beach is strewn with a carpet of algæ rich in the chemicals "good for the garden". Truly there are "subjects" galore awaiting the artist in

Clamfishing off the Magdalen Islands

Canada, but he must not be a stay-at-home!

Henry James, an American artist of note, discovered Percé quite twenty years ago and even built himself an imposing home and studio on the cliffs at Cap au Cannon, which is a very Duart Castle for precipitancy, but James's specialty was the remarkable scenery of Percé rather than the human element of the beaches. . . . All these carts mentioned are big and are found anywhere on the coast. The dog-cart is tiny and is especially of Quebec. For three hundred years the dog-cart has been reigning in Quebec. When one hears the habitant talk of *le chien*, one may be quite sure the subject is the dog which draws a cart. There is no other dog known thus generally to the whole countryside. Most of these little carts are homemade affairs, and, strange to say, unlike most of the larger carts, usually have springs. Many of the seats in these tiny carts are built up, so that the driver sits above his "horse". Many of the carts are fitted with iron foot rests which fall below the body of the cart. This arrangement is handy when the driver happens to be a tall man. The driver and rider in a dogcart is not always a child as might be supposed. In Quebec laborers ride to their work of a morning in a dog-cart. Sometimes the load is as much as the dog can navigate, but having deposited his master at mill or factory he is free to roam all day until closing time, when he must be on hand to carry his master home again. For many miles they come, these little carts and but for the dog how would the workman get to his work? The dogcart is by no means a toy. It serves a phase of Canadian life and helps along Canadian business.

Another phase of the dogcart life is seen at noon when from all around the countryside dogcarts foregather bringing to the workmen hot dinners the wives have cooked. It is a sight to behold when thirty or forty of these little wagons dash along the Saint Gregoire highway at noon bound for the cotton mill at Montmorenci Falls. The driver in each cart is now a small boy and dinner or no dinner, there is sure to be a race as to who gets there first. The dogs look as if they enjoyed the sport as much as the boys. Coming back the children take their time, there being no hurry to get back to home and play with the empty pail.

Going to School

In many parts of Quebec the dog-cart is often enough the perambulator of the smallest member of the *grande famille*. Older children in these cases usually go ahead of the dog which follows drawing in his tiny cart the little monarch of the household and the road. On all boyish adventures the dog comes-in, with the cart. Of course there are dogs and dogs even here. Some are finer and sturdier than others and none are thoroughbred but all are suitable for their work in the little cart. And it is surprising what loads they can pull. All the carts are constructed so that little weight comes on the dog.

Such scenes along the Quebec highway where dogcarts may even be seen taking a bag of mail from train to post office, carries one back to similar scenes in old France and Belgium. But in the outlying districts the dog-cart's chief use is for bringing in firewood, in some instances from the handy pile in the yard, but usually in the form of boughs from the scrub of the sea-coast, or the distant hills.

The highest form of the two-wheeler, however, though perhaps not any more picturesque than its humbler brethren, is of course the calèche. The calèche was the earliest voiture of seigneury times. It had a period of great popularity. Jaunty in line, it swayed with every rut, in the day of the bad road. Then the more elaborate four-wheeler was brought in from both England and France and the calèche fell into disuse, soon almost entirely disappearing from the Quebec highway. A few lone remnants of former glory now appear daily before the Hotel Frontenac picking up an occasional "fare". Someone with enough of the romantic spirit left will wish to see Quebec, city of the Intendents, revert to the vehicle used in that day. Nevertheless though the calèche has practically died out, even at this moment, darkest in its history, there comes word that it is to have its renaissance. One more proof that Romance still lives in the hearts of modern life. One more proof that the two-wheel cart of Romance is still a prime favorite with this old world, which is more than ever-a-wheel.

Gathering Seaweed

FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

The Legislature sat for more than eighty days and probably half the time was deliberately and utterly wasted. It is hard to understand what the oppositionists hoped to achieve by the methods which they adopted. If it was intended to show the people that the Government was in a difficult position in the Legislature they accomplished their object. But no demonstration was necessary to establish a fact of which the Province had full knowledge. There was skill in the system of obstruction which was pursued. But what else can be said in praise of the obstructionists? The Government carried its chief measures. On every test division it was sustained. It was manifest that the active oppositionists did not desire to force a dissolution of the Legislature while the Government showed no disposition to go to the country.

Mr. Drury displayed infinite patience and good temper and was uniformly effective in explanation or in defence of the Government's position. Mr. Ferguson and Mr. Dewart seem to have formed a legislative partnership to annoy Mr. Raney and to embarrass Mr. Drury. There is no reason to think that they mean to act together in the constituencies. They can be comrades-in-arms in the Legislature without any sacrifice of political attachments or convictions. They may be far apart politically and yet co-operate naturally enough against a government to which neither owes allegiance. The session showed that they are experts in the science of annoyance but it is doubtful if they made any deep impression upon the country. The Province does not believe that Mr. Drury has made any capital mistakes nor do the oppositionists offer any constructive measures interesting enough or important enough to excite acute or general interest in Provincial affairs.

There are those, looking forward to the next general election, which probably will come within twelve months, who see a union of forces under Mr. Ferguson and Sir Adam Beck against Mr. Drury and Mr. Wellington Hay, in case of Conservative success a Ferguson-Beck ministry and in case of Conservative defeat a Drury-Hay government. It cannot be doubted that Mr. Drury has very strong support among Liberals and whatever may be the complications and difficulties of the moment one feels that both at Toronto and at Ottawa the two-party system will be restored. A group government cannot be an effective organ of national administration, and patient and skillful as Mr. Drury has been in managing a coalition in Ontario, there is no doubt that he could govern more effectively if he had the security which an adequate working majority affords. One feels certain also that a united opposition would be more effective in criticism and more definite in purpose and policy than the two groups now under separate leadership and which are often too deeply engaged in watching each other to watch the Government with vigilance which ensures careful administration and sound legislation.

II

It has been revealed that Mr. Gifford Pinchot, one of the chief figures among American political emotionalists, spent $93,000 of his own money and accepted $30,000 more from his wife in order to secure the Republican nomination for Governor of Pennsylvania. Mr. Pinchot has been an active advocate of forest conservation, was a restless official at Washington under the Taft Administration, and supported Roosevelt for President when he ran as the candidate of the Progressives. He has more of the idealism of Bryan than of the hard, practical vigor of Roosevelt, but, to the surprise of the Republican Old Guard, he seems to understand as Roosevelt did how to capture the Primaries. It may be that very little of the $120,000 spent by Mr. Pinchot was used for corrupt purposes. But there are 2,000,000 voters in the State of Pennsylvania, and probably the amount provided by Mr. Pinchot and his wife represents only a fraction of what was spent in his struggle to secure the Republican nomination.

It is thought necessary in these Primary contests to organize State wide committees, to spend freely in literature and advertising and to employ all the political machinery which would be used in an actual State or federal election. The Primaries, however, only determine who shall be the candidates of the respective parties while an equal or greater expenditure of money becomes necessary in the actual contest between the parties which follows. Thus the system of Primaries, which was to assure free choice of candidates, to prevent control of nominating conventions by "Bosses", and to guarantee the equal freedom of all subjects in the pursuit of office, has greatly increased the cost of elections and made money more powerful than ever before in American politics. Roosevelt took the Primary nominations against Taft in many States because he had a power to raise money which Taft did not possess and was far more willing than Taft to use money for political purposes. The contest between Ford and Newberry in Michigan furnished an amazing illustration of the facilities for coruption which lie in the system of Primaries. Evidence could be multiplied from many other communities. Moreover, in too many cases only the "Bosses", extreme partisans, and those controlled by considerations of self-interest are interested in the Primaries. But a fraction of the total vote is polled and thus an interested minority may, and sometimes does, impose a candidate upon the dumb, inactive and indifferent majority.

Comparing Mr. Pinchot with Senator Newberry, who defeated Mr. Ford in Michigan and despite great and proved corruption has been able to hold his seat in Congress, The New York *Journal of Commerce* says: "Of the two Mr. Pinchot is obviously the more blameworthy because of his claims to sanctity made over a period of many years running from the time of the Roosevelt tennis (or kitchen) cabinet down to the autumn of 1920, when Mr. Pinchot again did obeisance to the party leaders. The outstanding fact in the case is that so long as such conditions exist a man of large means can, under certain conditions, buy his way into office by spending money for costly campaigns. The primary system instead of reforming has aggravated the situation. To the average man the harm is seen in the fact that this state of things tends to close office to all but individuals of wealth. Discussion during the past year or two has developed the equities in this campaign fund matter very clearly. Where a man supplies the cash for his own campaign in huge quantities and where it does not come from popular subscription he is in effect buying the office, and the fact had better be recognized."

The Primaries have made elections so costly that poor men cannot be candidates for the great public offices. Nomination can be obtained only through heavy expeditures in an unmeaning and indecisive preliminary contest. A victory must be won within the candidate's own party before he can organize for victory over the opposing party. The truth is that there is no salvation for a democratic country in duplication of political machinery and multiplicity of elections. Under the system of nomination which prevails generally in Canada conventions are often "packed", and the candidate prolific in pledges and skillful in appeal to class, sectional or religious prejudices is chosen but there is no escape from these consequences under a wide franchise save through the education of "our masters," a more robust national spirit, and a more acute realization by the individual voter of the perils of demagogy and the ultimate results of irresponsibility and inefficiency in government. It seems certain that in the United States the whole primary system will be abandoned sooner or later and fortified by American experience we in this country should be wiser than to follow the American example.

III

Mr. Meighan seems to have a conception of strategy which differs from that of Sir John Macdonald. For two sessions following the Conservative disaster of 1874 the great Conservative leader seldom challenged a division in Parliament. He argued that by dividing the House he would only expose his own weakness. He was content to wait for a change in political feeling and was more concerned to re-establish his party in public confidence than to worry his opponents. He understood that a new government had a natural claim upon public sympathy and that the people were certain to be more interested in its measures and methods than in pre-election quarrels or the reasons which led the country to discharge its predecessors. It is by constructive rather than by destructive criticism that a broken party restores its fortunes. Generally governments destroy themselves but time is required to assist the processes of dissolution. Destructive criticism is not effective until a government has shown lack of quality, of vigor and of capacity. One thinks that if Sir John Macdonald were now leading the Conservative party he would not "call in the members" until he found an issue upon which he could unite the Progressives against the Government. There are higher considerations than strategy and when such considerations appear the best strategy is to challenge regardless of immediate consequences. But there is nothing to be said for strategy of a lower order which only brings defeat.

Sir Lomer Gouin has declared that Mr. Meighen is a "poor loser" but that does not seem to be established by the speeches he has made since the general election. It cannot be said that he has shown arrogance or intolerance or anger over the decision of the people. If anything he has an excess of courage and where there is true courage there is seldom spleen or pettiness. Mr. Meighen can use biting sentences but a blow is not foul merely because it is direct and no one can suggest that there is any flavor of meanness in Mr. Meighen's sharpest utterances. The strength of Joseph Chamberlain was that he always attacked and never defended and there is a resemblance between Meighen and Chamberlain. The country can afford to remember that the Borden Government and the Union Government carried such responsibilities as no other governments ever carried in the history of Canada. Nor will posterity be ashamed of what they did and how they did it. It is a great thing

for Canada that from the war we have no legacy of scandal and that at least there was no greater waste of money or resources than in other countries. So one believes the ultimate judgment of history will be that the problems of reconstruction were handled with as much vigor and efficiency in Canada as in any other country. Never was there less corruption in Canadian politics, less doubtful traffic in patronage, less looseness in the general administration of the country's affairs. For all this we can afford to feel gratitude to those who carried the Dominion through a difficult period and set decent standards of personal conduct and personal service. Time will bring a vindication of men who now seem to be discredited but who after all met only the turn of fortune which comes to all public servants in a free country.

The country desired a change of government and wants the new ministers to have a fair chance to develop their policies and effect such changes in methods of administration as they believe the general public interest demands. For the time the people are not interested in inquests nor at all repentant for their action in the general election. It is seldom that a change of government is a calamity. It is best to think that there is no group or party in Canada to which the destinies of the country cannot safely be entrusted. If we are wise we will forget that there has been friction between Ontario and Quebec and it will do no harm to remember that Sir Lomer Gouin, who is characterized by the experts in the science of vexation as the "Master of the Administration", always had the confidence of the bulk of the English speaking people of his own Province. Oppositions discover a "master" in every Administration and those who recall a few of the historic examples will not be greatly alarmed. So it is best to remember that the Western Progressives are sitting in a Canadian Parliament and to believe, as has been said, that with all groups and parties in Canada national will outweigh sectional considerations. But fair and generous treatment of men in office does not mean that we should forget those who served with zeal and honor through "the days that tried men's souls" or that we should entertain the miserable, fatuous and all too common notion that only men in office can serve their country.

IV

Organized Labor in the United States is excited over a decision by the Supreme Court at Washington declaring that Labor Unions although unincorporated are amenable to the Sherman Anti-Trust Law and may be prosecuted for restraint of inter-State commerce. The question came before the Court on an appeal by the United Mine Workers of America from a decision of the United States District Court of Arkansas imposing damages of $200,000 upon twenty-seven local unions of that district and sixty-five workmen not connected with unions for violation of the Sherman Law during coal mine strikes in Arkansas eight years ago. The decision, however, has no immediate effect because the Supreme Court also held that the acts of the unions which caused destruction of property were not designed to restrain inter-State commerce nor instigated by the national miners' organization.

The decision was announced by Chief Justice Taft although he himself did not express concurrence or dissent. "It would be unfortunate," the Court said, "if an organization with as great power as this international union has in the raising of large funds and in directing the conduct of four hundred thousand members in carrying on in a wide territory industrial controversies and strikes out of which so much unlawful injury to private rights is possible,

should assemble its assets to be used therein free from liability for injuries by torts committed in course of such strikes. To remand persons injured to a suit against each of the 400,000 members to recover damages and to levy on his share of the strike fund would be to leave them remedyless."

It was, therefore, declared that "such organizations are sueable in the Federal Courts for their acts and that funds accumulated to be expended in conducting strikes are subject to execution in suits for torts committed by such unions in strikes." On the ground that there was nothing in the evidence to show that the international union or international board of the United Mine Workers had authorized the strike, or took any part in preparation for it, or in its maintenance, or had ratified it by paying any of the expenses, the court concluded that the international union and its officers should not have been held by the trial court as subject to joint liability with district and local organizations and officers for participation in the conspiracy or for the destruction of property incident to the strike.

The issue thus raised in the United States was fought out in Great Britain a few years ago. The Taff-Vale decision affirming the legal responsibility of unions was finally reversed or rather invalidated by Act of Parliament. Organized Labor in the United States is not so strong as in Great Britain, but probably is powerful enough to secure an amendment to the Sherman Law exempting Labor unions from its operations. Mr. Gompers is violent in protest against the Supreme Court's decision and manifestly it never was intended by Congress to bring unions under the Sherman Act. Probably the denunciation should fall upon Congress rather than upon the Supreme Court but ever since Roosevelt suggested recall of judges who gave unpopular decisions criticism of judges has been common in the United States. Mr. Taft is essentially conservative in conviction and outlook but he has associates who were political radicals and yet the judgment seems to have been unanimous. This suggests that the Sherman Act has been fairly interpreted and that Congress should amend the law if Labor unions are not to come under its provisions.

At the moment, however, there is a formidable movement in some of the States for incorporation of Labor unions and legal assertion of their responsibility for destruction of property and losses sustained by individuals and corporations through their action.It is not so easy, therefore, for Congress to amend the Act as Labor demands and probably to many public men the decision of the Supreme Court is as unwelcome as it is to the leaders of the organized workers. The Sherman Act has provisions which have proved to be merely vexatious and destructive and possibly this decision will lead to amendments that the industrial interests of the country require and also relieve Labor unions from the effects of the Supreme Court decision or provide a very clear definition of the acts for which unions can be held legally responsible. No individual or organization should escape liability for wanton violence or destruction but no legislative measure or legal decision can be justified which impairs the right of Labor to organize or take any constitutional action to assert and protect its reasonable rights and interests. In the United States there seems to be some disposition to seize all the advantages which a season of depression affords to punish and coerce organized Labor but one feels that the certain result of any such policy must be to strengthen the revolutionary elements, to reduce the level of industrial efficiency, and to store trouble and more trouble for the future when the club is in the hands of the workers.

V.

Few Canadians have as wide and as accurate knowledge of the political history of Canada since Confederation as Mr. W. F. Maclean, M.P. For nearly half a century he has had a distinguished place among Canadian journalists and he has had a seat in the House of Commons for a longer period than any other man who now sits in that Chamber. It is surprising, therefore, that he should have asserted the other day that Hon. Edward Blake was deposed from the leadership of the Liberal party because of his speech at Malvern in 1887, and, moreover, that *The Globe* was not in sympathy with his argument in support of moderate protectionist duties.

Mr. Blake was not deposed. Every pressure that could be used to prevent his resignation of the leadership in 1887 was applied. There never was a more hopeless and dispirited party in Parliament than the Liberal Opposition which Mr. Blake so suddenly abandoned. Nor did Mr. Blake take any new position in the speech at Malvern. In 1882, during the first general election in which he led the Liberal party, he said in his address to the electors of West Durham: "Our adversaries wish to present to you an issue as between the present tariff and absolute free trade. That is not the true issue. Free trade is, as I have repeatedly explained, for us, impossible; and the issue is whether the present tariff is perfect, or defective and unjust." He admitted that "we must continue to raise revenue mainly by import duties, laid to a large extent on goods similar to those which can be manufactured here;" and declared that "it results as a necessary incident of our settled fiscal system that there must be a large and, as I believe, in the view of moderate protectionists, an ample advantage to the home manufacturer."

This was also his argument in the speech at Malvern five years later. "No man," he said, "I care not how convinced an advocate of absolute free trade for Canada he may be, has yet suggested, no man I believe can suggest, a practicable plan whereby our great revenue needs can be met otherwise than by the continued imposition of very high duties on goods similar to those we make or can make, within our bounds, or on the raw material. I invite the most ardent free trader in public life to present a plausible solution of this problem and I contend that he is bound to do so before he talks of free trade as practicable in Canada. I have not believed it soluble in my day, and any chance of its solubility, if any chance there were, has been destroyed by the vast increase of our yearly charge, and by the other conditions which have been created. The thing is removed from the domain of practical politics."

The Globe had only commendation for the speech at Malvern. Mr. Maclean is wrong if he thinks otherwise. Sir Richard Cartwright, however, was driven by his opponents to say things which seemed to be in conflict with Mr. Blake's position and these more extreme statements were exploited by the Consrvative press and Conservative speakers to show division in the Liberal party and to maintain the alliance between Sir John Macdonald and the industrial interests. But whatever reasons may have induced Mr. Blake to resign the Liberal leadership at least, he was not attacked by *The Globe* nor deposed by the party on account of his speech at Malvern on the fiscal issue. Much more evidence could be produced if necessary to show that Mr. Blake's attitude towards the tariff was fairly and truly described by Sir Lomer Gouin in his speech at Ottawa a few days ago.

VI.

Quebec has become the centre of the movement against International Unionism. While the Legislature was sitting a strike of compositors threatened to interfere with the printing of its Bills and Reports. Mr. Taschereau, Premier of the Province, refused to negotiate with the officials of the International Typographical Union, which has its headquarters at Indianapolis in the State of Indiana, and vigorously denounced what he treated as outside interference between employers and workers in Canada. Later there was an exhaustive debate in the Legislature on a motion by Brigadier-General Smart declaring that "the question of enacting legislation to compel all Labor organizations to become incorporated and to more strictly enforce laws against strikers who resort to violence should receive immediate attention". In the debate Mr. Tascherau insisted that it was necessary to get rid of "foreign bosses". He did not, he said, oppose organization by Canadian workmen. "It is not only their right but it is their duty when they think it is necessary to protect themselves. But what we want and what the sane opinion of the Province wants is that our own workmen be the masters of their own destinies, and decide themselves what is proper for Canada and our own Province, and not accept the direction of strangers, especially when the conditions elsewhere are not the same as here."

There was general if not unanimous support for the Premier's position. It was pointed out in defence of the system of international organization that all local unions in Canada had complete freedom of action and that the chief duty of International officers was to negotiate between local unions and employers who were unable to compose their differences. No strike in Canada, it was declared, was ever ordered by International officers while in many cases these officers had settled local disputes in the most friendly co-operation with employers and had often required local unions to relinquish a part or even all of their demands. Mr. Galipeault, a member of the Government, suggested that the International Unions were Canadian in time of peace and American in time of war and there were frequent references during the debate, which extended over two sittings of the Legislature, to the attempt of the International Typographical Union to stablish a forty-four hour week all over the continent without regard to local conditions and to the practical compulsion exercised upon the railways of Canada to accept the McAdoo awards from Washington by which the wages of all railway employees were greatly increased. Finally an amendment to Brigadier-General Smart's motion was adopted by which Canadian workmen, described as one of the sanest elements of the population, were advised to "give themselves a constitution which will be essentially Canadian and to continue to co-operate in the industrial development of the Province in an orderly manner and with respect for our laws".

It is estimated that over 200,000 workers in Canada belong to the International Unions while 24,000 belong to what are termed non-International Labor bodies, 45,000 to National and Catholic Unions, 15,000 to independent Unions and 5,000 to the One Big Union. Not long ago the Union of Electrical Workers separated from the International Union and established an organ at Toronto to agitate for an independent national organization of Canadian Labor. At best, however, the movement against the International Unions gains ground slowly. The strength of the separatists is in Quebec where the National Catholic Unions under religious control have a strong foothold. These Unions are distrusted by the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress as

calculated to affect the solidarity of labor and as amenable to influences which cannot regard the interests of labor as the first consideration. Rev. Abbé Maxime Fortin, General Chaplain of the National Catholic Unions, however, insists with emphasis that they never deny employment to Protestants even in industries where they have control or refuse to admit Protestants to membership for any other reasons than the strictly religious character of such unions.

No doubt feeling exists among the Catholic and Canadian unions because they have not been called into council by the Federal Department of Labor. When the National Industrial Conference was held at Ottawa three years ago Labor was represented only by delegates from the International Unions. Delegates to International Labor Conferences have always been chosen from the ranks of the Internationalists. Indeed it has been the settled policy of the Minister of Labor to recognize only the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress which is actually an international body in affiliation with the American Federation of Labor. It must be remembered, however, that the International leaders united with the Canadian authorities to overcome the great strike, directed by the One Big Union, in Winnipeg and throughout the Western Provinces and that the American Federation of Labor has an honorable reputation for scrupulous observance of contracts. Nevertheless it is impossible to believe that Canada can be unaffected by international unionism as it would seem reasonable to think that the effects of American industrial conflicts upon Canada must through the international organization of labor be far greater than the effects of conflicts in Canada upon American industrial conditions and interests. There are now strikes in Nova Scotia, Alberta and British Columbia and it is natural to think that these troubles are related to the great miners' conflict in the neighboring country. It is very doubtful, however, if American industrial interests have ever conspired, as is sometimes suggested, to reduce the production of Canadian mines or to cripple Canadian railway services. The One Big Union is evidence enough that we have had material for industrial revolution within our own borders.

Probably the trouble in Nova Scotia was not unrelated to the feeling in Canada against domination by International Unions. In the Sydney coal and steel region where the United Mine Workers of America are established there has been almost continuous friction and unrest. A few weeks ago, Mr. J. B. MacLachlan, Secretary for the District, advised the miners as "a method of retaliation" to cut down production to a point where "all profits of the British Empire Steel Corporation would vanish". In a vigorous and courageous reply Hon. James Murdock, Minister of Labor, while denying sympathy with the Steel Corporation, told Mr. MacLachlan he had no doubt that for some time he had preached so-called passive strike methods and would continue to do so. "In my judgment," he said, "it is un-British, un-Canadian and cowardly to pretend to be working for a wage rate in effect, while declaring to the world that only partial, grudging service will be given." He added, "Red-blooded Canadian citizens will not, in my judgment, follow your advice in the pretence of loyalty staying on the job for the purpose of penalizing the employer." These and like incidents, however, are not necessarily the peculiar effects of international unionism as applied in Canada. There are like chapters, perhaps not so baldly written, in the history of national unionism in other countries. But there are anomalies and perplexities in the relation of Canada to international unionism which naturally excite misgiving and produce misunderstanding.

THE SWEEPER OF CHERRY BLOSSOMS

BY C. B. BOARDMAN and R. J. TEMPLETON

"She hath spoken and her words still resound in his ears. . . ." Hao-Kieou-Tchouan, c. IX.

THE sun splutters his golden rays in great and small patches over the orchards of blossoming cherry trees, blending them in a mass of color that ranges from the subtle pink of the sea shell to the faintest tint of lilac mauve, with a touch of melon red, and there the soft emerald of leaves peeping from behind the blossoms.

You hear the gentle sobbing of the wind as it passes through the valley. It has the sound of a woman's cry—a sad, low, vibrating note that sets the temple bells a-tingle—and carries far the luring perfume of the orchard.

A million cherry blossoms quiver in the breeze. Some break loose, to soar for a while and fall to earth; others cling still to their parent trees. At times a wondrous crooning echo comes from the low hills, sounding like the *burdon* note of a great organ miles and miles away.

. . . . . .

Where the hill rises from the valley stood the hut of an honest, plodding pottery maker, Yong-Lo by name, of long and worthy ancestry, who lived there alone with his daughter, Sho-San.

Each morning, before even the dew had dropped from the camphor leaves, Sho-San might be seen sweeping, with her awkward broom of reed grass, the winding paths in the orchard that led to the many-gabled palace of the Great Mandarin.

Sho-San knew the cherry orchard better even than its owner. She alone understood and reverently respected its powerful silences and listened in seemly awe to the deep voice of Huan-Shi, the Wind, as he passed among the fruiting trees. And Sho-San held the secrets of the orchard close to her heart and spoke not so much as a word of them to others.

With the coming of spring the soul of Sho-Shan was bewitched by the cherry blossoms—by their perfume and their many hues—and by the low sensuous winds that quivered among them — winds that made strange sounds, that tugged fiercely at unknown, hidden cords within her.

Sho-San was young, and she listened and saw and dreamed—oh, so very much did she dream. To her fancy, the orchard became a fairy land of throbbing color and beguiling beauty, and Huan-Shi, she knew, was master of it all. It was he who swept her cherry blossoms far away and sprinkled them like snow flakes everywhere. Some day, she dreamed, if she were worthy and faithful, she would go away, leave her father and the cherry orchard and the cobblestone paths, and live with Huan-Shi. Perhaps, if he wished it, she would marry him and help him to sweep the cherry blossoms and carry their perfume away,

away, until it mingled with the many odors of far-off Pe-King. She was not quite certain about this latter thought, for, no doubt, Huan-Shi, the Mighty, had many wives, and perhaps he would take her only as a concubine. Yet Sho-San would be happy even as such.

It was in this manner that Sho-San grew to early young womanhood. During this time she continued to sweep daily, with regularity and thoroughness, the many paths of the Celestial One's orchard. This mighty descendant of Yaou was not to be deceived by untidyness; in his walks he noticed everything, even the remote bypaths and nooks, and should there be found any remission of duty, swift and powerful would be his wrath. Daily each afternoon, clad in long flowing robes of lemon-hued silk, he strode about in the orchard, acompanied by his household retinue, and Sho-San, crouched behind a gnarled chrysanthemum bush, watched them every day, and in her simple heart she was proud that her orchard should be honored by the presence of such mighty ones, and happy that her sweeping seemed to satisfy the Mandarin.

One afternoon, at the time when spring was young, Sho-San was discovered in her hiding-place by no less a person than Shan-Yu, bearer of the August One's reed mat. When she beheld Shan-Yu watching her as she crouched behind the low bush, a chill of fear thrilled her body and she was numb with terror, knowing the wrong she had committed and the punishment she had earned.

But it was otherwise with Shan-Yu. He sought her out not to punish her with lashes but to love her with strong passion.

Many times afterwards he would steal away from the great palace for an hour, and then for as much as two and even three hours, to plead his love to Sho-San, though she was but a sweeper of paths while he was the Great One's mat bearer. And Sho-San noted Shan-Yu's firm, slim body and handsome face—and she thought much.

"Little Iris Flower," Shan-Yu would cry eagerly, "Come with me to the Shinto father that he may bind us as one. Then you will live in the great palace of Yuan-Lu, and no more will you sweep these many paths, but only rest and play. And you will always remain beautiful, as beautiful as you are now, for you will have rice powder for your face and carmine for your lips. And you will wear flowered silks and have the sacred chrysanthemum in your hair."

Sho-San pondered much upon his words. She loved the chrysanthemum and the flowered silks. She had seen the fine ladies of the palace as they minced daintily about, with their cheeks white as rice with powder and their lips, scarlet with carmine, seeming like little bleeding wounds cut upon their faces.

After each visit she was tempted to say, "Yes, Shan-Yu, we will go to the Shinto father and be made as one." But that was when he had gone. On his return next day, a voice seemed to ask, softly yet distinctly, "Will Sho-San then leave her cherry blossoms and Huan-Shi?" And her heart would speak out, "No!"

But the love of Shan-Yu would not be gainsaid. One day found him buried deep in thought. He had decided, he would drive Sho-San from her stupid orchard that he might have her for himself. Thereafter, for many hours, he whispered with Foo-King, keeper of the Celestial One's precious vases, and many yen passed from his hand until the keeper of vases nodded and was at last agreed.

On the next day, while taking his walk, the Mighty One beheld upon his pathway a thousand pieces of one of his precious vases. And there was no one at hand to speak, with downcast eyes.

The Mandarin's mind moved rapidly; the sweeper had broken the vase which she had stolen and had fled.

Yuan-Lu rose like an angry typhoon, and straightway a message bearer was despatched to the hut of Yong-Lo, the pottery moulder.

When Sho-San saw the messenger approaching she thought at once of Shan-Yu, and wondered expectantly. But when she beheld the great seal of the dragon, used only by officials of the highest rank, she trembled so that she could scarcely unfold the paper and read the words upon it. They crashed in her mind with a sound like the unleashed fury of mad seas. Banished from her cherry orchard and from her father's house! For what cause, she knew not, nor must she ever learn. She had no recourse but to obey.

So Sho-San took leave of her father, and in the gathering shades of nighttime wandered away, knowing not where she went nor giving heed. Her mind was like that of one stricken delirious by fever. All night she wandered, and morning found her upon the crest of the great cliff overshadowing the valley. The sun was just beginning to mount the turquoise heavens. Far down beneath her—it seemed leagues away, so distant did the view appear—was her cherry orchard, aglow with the fresh sparkle of morning. And, rising above it, Sho-San beheld also the gilded gables of the palace of the Mandarin.

She listened for a moment to the sounds of the awakening valley. Then, from far below, her ears caught the anguished "Hiai—Hiai" of a wailing man. Sho-San recognized the voice of Shan-Yu, crying loudly for her. Borne upon the wind, it sounded strangely like the crooning echo of Huan-Shi.

Her breaking heart thrilled to know that there was one who still wanted her. Peeping in the direction of the sound, she stepped out upon the overhanging ledge. Her head reeled dizzily.

"Sayonara," she whispered, "Sayonara." It was all she could say. And then . . . in a moment her mind became clear as she felt her fevered brow being cooled by whirring air . . . . . and then a great light dawned upon her . . . . and Sho-Shan was happy.

. . . . . .

In the season of the cherry blossoms, when the low moaning of the wind falls upon the ears, there is silence in the ways of Seoul. And when the little ones fret and cry their mothers whisper: "Hush! 'Tis time for sleep, for Sho-San is crying—crying for her cherry blossoms."

THE LIBRARY TABLE

MOONLIGHT AND COMMON DAY

By Louise Morey Bowman. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

HAVE a friend who says that poetry which properly exacts but a modified meed of praise from the critical is like "a pretty good egg". My friend is a bit of a stickler. He looks askance at all things modern—Russia, and the movies, and Carl Sandburg. He thinks Matthew Arnold's touchstone theory not subject to the rifts of devious change. He has a zeal for what he calls "quality".

I have another friend who wishes "not to miss the emerging vitalities of his own generation". He might have said generations, for he has seen two of them. Some slight portion of this latter spirit is necessary before Louise Morey Bowman's book of poems is regarded primarily as more than a challenge to combativeness. The book is not quite in the most recently established and familiar poetic tradition. It possesses an individuality that, lacking robustness, can yet be definite to the point of aggressiveness. I write "book of poems" advisedly. The book, the event of the creating, gathering and publishing of these forty items of manner is the significant thing. The poems viewed singly vary considerably in quality. There are lines and stanzas and even whole poems to praise which would be to offend Mrs. Bowman. But the book as a whole, to those who will not name it offhand a disaster because they see free verse in it, is at least a sort of portent. It is surely a real aid to the beginnings of a renaissance in Canada of contemporary and indigenous vitality in the realm of poetic literature. Mrs. Bowman has struck out. She has emerged from the soft singing of the magazine tailpieces. She has got a little distance away from the insignificance and vacuous facility of too many dozens of volumes of Canadian verse.

Years ago Arthur Stringer in a little volume called "Open Water" did a thing that by virtue of his subsequent preoccupations justifies those who believed in him poetically in calling him a lost leader. Stringer wrote a preface to "Open Water" in which he made a plea for free verse. The volume was a volume of crabbed and stunted verse wherein one stumbled upon beauty. Some of the beauty of that little volume visits and revisits the memory. Arthur Stringer, not as a Canadian, but, nevertheless, a Canadian, began the doing of a service to Canadian poetry. He took, or seemed to take, his craft seriously; he evidently thought about it. He was in the grip of a belligerent enthusiasm over it. He wrote a preface; his title was a fine provocative metaphor. Then something happened, his tastes changed or his ideals failed him, and he stopped. Mrs. Bowman begins, though it is more than eight years later, where he left off. Mrs. Bowman's book is a departure where and when departure is needed. "Moonlight and Common Day", taking it by and large, as we say when we wish to avoid a precise issue, is an attempt

to emphasize life, letting form for the moment go by the board or take care of itself. Ever and anon this is the necessary thing of the moment.

Canada has needed a stirring of the moods and of the mind and of the combative instinct in connection with matters poetic. Too much "niceynice and smoothy-smooth and sweetysweet", too much, not precisely Tennyson, but Tennyson diluted, has been manifest among us; too much of "nature and birds", too little of the human mind; too much attempt at music through rhyme and stanza, too little attempt at life. I am not necessarily thinking of Mrs. Bowman as the arch protagonist of a new poet cult in Canada. But it is a thing easily to be discerned that from Mrs. Bowman and her fireside table whereon lie copies of the London *Mercury,* the Chicago *Poetry,* critical volumes from Wordsworth and Coleridge to Lowes and Lowell, and Bridges, Lynd, and Murray, has gone out in the form of "Moonlight and Common Day" something in the nature of a departure as far as Canadian poetry is concerned. We have had a Service or a Stead or an X or a Y, but each has tempted us to falsely imagine we witnessed creative effort where too often mere energy displayed itself. The fact that it was good Canadian energy did not make it more adequate as a protest against insipidity and insignificance than simply a loud voice or a brutal or vulgar gesture ever is. In Mrs. Bowman's work there is now and then something delicate yet firmhanded, giving the sense of being backed by life. Her poetic intelligence is an organism whose pulses are felt in her book. One would not pause upon her volume for any special amount of intellectual body it contains, but there are lines in the poems here and there that set one back in one's chair gazing and thinking. Not too many Canadian poets have given us lines of that sort. Whatever may be said or will be said about Mrs. Bowman's book, by a kind of pioneering instinct that it manifests, by the nature of an accent, which it carries, it puts Mrs. Bowman among the few Canadian poets who possess individuality and who are deliberately endeavoring to say things about life. There is now and then in her book a deftly analytic reach into the intricate recesses of what we call the human soul and any slight witness to the fact that there is that realm of intricate and devious yet alluring difficulty in the tangle of human personality will not come amiss in Canadian poetry. Canadian poetry, heretofore all too content to linger in the garden, must enter the house of life. It is time the lamps were lit and the fire burning within the four walls where most of human activity goes on.

An Englishman or an American reading these jottings would likely take them as an adverse comment upon the state of Canadian poetry. Mrs. Bowman's work would not be a notable departure, would indeed scarcely cause a ripple on that score in England or in the United States. In those countries the surface is already disturbed, has been long disturbed. Here in Canada we have not been particularly vexed with one another over our ways of thinking about poetry and writing it. Mrs. Bowman should help to make us vexed because her book is sufficiently in a vein of its own to make it likely that it will receive more than its due and less than its due quite obviously. Read "Verse and Reverse", read Dr. Garvin's or indeed anybody's anthology, read any of all save three or four volumes of Canadian verse beside, and feel the import of the pointing finger of this little book of Mrs. Bowman's. The impact of its difference is unavoidable.

There will be believers in Mrs. Bowman who will suggest to her that

she submit her feeling and insight to the schooling and compression of the sonnet and some of the other more formal and precise verse forms. Mrs. Bowman, like all earnest workmen, will do as she likes with this suggestion—and continue at any rate to give us words that now and then carry the authentic accent of poetry.

One's estimate of individual poems swings and varies somewhat with the tides of mood. I submit a selection of excerpts from the volume which should set the reader wondering about the state and trendings of Canadian poetry.

From "Moonlight and Common Day":

As for me I love good food and beautiful clothing,
And well ordered, punctual living
Behind tall, well-clipped hedges;
And practical, common-sense people.
But still——

Let us open my casement window, Beloved,
Where the dark leaves stir in the silence,
And the sweet, wet earth breathes softly
And murmurs an exquisite word.
Any moment out into the moonlight may issue
White creatures, and elfin-formed things that we know not,
Quaintly and solemnly marching and chaunting inaudibly.

. . . . .

Is Life food and raiment and conquest,
Is Love conquest and intrigue and passion?
Is Death a gaunt figure white shrouded,
Dealing blows out of blackness?

From "The Apple Orchard":

I have searched through the orchard to find her—
My full-blossomed Love, with the flesh of warm whiteness,
And sorrowing dark eyes, wide open and wistful.
Crimson and gold are the apples fallen.
The orchard was breathing of richness and passion,
And drowsiness—yesterday.
Here when I entered I cried out in joy,
Here is Harvest!

But the apples have fallen, the sunshine has faded.
From the scent of the apples
Rises an incense
To bare, empty altars.
I follow, lonely, unmated,
The path to the city of workers.

THE WEALTHY SHEPHERD

As I came in from the green South Downs
I heard the pedlars cry
"What d'ye lack?" and "What d'ye lack?"
"Come lasses and lads, come buy!"
So they chattered and clacked away
All at the fair on a summer day.
"Satin waistcoats, and scented gloves,
Silken hose or a cage of doves,
Sweets and 'winkles and hot meat pie—
What d'ye lack? Come buy! Come buy!

And I answered them as a free soul may,
Fresh from the green South Downs that day,
"I lack nothing that ye can sell,
I've flung my pence in the Wishing Well,
Bathed my face in the morning dew,
Broken my fast on the white milk new,
Breathed the scent of the wild sweet-briar,
Listened long to a skylark choir.
All that I'm lacking, I tell ye true,
Are my green meadows and hills of blue."

How they laughed and jeered me, those pedlar folk.
"Look at the daft one! He's a jest!
Buttercup gold in his hands he holds!
Fool! Get back to the South Down folds
Back from the low-land fair I haste,
Far from the clatter and clack and waste.
There I find in my sweet green dell
Three new lambs by the Wishing Well;
Sweet wild thyme and the glint of dew,
Treasure trove of the old and new.
But down at the fair the pedlars cry
"What d'ye lack? Come buy! Come buy!"

A. L. P.

*

MY POCKET BERYL

By Mary Josephine Benson. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.

THIS little volume should make for its author a sure place among Canadian singers. For it contains a number of exquisitely moving poems and some rarely poignant measures. Mrs. Benson is a resident of Port Hope, wife of a practising physician, and sister of Bernard Freeman Trotter, whose volume "A Canadian Twi-

light", printed after he had fallen for his country, is one of the first rank of Canadian books of war verse. We quote from Mrs. Benson's book "The Avenue of Elms":

They planted elms in two long rows to-day
Betwixt the High Street and the riverside,
And some stood by who wept and some in pride
Looked tearless on, that voiceless went away.

For the Fallen rose that aisle of trees
(And you, my Hero love, among the slain!)
That memory with each year made green again
Might robe afresh within their sacristies.

Oh, Philip, down the Avenue of Elms,
What if some summer night when they are grown,
You should come, conjured when I pass alone
Their shadows, shade-like, from your veiléd realms!

What if within that Hall of Hallowed Dream
Your image should grow substance, arms of flesh—
Your very arms—enfold me; kisses afresh
Supplant ghost-raptures: Death life's vows redeem?

They planted elms in two long rows to-day
Betwixt the High Street and the riverside.
I thought of you alone of all who died,
Looked blindly on and went my haunted way!

*

EXPLORERS OF THE DAWN

By Mazo de la Roche. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

THE author of this "first" novel, who was hitherto a comparatively obscure writer, came into quick prominence with the appearance of this fascinating collection of child pictures. The book is, to be carpingly precise, a series of sketches, or studies, of childhood; and while it is to many readers a delightful entertainment, it has the added attraction of being amusing. The characters themselves, even the grown-ups that compose the background, are real personalities, and one or two of them, *The Seraph* and *Angel,* as examples, are irresistible. The third child, the "I" of the book, is of course the important character, for the record is written in the first person, and everything is recorded just as the writer saw it as a child. These three children, whose mother is dead and whose father is engaged for two years as engineer in South America, are put during that period in charge of an angular widow, Mrs. Handsomebody, who regards her duties seriously and accepts them with resignation. "Then there was Mary Ellen [The cook] with her 'followers', always our firm ally, brimming with boisterous good health."

"It was Saturday morning, and we three were in Handsomebody's parlor—Angel, The Seraph, and I.

No sooner had the front door closed on the angular figure of the lady, bearing her market basket, than we shut our books with a snap, ran on tiptoe to the top of the stairs, and, after a moment's breathless listening, cast our young forms on the smooth walnut bannister, and glided to the bottom."

Thus the fun begins, and it is real fun, joyous, wholesome, even if at times bedeviling, fun, and it lasts throughout the two hundred and ninety pages of the book.

Miss de la Roche lives in Toronto. She has been writing for some years, mostly short stories.

*

SUCCESS

By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Toronto: Thomas Allen.

READING the first third of "Success", by Samuel Hopkins Adams, one is absolutely thrilled with the color, action, life of it—interesting scenes, ideality, everything that one desires in a work of fiction. Divided into three parts, this first, called "Enchantment", would make a complete short novel in itself, only that the unreasonable disappointment in the last page would have to be

changed. Almost any reader resents having his feelings played upon unless the denouement which he has been led to expect occurs.

So, when the reader has reached the end of the 152 pages of "Enchantment" and receives this blow to his intelligent interest, he murmurs: "The same old trick! Marries her to the other man and then has to kill the husband off! Will he give him an overdose of sleeping-powder or let him fall off the bridge at midnight?" "In real life," the reader reflects, "husbands in such circumstances have a knack of living on."

He is the more shocked because the talk and the general development of the story up to that point has been so brilliant. Almost, he throws down the book. But he doesn't. His eyes half-heartedly glance at the first page of part two. He meets the hero and also an unusual and rather comic situation. He is plunged suddenly into a new world, less beautiful than the wild desert in "Enchantment" but more provocative of ideas. It is the world of newspaperdom with all the intricacies of problems that relate to the control by men of wealth, of news-giving, to methods of news-getting, to the morality of giving private scandals front-page prominence, and to the question of success as a motive.

"You talk about success as though it were a religion," the hero complains to the woman who urges him to leave his life of lonely content. "And you are making converts like all true enthusiasts. Tell me, what do you mean by success?"

"Oh, power, money, position, being somebody."

"How does one acquire the desire for success?"

"How? I've known men to do it for love; and I've known them to do it for hate; and I've known them to do it for money. Yes, and there's another cause—restlessness."

"That's ambition with its nerves gone bad, isn't it?"

Later on success is defined as doing the thing one wants to do.

Newspaper life is described at too great length in the second and third divisions of the book. The schemings and delays grow wearisome. But there are really few faults in this skilfully-handled and intensely interesting novel. Optimistic in its general tone, it inspires a feeling for the best things in life.

THE WHITE PLUME

From the Painting by John S. Sargent, R.A.
Exhibited by the
Canadian National Exhibition

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PEARL OF THE SOUTH SEAS

BY NORMAN REILLY RAINE

AT five o'clock I was awakened and went on deck. The air was quite warm despite a thin mist through which sea and sky took on the color of delicate mauve. The sea was like glass in its smoothness although we dipped and pitched to a heavy ground swell.

Directly ahead, and looming in the half-light like a colossal monument was the volcanic peak, Moorea, the island sentinel of Tahiti. As we drew closer we could discern the swaying fronds of cocoanut palms in blurred and ghostly outline against the farther sky.

Daylight followed swiftly.

Over to starboard was the island of Tahiti, Pearl of the South Seas, rising tier on tier of tropic vegetation until the peak of Orohena was lost in swirling cloud. The first rose points of day were lighting the scene to vivid beauty. The tricolor of France, whipped out in the freshening breeze, glowed like a spot of flame in the morning sun.

Slowly we steamed toward a gap in the barrier reef. The air trembled with the thunder of the surf. On either hand, and extending about the island for as far as eye could follow, was a spouting ring of creamy white where the great Pacific combers smashed at the coral wall.

Presently a motor launch, manned by bronze-skinned natives and carrying the pilot and the French medical officer, shot from the reef gap and drew alongside the sea ladder.

For all of his ponderous figure the doctor was nimble and we soon were ranged up for his examination. A cool, trim personage, he looked, in white drill uniform and spotless topee. He consulted his papers and pursed his full lips.

"The steamer *Canadian Pioneer* of the Canadian Government Merchant Marine, for New York and Boston from Brisbane, Australia . . ." he articulated carefully. His voice

rose to a point of faint regret. The sunlight slipped from his round, good-humored face. He became politely deprecating.

"It is not good that you come from Brisbane," he said. "In Brisbane is the plague. Here in Tahiti we are afraid of the plague. We had the flu! Ah, m'sieurs, what sorrow! What a time! Here we are thousands of miles from help in time of such trouble. You will have, perhaps, to be fumigated. And while the fumigate is being carried on you will . . . I regret . . . have to remain at anchor. Furthermore . . . " with a truly Gallic shrug—"if then you are allowed to the wharf at Papeete after the fumigate there must not be communication with the shore by anybody of your ship, not the officer nor yet the man, between the sun-she-set, and the sun-she-rise. I would advise you well, mes amis, to observe this rule. There were those who did not heed. Ah, those reckless ones! . . . an officer and a doctor of a passenger ship, they were, who went back to the 'Cercle' for the one more, what you call it, whiskysoda. Tiens! The police viewed them . . . and then, those poor unfortunates! . . . several hours they were put to jail and when they came out they did not look well, their faces were so pale. It is not so good, like that, eh, mes amis? Well . . . we shall see . . . . and presently comes the machine for the fumigate."

With this glum outlook we awaited the arrival of the "machine" which came off to us later in the day, towed by a painfully overworked motor-boat. This abused vessel, we discovered, performed the manifold duties of harbor tug, pilot tender, medical officer's launch, police boat, excursion yacht and a variety of other onerous and pleasant duties. Its native crew worked for the pleasure of the ride.

The "machine" was an awesome contrivance of no one seemed to know how many years. It seemed that doubt lurked in the minds of the mechanics in charge, as to whether it would discharge its duties. Evidently their childlike souls regarded it in the light of a lovable but erratic plaything.

Their doubts were more than confirmed. For sound, smell and wriggle mingled with unexpected fizzle and pop it had no equal. No wonder the native mind was charmed with its versatility!

But the keepers were almost boulevardean in their efforts to conceal from us their delight in its antics. Carefully they endeavored to explain that always it did not act thus. They were truly pained, they said, by its inexcusable rudeness in holding us from the delights of the shore.

At this juncture the creature outdid itself in the way of a leap and almost bounced into the sea. Sulky because of its failure to exhibit its amphibious skill, it ceased running, re-started, trembled violently, gave a loud and derisive bang and stopped dead.

Even native and acquired politeness combined could not now conceal the unbounded gratification of these ingenious beings at the prowess of their charge. They were grieved!—they shrugged! but they feared that its days of usefulness were done. We told them that they were decades late with their discovery. Only one thing to do. It was to be towed ashore until it should become convalescent. It was taken in charge again amid hearty native cheers. The thing looked positively malicious as it left our ship's side. It evidently did not approve of our disturbing its antediluvian slumbers.

Twenty-four hours passed. No machine. "Come!" thought we—"this will never do"—and so the Chief Engineer was despatched ashore in search of it. Up what dark bayou he pursued it, no one ever knew, but he tracked it to its lair. At last the surly

brute was forced to acknowledge a master! The Chief was too much, even for its fiendish nature. It returned, reluctantly, and was again attached to the ship.

The spark was switched on. It revolved—disconsolately—but it revolved. It banged no more and its fizzes were but feeble ones. Its crew were silent and ashamed, for it had lost caste. It was working.

At dawn the following day we drew alongside the copra shed with its tiers of swollen bags and iron roof radiating already under the glare of the sun.

The wharf was crowded with natives in every stage of picturesque dress and undress. Nearly all wore broad-brimmed hats of plaited palm fibre, ringed with the aromatic Tahitian love-flower. There were a score of onlookers for every worker. Beautifully formed people they were, with flashing smiles and the manner of playful children. The favorite sport was that of pushing one another from the dock into the water. The women took an enthusiastic hand and each successful essay was greeted with a roar of laughter as the victim splashed in, swam about and climbed grinning and dripping up the piles.

I walked ashore and across the Quai du Commerce, past a row of Chinese shops tended by beaming women, to the market-place. Here was a sight which could be duplicated no-where away from the South Seas.

The market-place was a great, grass-carpeted square. Along one side were ranged open iron sheds with booths and tables heaped to overflowing with native produce.

A long wooden slab held a dozen varieties of fish . . . scaled rainbows of unbelievable shape and hue. On tables nearby were sugar apples, green and cicatriced with white juice showing in the cracks of the skin. Samoan bananas nearly a foot in length matched charms with the local product and the short speckled, fine looking specimens of the Marshall group. Mangoes, with their rich shading of yellow and green, rubbed cheeks with *avocas* or alligator pears, and large island *onanis,* or oranges, glowed against a basket of breadfruit. Green cocoanuts rolled under foot.

Through the crowd of softly chattering marketers threaded tall, half-naked natives bearing on their shoulders huge bunches of half ripe bananas. They had come, some of them, for several miles down the steep hill-paths of Orohena to dispose of the fruit which they had not the trouble even of tending.

Great baskets, laden with spoil of the sea . . . turtles, enormous cray fish, squid, and crustaceons of various kinds kept company with bizarre, striped fish of brilliant colorings, and were borne to the sale by stalwart Moorean Islanders clad only in the white and yellow clout of the native fisherman.

Graceful girls, with dark hair hanging and decked with wreaths of love-flowers, glided through the throng, their lithe bodies wrapped in the attractive *lava-lava* of crimson and white, and carrying palm baskets of exotic blossoms and fruits.

Dogs of every shade and degree of degradation fought under the meat stands for fragments of offal, and if occasionally they were beguiled by a choice bit into contact with the sandaled foot of a Chinese stand-keeper that was but part of the game, to be accepted with crescendo yelps and no hard feelings. The leader and undisputed champion of the dogs was a savage beast, large and heavily muscled, which had been left at Tahiti by Scott on one of his Antarctic expeditions some years ago. It was a mangy and ill-favored cur, and when it was pointed out to me was vindicating its superior breeding and Western manners by half-killing a couple of its satellites. From all of which

might be drawn a moral to fit in with what the native stoutly affirms . . . that the white man and his ways have been the ruin of these alluring islands.

Leaving the sheds proper, I entered a Chinese shop rather cleaner than the average and selected a seat from which the colorful life of the market was in full view.

Here, for the modest sum of fifty centimes, I was served with a long, fresh and excellently baked half loaf of bread cut down the middle and treated to a scraping of butter, and a large cup of fragrant coffee. A packet of unbelievably vile cigarettes completed my purchases. All about, were the softly modulated voices of the natives. It is a liquid tongue, the Tahitian, with a preponderance of vowels, gently intoned and one of the most pleasant on earth. Every word seems a caress.

A number of the inhabitants were in the shop, buying a variety of articles from matches and cigars to groceries and pareus, or loin-cloths. They carried themselves with quiet dignity, these golden-skinned Polynesians, nor stooped to haggle with the Chinese merchants as did the latter's compatriots.

Occasionally there passed on the crowded pavement an early-rising French official or white resident, immaculate in flannels or white drill. His march was one of triumph, for the throng gave way to him. A mademoiselle of striking beauty . . . a quarter-caste, perhaps . . . rode swiftly by on a bicycle followed by admiring glances. A little sweet-faced American woman attended by her native servants threaded through the congested market. Everywhere, with the native courtesy of these people, way was made for her. Towering above even the tall Tahitians, a strapping Gilbert Islander strode into view, decked in the finery of his group. The sun touched with high lights his glistening skin and the rippling muscles of his arms, back and legs and tried in vain to pierce the tangle of his lime-bleached hair. A visiting pearl-fisher, he was, who was out for conquest and a wife, but the maidens of Papeete would have none of him. I wonder, would they so patiently have exhibited their disdain had he approached them in the wholly savage regalia of his warlike island home?

The sun was now high and the market rapidly was clearing. It was near time to return to the *Pioneer* for breakfast.

Passing around the corner of the copra shed I was hailed in English. Turning, I saw on the opposite corner a two-wheeled barrow like a London coster's cart, presided over by a woman whose darker skin, ferret-like eyes and coarse hair proclaimed her of a race alien to the island.

Her hair was tinged with gray and drawn straight back from the ears to a tiny knot behind. She was clad in a short, yellow, figured jacket, silk striped shirt of exotic coloring and long, striped, voluminous bloomers. Thick gold rings jingled from her chocolate ankles and her feet were broad and coarse as are those of folk who go barefoot all their days. Jewels flashed from ornate finger rings and ruby pendants swung from her tiny ears. A quaint sight, altogether, and a figure that breathed of the Middle East.

Again she spoke.

"Mister—what name your ship?"

"The *Canadian Pioneer*, madame."

"Aha! British ship, eh?" Her pronunciation was well-nigh perfect. "You got one piece fat to sell, eh? You cook, eh? You sell all grease from the galley to me, eh? I buy all your fat—all your grease—I give you good price. I am British subject. Not the damn French or the dirty native of here. I no cheat you. I come from Rangoon."

I convinced her that I was not the ship's cook, but promised to send that worthy to interview her after breakfast. Eager to air her English, she told me something of her history, meanwhile chopping off the top of a *pape haari* so that I might drink of the cool clear milk.

"I am British subject," she repeated, "and my home was in Rangoon. My husband was killed in fighting on the Frontier and for that God be praised. Then I was a widow and at that time there were things done to widows in my country which you would not believe, being young, so I will not tell you. But perhaps you have heard of suttee.

"I ran away in the night and came to Bombay, but there I was beaten in the streets and dogs were set about me for nothing. They are pigs in Bombay. So again I ran away. Always misfortune for me. To Colombo, I went, but did not there stay long. But before I left, I did a trick or two! Ah, yes!" She nodded her head vigorously and her beady eyes sparkled with malice. I could well believe that her "tricks" were not amiable ones.

"As a stewardess I sailed to Java and the Torres Straits. There, on one of the islands, I was left ashore . . . and all because of a disagreeable memsahib who would make trouble for me." She eyed one of her handsome rings revectively.

"But I was happy there and many times the men would fight for me. I was pretty, then, not like now, old and ugly—as you think, young sahib, eh? Well—there was too much fighting and I was afraid, for the island tribes are savage beyond belief. To the Fijis on a schooner I sailed, and my husband, who was the captain, gave me a fine house. But in the Fijis are too many Chinamen and one night he was killed. He was a good man and gave me plenty money, not like my first who was the son of swine. Then I came here. And this is what I do to live." She indicated her heaped up cart of fruit.

"Perhaps I shall marry again. Perhaps your cook would like a wife, eh, when he sees me how I am able to pay him for the grease. Ha! ha! ha! A cook would be like having a woman for a husband. I do not like it here. Again the Chinamen! They are greedy fathers of animals . . ."—[And a host of other unpleasant things!] "and would have me starve. So you tell your ship, sahib, "there is a British subject', and they will buy their fruit from me and not from those yellow dogs, eh?

"You like that cocoanut? Take another . . . or a mango . . . or some limes. They are good for the blood. Be sure and send your cook."

I left her still chattering, this queer wandering remnant of womanhood. What a life! Violence . . . swift loves and fatal endings . . . battled for by the ferocious cannibals of the Torres Straits . . . a drifter of the South Seas . . . adventure had lived with her for all of her life. but the romance of it had passed her by and left from the lurid years only the drab reality of daily bickering with a hated race to secure her daily bread. Her manner was a mixture of brazen assurance and faltering uncertainty of the future.

The day was developing apace. Present always to the senses but dulled from distance was the deep toned booming of surf on the barrier reef. Great clouds were mounting high in the sky and the summit of Orohena was lost in mist. The wind had died and the sun waxed stronger.

Fishermen lined the quay, their bait tiny fish with black and silver bars, or those of startling vivid blue which swam and twisted among the rocks inshore. Far out on the smoking reef naked boatmen cast their lines, and catamarans glided swiftly over the clear lagoon.

Two or three square-sterned Island trading schooners were beating along outside the reef, and making for the gap. By the time that breakfast was finished they were inside the reef and nearing the wharf. They came alongside and made fast in good style. Every detail of the delicate tracery of rigging and spars was duplicated in the mirror of the sea.

Our rubicund friend the port doctor gave them rigid inspection and they then commenced to work at clearing and landing the burden of the heaped-up decks.

What a wealth of fruit and produce! Globular, pebble-skinned breadfruit, so delicious when roasted native fashion and served with butter; puckery guavas; luscious *tapu tapu,* or custard apple; the satin surfaced *vi,* with its melting shades of orange, yellow and delicate green; hampers of plaintains, or *fei;* fibre-covered *pape haari;* great baskets spilling over with emerald *taporas,* lambent coated *onanis* and those of vivid green, weighty bunches of mottled *meias,* red and yellow and saffron-brown; and on the for'ard well deck piles of heaped-up sweet *umaras* and pepsin laden tree melons.

In addition, each of the schooners carried a few *puuas,* or wild pigs — small, hairy, black and pink creatures, with astonishingly long and sharp snouts.

The schooners were typical South Sea traders, square of stern, wide beamed, but with beautiful lines and exceptional sailing qualities. There was a deck house amidships and a low wooden railing around the poop. Skippers and crew were native with one exception, and he, a blue-eyed giant with bright red hair, stood in the bows of his craft, naked to the waist, his skin the color of boiled lobster and wearing an enormous-brimmed palm hat. His keen eyes swept the wharf for purchasers. A portly native woman took place beside him and spoke a few low words. He glanced at her, climbed down with suprising alacrity and meekly went below. I could see who was skipper of that craft.

Other native women were decked in ludicrously incongruous attire— the cast-off finery of Europeans set off against the half-savage embellishments of the islands. One corpulent lady in the startling feathered creation of a Parisian milliner and a bright red and white *lava-lava* unblushingly bared her brown legs as she stepped on the deck to seize an obstreperous and shrieking little pig. Business first . . . and then she would give the town a treat. Twice a year, these Polynesian women come to Papeete from the outlying islands of the Society and Paumotu groups for a whirl of gay life in the great city; then back they go, over the tossing sea-miles to their far-off, surf-ringed homes on the atolls of the Low Archipelago.

In every direction was life, colorful, care-free and laughter-filled. All the manifold charms of the Pacific islands were centred here. It combined climatic advantages not enjoyed by every island with the fruitful profusion of them all. Truly man might come and spend his days amid the providence of nature with all things provided to his hand.

Suddenly I became aware of commotion in the water near the schooners. Looking over the side of the one on which I was standing, I saw a long shape glide like a flash under the vessel only to re-appear and swim in lazy circles about the stern. No need for a second glance to recognize that knife-like dorsal fin and those rows of wicked double teeth in the fearful angular gash that served for a mouth. Evidently the sunlit waters of Tahiti held their sinister side as well. It was while watching the manoeuvering of this tiger of the seas that I perceived, attached to each

schooner, two deep-sea turtles, secured by lines around their fins. They seemed quite happy and made no attempt to get away.

As I turned to leave the wharf a catamaran came slowly around the stern of the "Aldebaron", the French sloop of war which lay out from the shore. The catamaran was laden almost to the water's edge and was propelled by two nearly naked natives from the isthmus. It was heaped with glowing island fruits, vegetables and flowers. There were the *uru*, yams, the *meia*, the *papeia*, the *avoca*, the *vi Tahiti*, or false mango, and a score of others. What a riot of color! . . . saffron, orange, scarlet, white, green, rose, yellow, pink, purple and deep violet and any number of intermediate shades, all in a background of changing green.

That evening after the sudden sunset of the tropics I sat on the balcony of the "Cercle" not far from the copra compound. My companions were Henri, a large easy-going Frenchman, island-born and manager of the local phosphate company, with smoked glasses and an infectious chuckle, and Herbert Ewart Longley, a sympathetic philanderer from the *"Pioneer"*.

In front, stretched the placid, moon-washed expanse of the lagoon, speckled with the opal lights of ships at anchor. A gentle breeze stirred in the cocoanut palms and the tamarinds touched with delicate tips the vines of our snug retreat. The subdued diapason of the surf lulled us to restful thought. Fragrant cigar smoke drifted from our fingers and the room held the murmur of low-pitched conversation.

Along the stretch of the tree-crowned Quai du Commerce strolled intimate couples, arm-in-arm, the white costumes of the women making faint stirs in the velvet darkness. Light laughter rippled on the warm air.

From the direction of the town came the soft, half-melancholy strumming of a native guitar. Clear voices, beautifully modulated, took up the measure and sang with plaintive sweetness. Bare heels tapped out the rhythm. . . . It fell to silence. . . . Again it came, louder, this time.

Leaning from the balcony to where a bar of amber light streamed over the darkened roadway, we were enabled to make out several swaying figures in the frame of a large house window.

Stronger swelled the music. The time increased. Harder and harder stamped the brown heels on the wooden floor. A graceful Tahitian *hula* was in progress.

Suddenly it ceased. A moment of silence was followed by violent handclapping and English voices raised in enthusiastic praise. Regardless of the no-shore-leave rule, sailors were being entertained.

Hours passed. No sound, now, but the deep-toned song of ringed coral and surging sea. Crickets chirped in the ship-yard. A lonely night bird called restlessly from the trees beyond. A belated catamaran fled, swift as a shadow, to a birdcage house on the beach. Land crabs scuttled under the palms.

A Chinese servant attended . . . noiseless . . . deferent. Ice clinked in long glasses.

Henri breathed a sigh and nipped out his cigarette. He held his glass aloft and examined it against the brilliance of the moon.

"Ah, how have I longed, my friends," he said, "sometimes, to wander far from here and visit other lands . . . but when that mood sweeps over me, do you know how I dispel it? I come out on this balcony . . . and sit . . . here, as we are doing now . . . in the shelter of the trees . . . and listen to the silence . . . yes, my friends . . . listen to the night silence

of this beautiful dream-like island . . . all small desires then melt away. lie back . . . I smoke . . . I drink . . . and talk or muse as the fancy takes me . . . and I am then ineffably content.

"I wonder, sometimes . . . there are here in Tahiti, beach-combers . . . ragged, rough unshaven men, mostly . . . scum and human wreckage of life and the sea . . . mingled with them are others . . . suave . . . and clever . . . and not so tattered . . . but they are wastrels, too. We, the residents, scorn them, sometimes . . . and yet . . . have we all not something in common . . .?"

Big Henri's voice was very gentle, now.

"They would not change their fate for that of a prince at home . . . nor would we, the residents . . . and we must remember . . . they love the island, too . . . Is it sad that they thus should forget the outside world that is so many thousands of miles away? . . . I think, no . . . we are all the same . . . we have eaten of the lotus . . . we are wrapped in a never-ending dream . . . but we are happy, so . . ."

His voice trailed off to nothing. His eyes were lost in the stars. A sudden swelling of the breeze brought clear to us the thunder of the circling reef, then died away.

Henri raised his glass once more. It glowed ruby-like against the sky.

"To Tahiti . . ." he said, "to Tahiti . . . Pearl of the South Seas . . ."

CANADA AND THE OTHER BRITISH DOMINIONS

BY E. E. BRAITHWAITE

IN a single century the area of the British Empire has grown from two million to nearly thirteen million square miles, equal to one-quarter of the land surface of the globe. As a result of the recent war, mandates have been added equal to almost another million square miles. This is especially significant when one considers that the British Isles themselves have but an area of a little over a scant 100,000 square miles, or less than half the size of the Province of Ontario.

The extension of area, however, is far less important than the extension of representative government which has accompanied it. More than half of this whole area, including the Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, the Union of South Africa and the Dominion of New Zealand, have now a form of self-government practically as independent as that enjoyed by any country. In recent times the Mother Country has aimed to develop this spirit in her colonies, which has doubtless done much to prevent them becoming, like the United States, independent nations outside rather than inside the Empire, and with the possibility of more or less hostility to it.

Canada is considerably the largest unit in the Empire, constituting more than one-quarter of its area, or 3,729,665 square miles, which is more than twice as large as the mighty Roman Empire at its greatest extent, and surpasses the United States, including Alaska, by more than 100,000 square miles. Australia is a good second to Canada in size, occupying 2,974,581 square miles, being also larger than the United States. Next comes India with 1,802,629 square miles and the Anglo-Egyptian Soudan with 1,014,000 square miles. Following these are Rhodesia, Egypt, Nigeria, Bechuanaland, Kenya, Tanganyika and Southwest Africa, all ranging mainly from one-quarter to one-third of a million square miles in extent.

Of the three-quarters of the world's surface not included in the British Empire it is interesting to note that China occupies 4,277,200 square miles; the non-British white races 7,393,400 square miles, (which corresponds very closely with the combined areas of the four self-governing dominions, Canada, Australia, South Africa, and New Zealand); the non-European races governed by non-British Europeans, 23,480,000 square miles; and other independent non-European states, 3,071,000 square miles.

Though the population of Canada is still less than nine million, this is an increase of sixty-five per cent. in the last two decades, and the statement has been made that if this rate of increase is maintained "children

now living will see Canadians outnumbering the present white population of the whole British Empire". We are a long way ahead of Australia, which has only little more than five million. Australia has two cities, however, larger than any of ours—Sydney with a population of 828,000, and Melbourne with 743,000, compared with Montreal and Toronto with 607,063 and 519,290 respectively. New Zealand, on the other hand, has only three cities of more than 100,000. In Newfoundland, the largest city, (St. John's), has about 37,000, while there are only four others with more than 3,000. Newfoundland's whole population is 258,150, a gain of six-and-a-half per cent. in the decade.

We have more than twice as much territory as India, but less than one-thirtieth of its population. It is India which largely enables the British Empire to measure up to the same proportion of the world's population as it has of its area, viz., one-quarter. Even then the Empire barely outdistances China, each having about 440,000,000 people, and together embracing one-half of the population of the earth.

In one part of Egypt there is said to be 940 people to the square mile as compared with less than 600 for Belgium, the most densely populated country in Europe. Yet the population of Egypt only reaches 13,000,000. Though there are the two important cities, Cairo with about 800,000 people and Alexandria with 450,000, the inhabitants are mostly engaged in working on the land. Four million families are said to live in mud huts. The population of the British Isles themselves is about forty-three million, not including Ireland. A steady gain has been made in spite of the remarkable fact that in the last threescore years not less than fourteen million Britishers have left home for places outside Europe.

The surprisingly large proportion of ninety-seven per cent. of the people of Australia are claimed to be of British descent, while ninety-seven per cent. of the population of India is rural in spite of some very large cities which India contains, like Calcutta and Bombay.

Previous to the war, immigration into Canada had risen as high as 400,000 in a single year, which is three or four times as great in proportion to population as the United States had when her tide of immigration was at its highest. This dropped during the war to 48,537 in 1916. It is rapidly rising again, however, having been 57,702 for the year ending March 31, 1919, and 117,336 and 148,477 for the two following years respectively. During the two years previous to the war thirty-seven per cent. of our immigrants were British, thirty-one per cent. Americans, and thirty-two per cent. were from other countries. In the last two years the percentage of British was fifty, of Americans thirty-seven, while there were only thirteen per cent. from all other countries combined.

Australia has already been surpassing her pre-war record in immigration. As compared with 144,000 before the war she has admitted 223,000 in a single year since the war has closed, thus far exceeding Canada's post-war record. Beginning with a bill passed in 1878 to restrict Chinese immigration, Australia has held consistently to the policy of Australia for the white man. New Zealand has adopted the same policy and last year received the record number of 14,500, practically all from the United Kingdom and other parts of the Empire.

Our race and religious problems are simple compared with those of other portions of the Empire. Roman Catholics constitute about forty per cent. of our population. Presbyterians, Methodists, and Anglicans have each, roughly speaking, about fifteen per cent., while another fifteen per cent. will account for all of the other Pro-

testant denominations combined. The fact that the Bible is published in the Dominion in more than a hundred dialects is significant of the number of nationalities represented in Canada. In Newfoundland the people are mainly Roman Catholics, Episcopalians, and Methodists, the percentages for these being thirty-four, thirty-three and twenty-seven respectively, thus accounting for ninety-four per cent. of the people. New Zealand claims a million religious adherents out of her population of 1,218,000.

To look further afield a very different situation confronts us. Of the 440,000,000 people making up the British Empire about 220,000,000, or almost exactly one-half, are Hindus, while there are 66,000,000 Mohammedans, or more than the whole population of the United Kingdom and the four overseas dominions. In Egypt fully ninety per cent. of the people are Mohammedans, while there are about 50,000 Protestant Christians and more than 100,000 Roman Catholics.

Canada has always laid great stress on education. We have twenty universities, with staffs of 3,000 and a student body of 30,000. The endowment of these institutions is in excess of $20,000,000, while the land and buildings are estimated at $26,000,000. The total expenditure for public schools in 1919 was $73,000,000, being six times what it was a decade ago. Of the whole amount more than twelve per cent. represents government grants. Of the 53,000 public school teachers, at least eighty-four per cent. were females and less than 16 per cent. males. Naturally illiteracy is very little in evidence, though 7.5 per cent. of the people of the prairie Provinces are reckoned illiterate. Of these two-thirds are foreign born, thirty-one per cent. Canadian born (including Indians) and only one per cent. British born.

Egypt has an appalling illiteracy, less than one per cent. of the women being able to read or write. Egypt has, however, one of the oldest universities in the world, that of El-Azhar, which has a student body of 10,000 and is the centre of Koranic learning for Moslems from all parts of the Mohammedan world. In India most of the population are illiterate. In New Zealand only five per cent. are unable to read and write. In Newfoundland the schools are wholly denominational. There are three superintendents of education, one for each of the denominations mentioned before as constituting the main religious forces of the country.

Canada's position in the Empire agriculturally is naturally high. Of her whole land area of nearly a billion and a half acres, about thirty per cent., or 440,000,000 acres, has been estimated fit for farming, and of this less than fifteen per cent. is under cultivation, or 60,000,000 acres in all. Of the 178,000,000 acres in the prairie Provinces suitable for agriculture less than 36,000,000 are now being cultivated. The value of the field crops of the Dominion for 1921 was close to one billion dollars. On account of the relatively lower prices this was only two-thirds of the valuation of both 1919 and 1920, though the production in 1921 was a quarter of a billion bushels more than in 1920. Canada has won practically all the world's records for wheat and oats both for qaulity and quantity. Wheat as high as seventy-nine bushels and oats as high as 120 bushels an acre have been produced.

Australia claims to have an area of virgin territory suitable for agriculture even greater than that either of Canada or the United States. She has a wheat belt varying from fifty to 200 miles in width and has averaged for some time a production of 10,000,000 bushels per annum, while in a recent year it reached almost double that quantity. Australia, too, is

noted for its sheep raising and claims to have sixteen per cent. of the world's sheep.

In India, with its immense population of about three hundred million, two-thirds of the people live by husbandry alone. It is estimated that there are 750,000 villages in India containing 288,000,000 people. To relieve one of the chief hardships of the farmer which was the high rate of interest on borrowed money, the Young Men's Christian Asociation has organized a large number of co-operative banks. Forty per cent. of the world's cane sugar is produced here as well as one-third of its tea, tobacco, rice and cattle, one-fifth of its cotton and one-tenth of its wheat. In spite of all this, however, one-fifth of the people are perennially hungry, famine and plague constituting two of the greatest problems of the country.

Egypt is celebrated for its superior grade of cotton, the yield per acre being higher than in any other country. £30,000,000 worth has been produced in a year from less than 2,000,000 acres. The yield has reached as high as 450 pounds of lint-cotton to the acre. In South Africa, where there are great mineral deposits, agriculture is one of the least important sources of wealth. Rhodesia, however, is rich in rice, tobacco, fruits, vegetables and maize.

Newfoundland claims to have five million acres suitable for agriculture though probably less than two per cent. of this has been improved. Newfoundland has warmer winters and cooler summers than Canada. A zero temperature is almost unknown, while it is rare for the thermometer to register over eighty degrees. Some of Canada's low temperature records in degrees below zero are are follows: Fort Good Hope, Mackenzie River, seventy-nine; Fort Vermilion, seventy-eight; Prince Albert, seventy; White River, sixty; Edmonton, fifty-seven; Winnipeg, fifty-three.

In both Canada and Newfoundland fisheries occupy a very important place. In Newfoundland this is by far the most important industry, it being estimated that not less than 70,000 inhabitants of the island, or nearly thirty per cent., are so engaged, while Canada's fisheries are among the most extensive and most prolific anywhere.

In mineral wealth Canada, Australia and South Africa excel. The first diamond was found in South Africa in 1867, since which the diamond industry has amounted to almost $1,000,000,000. Still later came the discovery of gold on "The Rand" and in the last quarter of a century the gold production of the Rand has been nearly $1,500,000,000, surpassing America and Australia together. South Africa is also very rich in silver, iron, coal, copper and tin, though these are still largely undeveloped. Rhodesia is also rich in diamonds, gold and silver.

Australia has long been famed for its production of gold. From 1851 to 1918 this amounted to more than two and a half billions of dollars. In 1909 Australia produced thirteen per cent. of the world's output, but in 1918 this had dropped to less than seven per cent. the gold production of that year being valued at $600,000,000. Australia has also a large supply of silver, copper, tin and iron, and its coal supply is claimed to be almost inexhaustible. Canada is comparatively a newcomer in the mineral field, but she has already had a wonderful development, some particulars of which were given in the July issue of *The Canadian Magazine*.

In such a variety of countries a great variety of problems have naturally presented themselves. Canada and New Zealand have taken notably advanced ground in the solution of industrial questions. It stands to the credit of the latter that 171 out of 184 disputes, or ninety-three per cent., have been settled by Councils of Con-

ciliation. Though so small a country, New Zealand has a remarkable record in social and legislative achievements. It has been claimed for her that she was the first country to make arbitration of industrial disputes compulsory, the first to establish universal penny postage, state fire insurance, government grading of butter, cheese and hemp for export, state maternity homes, non-contributory old-age pensions, government department of tourist and health resorts, first of British countries to accord women the parliamentary franchise, to adopt preferential and reciprocal trade with Great Britain, to establish state coal mines, state accident insurance, government department of public health, first to enact special minimum wage laws for women and boys and girls, first to provide state-owned dwellings for workmen in private employ with rent applicable to purchase on the instalment plan. New Zealand's contribution of men to the world war (100,000) was larger in proportion to population than that of any other outlying portion of the Empire. Her casualties were one in ten of the male population.

Those parts of the Empire have been specially mentioned here which have some natural connection, by similarity or contrast, with our own Dominion. With others Canada has little in common. In many of these we are introduced into an entirely strange atmosphere, as in the caste system of India, or in the case of Egypt, where, as well as in India, we have a country whose history stretches back several millennia beyond the Christian era, which is in decided contrast with the newness of our own national life.

Many of these portions, including mandates and protectorates, have their own features of surpassing interest, like Palestine with all its sacred associations, which once supported a population of several millions but now has less than one million, ten per cent. of these being Jews; or Gibraltar, the renowned impregnable fortress at the entrance to the Mediterranean, bandied back and forth among various powers until it came into the permanent possession of Great Britain more than two centuries ago; or Mesopotamia, with its rich oil resources, which have already stirred up some feeling among other countries anxious to participate in these treasures.

The future of Canada has frequently been said to lie in one of three different directions—annexation to the United States, complete independence, or continuance as a vital member of the British Empire. The first of these has had no outstanding champion since the days of Goldwin Smith and is now seldom discussed. The second likewise has at present no place in the ambition of the Canadian people, particularly as we are now exerting an ever-widening influence in the affairs of the whole Empire. This is the note which is sounded by Sir Robert Borden in his recent well-constructed "Canadian Constitutional Studies":—"Within the British Commonwealth of Nations, Canada will find her most commanding influence, her widest usefulness, and her highest destiny. With that opinion is coupled a fixed and absolute conviction that the unity of the Empire can alone find its expression in complete autonomy and in equality of nationhood. A strong Canadian national spirit is entirely consistent with a firm purpose to maintain our country in a high place within the British Commonwealth."

For the September number Dr. Braithwaite's subject will be "Canada and Her Great Neighbor".

HOW ENGLISHMEN ONCE CAME TO TORONTO

BY HON. WILLIAM RENWICK RIDDELL

FEW Canadian of the present day have any idea of the difficulties of travel eighty years ago. An Englishman who can leave London and be in Toronto within a week may be interested to know how a compatriot performed such a journey in 1832.

A graduate of Oxford of some means determined in that year to try his fortunes in the West and selected Upper Canada as the scene of his experiment. He on his return to England late in 1837 wrote and published a little 12mo, cloth bound, volume of 126 pages of his experiences in the Colony — "Six Years in the Bush or Extracts from the Journal of a Settler in Upper Canada, 1832-1838".

He left Liverpool, April 10th, 1832, and such was "the regularity and despatch of the New York and Liverpool packets", that on the thirtieth day after departure from England, the ship came safely to anchor in the harbor of New York. This would not now be considered satisfactory speed: but it must be remembered that the first steamship to cross the Atlantic by steam, the Canadian *Royal William,* did not cross until 1833, and the first steamship to be launched for the trans-Atlantic trade, and the first made ready for sea in England did not take the water till 1837: the *Great Western* in the Avon.

In those days it was not unusual for a sailing ship to take two, three or even four months to cross the Sea, and a trip occupying only thirty days was to be rather wondered at.

We are not here concerned with the City of New York, its magnificent Broadway, its Washington Hotel where the visitor sat paralyzed at the astonishing rapidity with which the viands disappeared, and its other wonders—our author wanted to get to Canada. He did not take the New York Central or the Hudson River Railway—these were some distance in the future—but he embarked on board a steamer for Albany. Nine hours sufficed for "this once adventurous voyage, formerly undertaken by few without prayers for their safe conduct being offered in the churches by friends at home"—surely an exaggeration or a joke on the Englishman by his fellow travellers.

Leaving Albany with its fine public buildings, its excellent shops and its rapacious store-keepers—but then you should "never give a store-keeper in the United States more than two thirds of his original demand"—he crossed to Schenectady by railroad—the first railway in the State of New York, the Mohawk and Hudson opened the previous year, and of which the original station at Schenectady is still standing or was the other day.

Then came another change—this time to the packet boat which was to

carry him from Schenectady to Syracuse at the rapid rate of five miles an hour, travelling night and day, the motive power being supplied by three horses. As the packet was crowded, our Englishman thought it expedient to establish himself on deck for the night although the rest of the passengers went below to a small cabin fitted up with sleeping berths. He soon found his mistake, for the bloodthirsty mosquitoes soon found him, and the chorus of frogs gave him "a more distinct conception of the terribleness of the frog plague upon Pharaoh and his Egyptians". To complete his discomfort, a cold drizzling rain set in wetting him to the skin, so that he had to agree with his fellow travellers who left their snug berth at sunrise, and guessed "that the young Englisher would have done better below".

Landing at Syracuse, he was transferred to another boat, this was on the Oswego Canal, which joins the Erie Canal there. He was carried through Onondaga "celebrated for its extensive salt mines" to Oswego which was reached before nightfall.

There a Kingston steamer received them on board in company with a travelling menagerie and its keeper (*eten fugaces labuntur anni!*) and May 23rd, brought them safely to Kingston "where everything denoted that we were once more under our own King's sceptre, British colours on the Fort, British Uniforms on the streets and the old familiar signs on taverns, the King's Army, the Queen's Head, the Crown and Anchor. There he saw the mouldering hulks of those threatened Leviathans of the Lake, the *St. Lawrence* and the *Psyche*, each pierced for 250 guns—which had become useless by the Peace of Utrecht, 1814, and the Rush-Bagot Convention of 1817. The *Psyche*, cut out in the rough, then sent to England to be shaped was sent back to Kingston to be finished at a total cost to Britain of a million sterling. He does not fail to state—no one writing of the *Psyche* ever does fail to state—that although she was intended to sail on fresh water, she was fitted out with an elaborate and costly apparatus for distilling salt water to supply fresh, in addition to a vast number of water casks.

May 25th, he embarked at Kingston on board the steamer *Great Britain* for "York Town or Toronto as it is now more wisely called"—it did not receive statutory authority for the change until 1834 but the name "Toronto" was in common use, "Little York" or "Muddy York" being considered by the citizens somewhat derogatory to the splendid metropolis, the Capital of the Province.

Toronto "lies low and its first appearance from the water was depressing"; but he found that "though extremely irregular and unfinished, the streets contained several good shops and private houses, some handsome public buildings, and a certain air of bustle and importance"—and one could not ask more than that from an Oxford man.

We must admit as not relevant to our purpose his trip to Niagara Falls by steamboat and carriage, to St. Catharines where he met a surly and insolent innkeeper, to "Hamilton a thriving little town at the head of Lake Ontario", to Brantford and Oxford (Woodstock), "to the radiant shores of Lake Erie", where he shot some wild pigeons and his friend "beguiled some miserably small trout out of a distant stream" to "Colonel Talbot at his thriving settlement at St. Thomas", to London *"et olum parvula Roma fuit"*, back to Toronto where he found "Cholera raging so fiercely that all business was at an end". Then by wagon on Yonge Street to Lake Simcoe, through Newmarket where he lunched with "Mr. R., M.P.P." (William Benjamin Robinson, Member of the House of Assembly for Simcoe)—back from Lake Simcoe to Toronto where the cholera still raged, then to Cobourg "a small but rapidly increasing town", to

Percy on the Trent, to Rice Lake, then by boat to Peterborough.

He bought 3,000 acres of land in Verulam Township and farmed for some years, built t sawmill and in September, 1837, he made up his mind to return to pass a few months among his friends in England. He left Peterborough down the Otonabee, across Rice Lake, by wagon to Cobourg passing Amherst (now "the Court House" in Cobourg) where he had served on the Grand Jury for the District of Newcastle; thence by steamboat to Rochester, canal boat to Utica, railroad to Albany, steamboat to New York and packet to Liverpool—"a leading wind wafted us merrily accross the Atlantic and on the eighteenth day from leaving New York our gallant bark dropped anchor in the crowded waters of the Mersey".

The cost of the journey from any part of England within a moderate distance of Liverpool to Toronto should not exceed £40 including food, bed, etc. He gives the expense of his return trip thus—

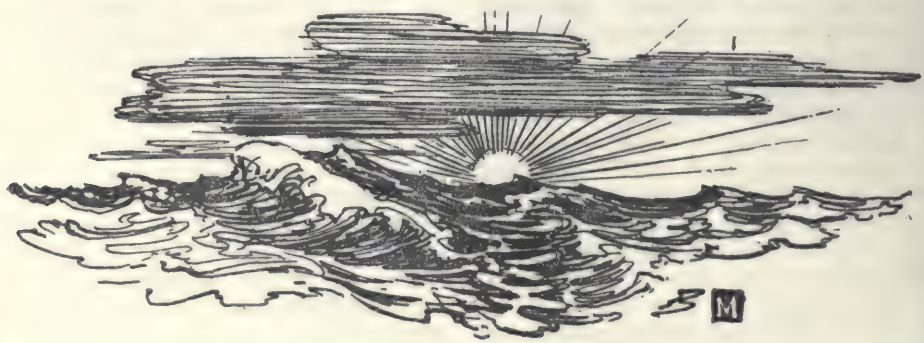
	£.	s.	d.
Fare from Peterboro to Cobourg	0	10	0
Steamboat to Rochester	0	7	6
Canal Boat to Utica	1	10	0
Railroad to Albany	0	7	6
Albany to New York	0	2	6
Two days' detention at New York	1	0	0
Fare to Liverpool	30	0	0
Total	33	7	6

Say $133.50.

Any Canadian would be loath to leave this little book without saying anything of the author's account of the Lieutenant-Governor Sir John Colborne, the Chief Justice (not yet Sir) John Beverley Robinson and his Court at Amherst, "conducted after the English fashion and with equal dignity", the Mohawk and Chippewa Indians the Methodist Missionaries and Long Point where "the lake supplied us with fish of various kinds, the marshes with wild fowl and snipe, the cleared land with quails and the woods with partridges, wood-grouse, black squirrels and an occasional wild turkey, the summer duck was frequently shot . . . and sometimes . . . a wild swan. . . . the shallows tenanted by the patient spectre-like heron" and the farmers begged him to come and shoot the flocks of wild turkeys which were destroying their corn.

When we know that he had letters of introduction to Sir John Colborne that he bought a large tract of land in Verulam, that he was visited by Sir John Colborne in 1834, and that he was in 1833 appointed a Commissioner for the improvement of the inland navigation for the Newcastle District, there is no difficulty in piercing his anonymity: but we may here respect it.

This Englishman knew what many Canadians have not yet discovered that "Canada is a land of dreams, and what seems a 'baseless vision' one day, is a reality the next".



LAYING THE NETS

From the Painting by Robert F. Gagen, R.C.A.

THE ESCAPE

BY EDWARD TREVOR

ELL, Doctor — to put it rather bluntly — how long do you think I shall last?"

Hard as he tried to give his voice a careless ring, the young man was painfully conscious of a lack of firmness as he put the question and of feeling, in the momentary silence that followed, like an alpine climber whose careless utterance has loosened upon himself an avalanche he cannot hope to escape. Yet fear of what he might learn was by no means the strongest of his sensations — rather he experienced an eagerness to know how soon his game with fate was to be played out—and finding himself subject to a searching scrutiny, he summoned all the coolness at his command to meet the appraising eyes with a glance as level as their own.

At last the doctor spoke, slowly—almost solemnly—and with as pronounced a note of pity as his professional bearing would permit.

"Ferriss," he said, "it is not always wise for a physician to tell his patient all he knows, and it is certainly not the practice in such institutions as this. However, yours is no ordinary case with us, and you do not seem to be the man to flinch at the truth. I think I can be frank with you."

Another momentary silence, and Ferriss—ex-Pte. Arthur Ferriss, late of the C.E.F., wounded and gassed in France and now a patient in the Mowat Sanatorium at Kingston—nodded silently in acknowledgment, settling himself more easily in his chair. The older man's deliberate manner led him to relax his own tension, and while waiting for the other to continue he turned towards the window, through which he could see the trees that shaded the hospital grounds and noted the autumn tints upon their leaves.

Idly at first, but with an increasing interest which—effortless and half-sub-conscious as it was—in no way hindered his comprehension of the doctor's remarks, he let his eyes wander from the sombre, restful pines to the resplendent maples, finding the latter so beautiful in their new red and gold that he marvelled such gorgeousness should be the forerunner of desiccation and decay — that so much glory should be, not the crown of youth but the first intimation of age and coming death.

Detached as the thought was, it yet caused a mood of wistful sadness to settle upon him, and with that extraordinary second prescience which the human mind develops for its own protection in moments of extreme disaster, he fell to tracing prospectively the course of time among the trees and thinking of the wintry blasts that would strip them of their foliage, leaving them naked. The threads of two destructive processes—that which he knew was even then at work upon the leaves, and the course of his own impending dissolution—ran through his mind like the warp and woof of some dark tapestry.

"You ask how long you will last," pursued the doctor. "When I say that I cannot answer your question it is not to avoid the issue: it is really impossible to name a period. You know the nature of an aneurism. You may last six days, six months, or even six years, but at some time—a little too much exertion or excitement—the end will come and you will go out like a—er."

"Like a leaf in the wind," the other suggested, without turning.

"Even more suddenly than that, I am afraid. I have already given you some idea of what has happened to you. After your hemorrhage a few months ago tissue formed over the artery, but so thinly that while it has not actually broken and caused another hemorrhage it has yielded to the pressure of blood within and formed a sort of dilation or sac. The durability of the sac-walls is quite beyond estimation."

Again Ferriss nodded, but now the thought of the leaves began to assert itself strangely in his counsciousness. Under the stunning influence of what was virtually his own death sentence, prepared for it though he had been, his brain became momentarily numbed. His sense of proportion and perspective—of time and relative values — slipped from him until it seemed that the denudation of the trees was the real, living tragedy of the moment by which his own story was dwarfed to the insignificance of an incidental. The diagnosis of his case, with the details of his pathological condition, came to him rather as in a dream—a dream in which the sleeper realizes the deception of his senses so that nothing really matters. But the leaves—the leaves would dry and wither, and then a puff of wind.

With an effort almost physical Ferriss dragged his mind from the obsession and forced his whole attention to actualities.

". . . And your papers will be made out immediately," the medical officer was saying. "You will be able to leave the sanatorium to-morrow: it is not necessary for you to remain here since you are no longer tuberculous. The length of time you have before you rests, to some extent, with yourself. A quiet life—the avoidance of any exertion and excitement—must be yours from now on, and all your actions must be governed by what I have told you. It will be rather hard for you, I dare say. I see by your 'history' that you have led an active life and——"

"I suppose it will be a little dull," the other interrupted quickly. The subject was one that he had fairly well exhausted for himself, and he felt no desire for platitudes, however well meant. Before the doctor could continue, Ferriss rose and moved away.

"I am grateful for your frankness, doctor," he said, in a cheerful, pleasant voice that quite offset the brusqueness of the interruption and departure. "At least I know the worst that can happen. My papers will be ready for signature in the morning, I presume. I shall report after rest-hour, then. Good-day, and thanks again."

Once in the corridor leading to the outer door of the building, Ferriss started off with a long, firm stride, but before he had taken five paces a cold hand seemed to grip his very heart and chain his limbs with a sudden overwhelming dread of death. A horrible vision of his end sprang into being before his eyes in all the detail that a fertile imagination, momentarily out of control, could devise from half-knowledge and hearsay, and the doctor's words recurred with a readiness and swift repetition that betokened vast possibilities of mental torture. A great weariness settled upon him as he halted to steady himself, and when he moved again it was with the faltering step of an old man.

His weakness was only temporary, however. In a few seconds he succeeded in shaking off his counterfeit

decrepitude, and in its place came an impulse to put all possible distance between himself and the scene of his self-sought enlightenment. Still, there remained with him enough of his sudden fear to influence his pace, so that he made no attempt to resume his vigorous stride, but contented himself with a mere straightening out of his naturally alert figure.

As he approached the door the young man buttoned his coat tightly about him as though preparing to encounter the rigors of winter, but when at last he stood in the open he was astonished to find the air warm with the rays of an early autumn sun. Realizing that winter was as yet in his own mind only, he laughed a little bitterly at his mistake while he noted how full of life and strength was everything about him. For a few moments he stood still, drinking in the scene like one long deprived of light and air. Then, turning his back upon the building he had just quitted, he set off slowly down the avenue leading from the hospital and was soon lost to sight beyond the trees.

The Mowat Sanatorium — more fully, the Sir Oliver Mowat Memorial Hospital — is one of those institutions maintained by the Government for the treatment of tuberculous soldiers. The original building, a private residence converted, was enlarged under military occupation, and about it were erected four long, open pavilions, the whole occupying an isolated position upon one of the series of ridges into which the country immediately west of Kingston is divided. Between it and the city concessions runs a long valley, gradually deepening as it approaches the lake shore—some half-mile distant—where nestles the suburban village of Portsmouth. Here, along the main road skirting the lake, the cottages are built almost to the walls of the great penitentiary which occupies the whole of the longer or eastern slope, while others to the north overlook the prison quarry. The quarry itself cuts into the western side of the valley only a few hundred yards from the hospital gates, on the opposite side of the roadway which lies, for a short distance, along the very edge of the excavation.

Upon this road Ferriss eventually appeared in the course of his walk, moving now with a dull, plodding step that was rather automatic than responsive to any act of his will. A sort of lethargy, even deeper than the abstraction that had come over him in the doctor's office, enveloped his being. His fleeting sense of life and warmth had been lost as a flood of hopelessness swept upon him in a rapid rising tide. One by one the thoughts that held him to the outer world had been overwhelmed by the encroaching swell, until there remained to guide him no landmark in all the waters of desolation. So, the preliminary struggles soon over, he gave himself up to bitter introspection, and by the time he had traversed the long avenue to the hospital gates he was in a mood to follow the example of Job and curse the day he was born.

A score of fiendish voices mocked at his despair, and loudest among them was one that screamed of failure—of opportunities missed and time irreparably wasted. In vain he told himself that the horrible impasse he had reached was none of his own seeking and that it was the natural outcome of his war experience. Hundreds of men like himself, he argued, had returned from active service apparently recovered from the effects of wounds and gas, and had taken up their old life only to keel over without warning when all was going well. But the imp of the voice only laughed and mocked the more, while deep in his soul the victim felt that his tormentor had the right of it and that his life really was a miserable failure.

Certainly the series of scenes or visions that composed his life in re-

trospect formed a melancholy collection. As a child he had been imaginative; as a boy, adventurous. At the age of eighteen he cut himself adrift of the parental authority that strove to anchor him in the quiet waters of an attorney's office, having at the back of his head some hazy, undefined ideas of working out for himself a destiny more noble. Here and there he wandered trying his hand at a dozen different things and staying at none long enough to succeed. Partial disillusionment, however, came to him early. A bout of semi-starvation led to a quickening of his senses and brought him a fuller realization of the mere bread-and-butter aspect of existence, while the offices of a few false friends who exploited his natural generosity did much to abate his trust in mankind generally and — since such youthful dreamers are invariably introspective—in himself in particular. After that he fought shy of acquaintances and, home ties having long ago lapsed, led a strange solitary life in which, because his disillusionment had been only partial, he evolved and nursed many dreams, supporting himself, meanwhile by that very employment to avoid which he had commenced his wanderings.

In this state the war found him, a stripling of twenty, and brought him such a chance as comes only once in a life time—the very chance he had longed for; and on the instant he seized it. Never a crusading knight went forth more joyously than he, full of great dreams and eager to encounter such hardships as might try his mettle. Yet here again realization fell short of desire to the point of banality. He wished for promotion and advancement in his new profession of arms—to attain a position of command— and he became a corporal. He was eager to get to France and active service—and his battalion marked time for ten weary months on garrison duty in the West Indies before it was sent to the fighting line. Most of all he wished to be in the thick of battle—perhaps to find a glorious, knightly death in the tumult—but that too was denied him, and he fell wounded, in his first engagement, without even seeing the enemy. Slightly crippled, useless for further service, he came out of action to safety, and after a spell of hospitals returned to Canada—all his dream castles blown down. Even then he would not own himself beaten, and it was only when a two-year struggle with civilian life ended in a sudden breakdown and removal to the Sanatorium, that he began to yield to the feeling of futility that had crept upon him through his successive disappointments.

Such was the tenor of the invalid's thought as he plodded down the road reviling the fate that had carried him out of the storm of battle to die alone like a poisoned rat in a hole. It was of no use now to dream of noble actions, he reflected; the time for that was past. The doctor had told him that he must live quietly—must practically bury himself and wait patiently for the moment of release. The moment of release! He caught at the straw—that at least was always in his power to decide. "It rests with yourself."

Those were the doctor's words: he could always stretch out his hand and find death. And yet, somehow, he shrank from the thought of deliberate suicide, which is very different from taking the chance of stopping a bullet in an engagement, or of falling under shell-fire within sound of the rumbling of guns and the tramp of marching feet. . . .

Suddenly he pulled up short with an exclamation of astonishment: the air about him seemed to vibrate with the very sounds that the thought recalled to his mind—the rumbling of guns and the tramp of marching feet. He listened intently, half-believing himself the victim of hallucination.

No, the crunch of road-metal under heavy wheels and rough boots moving in unison came unmistakably from a road which crossed, a score of yards ahead, that on which he stood, and even as he started forward to satisfy his curiosity there entered into view the head of a grim procession the sight of which shook him entirely out of his unpleasant mood of morbid introspection.

No march of glory was here—no gay trappings of war; rather it seemed to Ferriss that he was witnessing the symbolic funeral of all that is noble in life—all that is worth men's striving. The procession was headed by a man in half-military, half-civilian attire: a forage cap covered his head, a Winchester rifle rested in the crook of his arm, and as he tramped along in the awful aloofness of authority his whole figure appeared to droop under the weight of cares that followed him. The place of hearse and carriage—where Ferriss had almost expected to see guns—was taken by heavy two-wheeled carts, and at the tail of the last of these in double file like true mourners, trudged a long line of melancholy figures in a livery which sent a chill through the onlooker. Indeed, it was the livery as much as the silence and dreadful listlessness of these men—of whom there were about forty in all — that gave to the whole procession its aspect of dreariness and desolation. Each pair of drooping shoulders, each pair of dragging limbs, was clothed in a shapeless garment that once had flaunted stripes of red and gray; time and the weather had mercifully softened these to a nondescript ruddy shade, but nothing could eradicate the inherent awfulness of the garb, and Ferriss, realizing at last that he was watching a gang of wretched convicts passing back from the quarry to their prison cells, suffered the sudden embarrassment of one who had unwittingly intruded upon a private shame.

Only half the sad train had passed when the young man reached the crossing, and rather than gaze idly upon the wretchedness before him he decided to end his walk at the spot and return. As he turned away, however, his attention was caught and held by the face of a young convict—a face so entirely familiar that only with difficulty did he restrain a cry of recognition. A second later he could not have said who the man might be: no corresponding name rose in his memory, and he found himself at a loss to account for the feeling of certain acquaintance with the features. To Ferriss's further amazement, he was himself the object of remark, not by the convict he apparently knew but by another who marched level with him and in the nearer file. The latter—whom Ferriss, to his knowledge, had never seen before that moment — appeared to catch sight of the young invalid and, on doing so, to eagerly direct towards him the attention of his neighbor. Ferriss saw the man catch the other's sleeve sharply and turned his head in swift speech: before he could look away he received from the farther convict a full, emotionless stare, totally devoid of recognition and even of interest. For a fleeting second the two young men exchanged looks, but while Ferriss was only confirmed in the feeling that he knew the convict, the latter turned away with a scowl and, having directed a negative headshake and a rough word at his fellow plodded on as indifferently as ever, leaving the invalid to conjecture in bewilderment the meaning of the strange encounter.

Though the whole affair had been only a matter of seconds, by the time the young man could collect his scattered thoughts the steady tramp of the gang had carried it clear of his path, and he found himself gazing at the broad backs of the two warders who brought up the rear of the gloomy procession. He went no far-

ther, but made slowly for the Sanatorium, puzzling the while over the problem of the two convicts: cudgel his brain as he might, he could arrive at no conclusion. Still the affair had served to draw his own thoughts away from the deeper trouble of his own condition, and thanks to it he entered the hospital in a much healthier frame of mind than when he had started out.

The next day hung heavily on Ferriss's hands. With his first waking moments came the recollection of his interview with the doctor, and in the cold light of the morning his condition seemed more hopeless than ever, his future more obscure. The morning routine—breakfast, bed-making, rest-hour—he accomplished more or less mechanically, and set about preparing for his departure with an inertness that contrasted almost grotesquely with the exuberant gaiety of a cured fellow-patient who was also leaving the institution that day.

To Ferriss, the fact of being released from hospital restraint brought no real feeling of emancipation. The life before him was one of ceaseless watchfulness and self discipline, whose greatest possible achievement was merely the deferment of an inevitable issue. His freedom was to be the circumscribed freedom of the prisoner shackled with ball and chain: nay, even such a wretch may nurse the hope of some day casting his iron from him and escaping, but for the young invalid there was no such hope—the invisible gyves that fettered him were welded beyond the cunning of any smith to sever.

During the whole of the morning his restless mind worked feverishly at the difficulties of his immediate future. What should he do when he left the Sanatorium? Where should he go? Question followed question like waves from a limitless sea of doubt; like futile waves, too, they fell back unanswered. Surrounded by an infinity of possible movement he remained motionless, without volition or incentive. The ties of blood that might have held him had been long ago dissolved by coldness and death; new ones of friendship he had never made. He had lived alone in a world of dreams, and now that it was tumbled about his ears knew not where to turn in his loneliness and stupefaction.

After dinner he tried to rest according to hospital routine — from one to three o'clock—but at the end of an hour he found the strain of inactivity more than he could bear. The idle chatter of his room-mates jarred on him. The eternal questions returned as often as he dismissed them from his thoughts, bringing with them mocking repetitions of the doctor's words, until he felt driven to seek some lonely spot where he could fight the matter out with himself and decide once for all what he should do. With this intention he left his chair and, taking with him the small-calibre rifle that he kept for the occasional rabbit-shooting that is among the few available diversions from the tedium of the Sanatorium life, set off for the bush that adjoins the hospital grounds.

A slight breeze stirred the tree tops as he found and followed a scarcely defined track leading to the rear of the little wood. A gentle murmur of swaying branches made drowsy music to lull the sleepy woodland, and as he penetrated the confines of sylvan repose the young man's mood of fierce exasperation became softened. Insensibly he yielded to the seduction of his environment: his spirit lost its turbulence and his step grew lighter with every stride. The perfumed freshness of the woodland air filled his lungs and gave to his whole body a tone of health long foreign to it. Under that benign influence he was able to envisage his destiny with a new feeling of hope: phase by false phase he stripped it of the spectral air with which he had endowed it,

until at last the seeming gloomy future lay revealed as a thing instinct with boundless possibility. The rustling of the leaves about him recalled to his mind the strange mood of the preceding day, but now he smiled boldly at the weakness that had led him to trace an ominous analogy between their case and his own. He saw himself leading a life of usefulness long after they were received into the earth, and in that scheme of things the fate of the leaves served only to heighten by comparison the infinite ascendancy of man, a possessor of free will and not, like them, the sport of every wind.

He was still philosophizing thus bravely when he reached a small natural clearing into one narrow end of which his path debouched. Here, his reflections came to an abrupt end. A momentary stir in the bushes caught his ear, directing his attention to a thick patch of undergrowth at the other end of the glade where a few delicate branches still quivered from the headlong passage of some heavy body. At the idea of game Ferriss gripped the little rifle that till now had hung neglected in the crook of his arm: his second thought realized that no small game would set whole branches quivering, and the hunting instinct gave place to curiosity. Moving forward quietly, the young man searched the depth of shadow for some clue to the mysterious and diffident sharer of his solitude. A dozen paces, and he found it. At the fringe of the undergrowth lay a convict's cap.

For a moment Ferriss could do no more than stare irresolutely at the strange object, so startling was its presence in that little-frequented private wood, half a mile from the nearest convict work — the quarry. His indecision passed quickly, however, and his mind—ready enough now—dealt eagerly with the problem presented to it. Obviously, he reasoned, the owner of the cap must be lying low within easy reach, since no further sound came from the bushes. What, then, should he do? The escape — escape it must be; nothing else could account for that lurking presence in Mowat wood—did not interest him as such, yet the convict might well see in him a stepping-stone to freedom, to be used with violence if necessary. Ferriss slipped a cartridge into his rifle: he was in no condition to defend himself with his hands. Then, conceiving that the best means of defence lay in direct attack, he stepped to where the cap had fallen, and peered into the leafy gloom.

The man lay scarcely a yard within, almost concealed beneath a pile of branches from a fallen tree. A protruding arm, clothed in the hideous livery of prison stripes, gave Ferriss his direction, and bringing his weapon to bear he called on the convict to show himself. He saw the hand clench fiercely; the arm disappeared under cover. He wondered if the man would try to get away. But no; the fugitive had merely turned until he sat, his back to the prostrate trunk, and reared his head above the concealing branches. A second later Ferriss was looking into the half-angry, half-mocking eyes of the convict he had recognized in the parade the day before.

"You," he exclaimed in amazement, lowering the rifle. "What on earth are you doing here?"

The convict's lip curved in a sneer: "Having a picnic," he answered brutally. Then, before Ferriss could utter the sharp retort that rose to his lips, the man's manner changed swiftly. The savage expression faded from his face, and in the tone and speech of a gentleman he framed a quick apology. "I beg your pardon; I had not meant to be rude. At the moment I felt like the brute you probably take me for." He rose to his feet, and faced his captor with an air of mingled pride and diffidence as incompatible with his clothes as were his words. "As you

may guess," he added, " I have run from the quarry."

The astonished invalid tried to stabilize his thoughts and to fit his roughly jumbled ideas to the case of his extraordinary prisoner. All his preconceptions were bowled over; he had been prepared for brutality and violence, but the sudden show of politeness, following on his recognition of the man, left him dazed.

"But how did you get here?" he blurted out finally; "I heard no pursuit. . . ."

The convict smiled.

"There was none, I think," he replied. "You see, I have been a rather exemplary character and was left alone in a corner where the quarry bottom runs up into the fields. There was an accident—everything turned their attention to the spot and in a moment of folly I bolted. I got across the road and into this wood without being noticed. But it's a hopeless business." He sat down on the tree whose branches had concealed him, and his shoulders drooped slightly. "When you came I was thinking of going back. They will probably not miss me until about four o'clock, when the gang goes."

By this time Ferriss had gathered his scattered wits and in the process had insensibly dropped the attitude of captor. He was now chiefly interested in getting an explanation of the previous day's incident, and in finding the reason of his apparent recognition of the convict. He advanced to the tree and sat, and was about to introduce the subject that intrigued him when the other led up to it himself.

"Do you know," he said suddenly, "it's a bit odd that I should run against you, of all people. Tony—the chap who walks beside me in the gang—saw you in Portsmouth yesterday and thought you might interest me. In fact—you'll laugh when I tell you—he thought you were my twin brother."

This was too much for the bewildered Ferriss. With some idea of demanding to know what it all meant he sprang to his feet, forgetting for the moment the perilousness of such violent exercise. An immediate dizziness betrayed his weakness; the ejaculation on his lips froze there as he realized what he had risked, and with an involuntary shiver he sank back to his seat.

The convict made a concerned offer of assistance.

"No! no, thanks!" the invalid answered wearily. He passed an unsteady hand over his forehead and eyes. "I have only been reminded of something I should not have forgotten." He mastered his nerves with an effort and returned to the remark that led to his rash act.

"You were saying that the man Tony took me for your twin brother," he said, without looking at his companion. "That accounts for his seeming to recognize me when I thought I remembered you. It must have been my own features that I knew, and at that rate we must be more or less alike."

Indeed, the resemblance between the two young men was striking. Seeing them together, a sculptor might perhaps have found many slight differences, as in the turn of the nostrils, the height or breath of the forehead, the set of the lips. But, apart, one might easily be mistaken for the other by even a trained observer.

A possible explanation of the phenomenon occurred to the invalid.

"By the way," he remarked, "I suppose there's no chance of our being related in any way. My name is Arthur Ferriss."

The convict shook his head.

"Never heard it before. Mine's Harold Grierson."

"Grierson." Ferriss echoed the name. He looked round at the convict's face, so like his own, then lowered his gaze to the striped uniform.

"Grierson!" he repeated. "Surely not the man—"

"—Who killed Sergeant Clay," Grierson concluded harshly. For the second time that day his expression underwent swift change. He became again the hunted animal at bay. His jaw set hard; his eyes took on a glitter of dogged defiance; his whole attitude was that of the captive slave who, loaded with chains and indignities, lashed and tortured, still refuses to submit and own the mastery of his captors. "Yes," he added grimly, as though daring Ferriss to reproach him with the fact, "the very same."

"Oh, come," expostulated Ferriss, annoyed at his own tactlessness and rather taken aback by the other's sudden fierceness. "I am not accusing you of anything. The case was common knowledge."

His own nerves were still on edge from the effect of his recent fright. Something of the exasperation that had driven him from his rest-chair returned to him, and he spoke irritably. What was the fool getting stuffy about? He at least had health on his side, and only physical things to contend with... And yet—he had been a prisoner... Ferriss softened a little.

"It was as much an accident as anything, was it not?" he added more gently.

"I knocked him down in the barracks," answered Grierson. "He struck his head on a bedstead and died of concussion. They gave me fifteen years. Fifteen years," he repeated; "the best years of my life, to be spent in that hell, for stepping on something lower than a worm."

The intense bitterness of the utterance struck an answering chord in Ferriss, but he remained silent. Grierson's position had given him a new standard by which to judge the fate that from the day before had colored his every thought. "This man," he was thinking, "is subject to physical restraint for a term of years; I am my own master. Yet I carry my death about with me, and he is strong and well. Which is the better off?"

The convict, meanwhile, sat staring gloomily before him. Then, as though talking rather to ease his own feelings than to interest his hearer, he spoke of himself and his trouble, quietly and with the listlessness of resignation.

"I joined up in fifteen," he began, "just after taking my degree at McGill. I was three years in the army, most of the time in France; wounded twice and finished up just before the end with trench fever. From the last hospital I went to a clearing depot to await return to Canada.

"It was there that I first came into contact with Clay. The white-livered hound had never intended to go to France; he joined up for an easy job, staying with a battalion in Canada until it was ordered overseas and then transferring to a newly formed unit. Forced to England eventually, he successfully swung the lead and avoided drafts. When I met him, he, too, was awaiting return—the end of his trip, he called it. Yes"—with a flash of vehemence—"the cur actually boasted of having had a good time at the Government's expense. A good time! My God!

"Through it all he kept his three stripes, while I, having no taste for promotion of that sort, was still a private. He had charge of the hut I slept in—often of the fatigue parties I worked on—and I'm afraid my contempt was a little painful to him, since he made himself as insufferable as possible. Most of the men, sick and wounded like myself, despised him heartily and it was not hard for me to repay his petty tyranny by making him a laughing-stock in the hut.

"At last I left the depot with a 'Canada' party, leaving Clay behind—as I thought—for ever. But there was some delay at the embarking port

and before our lot could get away he, with another party, caught up with us and sailed on the same ship. The petty tyranny recommenced and became even worse than ever. I made a poor voyage of it; on my worst day, when I needed the fresh air, he managed to get me booked for a fatigue below decks.

"So things went on until we reached the dispersal station, with discharge in sight. I am a civil engineer by profession, and even before I was clear of the army I got an excellent offer from a well-known firm. And then one day"—Grierson's brow darkened as a wave of anger surged over him—"I was detailed for light duty in our quarters, when Clay was orderly sergeant. It was his last chance to bully me and he made the best of it—and went too far. From fault-finding he went on to jibes about my civil life; I retorted in kind with more effect than he. The low swine forgot himself altogether and called me what no man will stand being called."

Grierson's rage seemed to rise and choke him; his hands clenched convulsively and the eyes that stared unseeing through the trees blazed with fury at the thought of the hateful cause of all his suffering. He controlled his feelings, however, and continued in his former listless voice.

"Well, I hit him—hard; the stored-up resentment of months was in that blow, which landed under his jaw and took him right off his feet. Behind him stood a row of iron beds, and as he fell his head crashed against one. The noise of the fall brought some men in from another room and they picked him up—dead. I was arrested, charged with murder, and things went hard with me, since no one had seen the blow struck or could say it was provoked. But the evidence of some men who shared the hut in England and knew Clay's disposition, together with the consideration of my service, led them to alter the charge and give me fifteen years up here instead of the other thing.

"That's all my yarn," he concluded bitterly. "One of those years I have spent in that hell of physical torture and mental stagnation. I thought to escape from it to-day, but how far could I get—what could I do—in these clothes, without refuge or friends? No, the only thing to do is to go back and peter out as soon as possible."

The dull voice ceased, and a brooding silence fell upon the two young men—convict and invalid. Ferriss was the first to move. Throughout the recital he had listened with sympathetic attention; now his hand dropped lightly on Grierson's shoulder, while the shadow of a smile played about his lips.

"I am glad you see the funny side of it," sneered the convict, resenting the smile he did not understand. He shook off the kindly hand. "You can afford to laugh, you are free. . . ."

"My friend," answered Ferriss, with the gentleness of an old man who has accepted the fact of age and so accepting sees life at a new angle, "you don't know what you say. I am not laughing at your story—far from it. You spoke just now of your clothes, your lack of friends or refuge, being the bar that holds you in. I can raise that bar."

Grierson gaped, stammering, but Ferriss cut him short.

"Please listen," he commanded, with a sudden mastery. "With proper clothes, money, and papers identifying you as—myself, for instance, you would have a chance of getting clear away to Argentina or some other place where you could take a new lease of life. We are like enough to be twins. Very well, we can exchange identities without any being the wiser. Now, off with those beastly things—to the hide—and I'll explain as we change."

He loosened his own clothing as he spoke, and the convict followed.

"I am due to leave here this afternoon," Ferriss went on rapidly. "My bag is already packed—if you hurry you can get it from the pavilion before the men leave their chairs at three. From there you can 'phone for a car, run out the back way to Toronto road and board a train at the nearest station."

The sudden prospect of real freedom electrified the convict. With feverish energy he donned the clothes that Ferriss threw to him, drinking in the details of the plan. A few swift words gave him the position of the bag and the telephone. Then Ferris took a wallet from the pocket of his discarded coat and drew out some papers.

"Here," he said, "are my discharge papers, badge certificate and hospital pass. You can soon learn to write my signature as it is shown here: the description fits you exactly. Here"—indicating some bank bills—"is enough money to get you to Toronto easily, and here,"—he scribbled for a moment with his fountain-pen—"is an open cheque on a Toronto bank for two hundred dollars. You will have no trouble—what's wrong?"

The convict, now almost transformed with the other's clothes, faced his double with an abrupt gesture of passionate despair.

"I can't accept all this," he cried. "Why do you offer it? Are you mad? What will happen to you here, in those clothes, while I am running for it? How—"

"Never mind that," answered Ferriss. "I have reasons for offering, and will take my chance in what follows. Now, hurry into this coat and away with you. And above all, never look back, Mr.—Ferris," he added with a queer smile.

So, his own desire for freedom urging him, the new Arthur Ferriss accepted the situation. With unutterable gratitude trembling on his lips and brimming in his eyes, he gripped the hand of his benefactor.

"I'll not disgrace your name," he said huskily, and the next moment was gone. Fifteen minutes later the thrice repeated toot of a motor-horn proclaimed his departure from the grounds.

Left alone, Ferriss returned to his seat on the tree. Now that the thing was done he felt utterly weary. The very air about him seemed to have changed; the sky was overcast and the breeze that had made soft music in the branches now shook them roughly, sending some of their leaves fluttering to earth. One of these, a gorgeous maple whose blood-red centre was fringed with tender green, fell at the feet of the young man. Stooping to pick it up—with the whimsical red death in his breast—he saw his rifle lying among the branches that had concealed Grierson, and picked that up instead.

The weapon was still loaded, and Ferriss fingered the trigger thoughtfully. He had given away his identity to aid Grierson in his escape, why shoud he continue to exist? He who could not hope to escape the fetters that held him. And yet, to complete the work he had begun—to give Grierson time to get away unchallenged—he, Ferriss, must live and be seen, and were he to follow the way the loaded rifle pointed, his body might never be found in that lonely spot among the undergrowth. No, he must live. . . . .

A bell clanged in the distance—the penitentiary alarm bell. The man-hunt was afoot—was not that even now the sound of someone in the wood? Yes, and growing more distinct with each passing moment. Ferriss became rigid with excitement as he listened; a thrill of nameless dread shot through him as he realized his position as a hunted criminal.

Nearer and nearer came the sound of the hunters; their waiting quarry grew more and more tense. His first instinct was for concealment, yet he forced himself to remain in his ex-

posed position, wondering what he should do in the end.

A louder crash, near at hand now, and Ferriss leapt to his feet, the rifle gripped convulsively, unconsciously at the "ready". Simultaneously, two khaki-clad warders burst into the glade and halted, crouching.

"There he is! Good God, he's got a gun! Look out, Tom!"

But Tom had seen. Already his rifle was at his shoulder and on the word he fired.

The tense figure quivered and crumpled, shot through the chest. Without a groan Ferriss sank to the ground, realizing even in his agony that the power of decision had once again been taken from him. As through a mist he saw the warders closing in upon him, and a whimsical smile twisted his set lips as he felt himself slipping from them.

"You are late, gentlemen," he murmured; "both prisoners—have—escaped."

And before the officers could reach him the second "prisoner", with a single shuddering cough, turned his face to the ground and lay still.

PRISONER FOR LIFE

By JAMES L. HUGHES

TELL me, Warden, do the trees
  Get new leaves in May?
Are there butterflies and bees?
  Do the lambkins play?

Are the meadows growing green?
  Do the thorn trees bloom?
My dank cell for years has been
  Filled with deepest gloom.

Do the merry robins sing
  At the break of day?
Do the church bells sweetly ring
  In the good old way?

Do the clover fields in June
  Send their perfume free?
Is their witch-light in the moon
  As there used to be?

Are the trees in Autumn red?
  Does the bitter-sweet
Hang its berries overhead
  Where the lovers meet?

Warden! till my life is o'er
  Shall I never see
Beauty as in days of yore
  On the land or sea?

THE BATTLE OF QUIBERON BAY

BY GEORGE C. WELLS

"When Hawke came sweeping from the West."

—*Newbold.*

HOUGH the most important British Naval battle since the defeat of the Armada and ranking in results with the battles of Trafalgar and of Jutland in that, like them, it prevented all possibility of an invasion of Great Britain, more important than either of them in fixing Great Britain's position as mistress of the seas and her undisputed possession of world-wide colonies and commerce, the Battle of Quiberon Bay has received small recognition from historians. Some mention it not at all and others refer to it but briefly and do not emphasize its importance.

Early in 1759 the French began preparing on a large scale for an invasion of the British Isles. The conduct of the war had not prospered and the plan devised by the Duc de Choiseul was a bold one which, if successful, would have changed the whole course of events. Fleets were collected at Brest and Toulon and a small squadron at Dunkirk, while at Vannes, in Brittany, a considerable force was assembled which was to be conveyed to Ireland by the combined fleets at Brest and Toulon, simultaneously with another army crossing the Channel in flat-bottomed boats and the Dunkirk squadron, under a noted privateer named Thurot, creating a diversion by raiding the coast of Scotland.

Undoubtedly the design would have succeeded had it not been for the British Navy; that is, it would have succeeded in landing French troops in England and Ireland, though whether they would ever have got out again is matter for speculation.

M. de la Clue, in command of the fleet at Toulon, made the first move. The British Mediterranean fleet under Admiral Boscawen, which had been cruising before that port, was obliged in July to return to Gibraltar for water and provisions and to refit. De la Clue then put to sea hoping to slip through the Straits and effect a junction with the Brest fleet, but Boscawen, though his ships were not ready, at once gave chase and came up with the enemy on August 18th off Lagos, Portugal. In the engagement which followed three French ships were taken and two driven ashore and burnt; the others took refuge in Cadiz and were blockaded there till winter, when, a storm driving off the British, they managed to get back to Toulon.

But the main factor in upsetting the French plans was the discomfiture, nay destruction, of the Brest fleet commanded by M. de Conflans, who in his own person united the honors of Admiral and Marshal of France. All summer and autumn Admiral Sir Edward Hawke (afterwards Baron Hawke—"the Great

Lord Hawke" as Edmund Burke called him) had blockaded Brest so tightly that de Conflans had no chance to get out. On November 9th a gale drove Hawke away from Brest and forced him to seek shelter in Torbay. Five days later, the weather moderating, de Conflans put to sea with twenty-one line-of-battle ships and four or five frigates; and on the same day Hawke left Torbay with twenty-three ships of the line and steered for Quiberon Bay, rightly judging that de Conflans would head there in order to release the transports blockaded in the River Morbihan by a small British frigate squadron under Commodore Duff.

The Bay of Quiberon, while large enough to float the warships of the whole world, is most difficult and dangerous of access. A long narrow peninsula, the Presqu'ile de Quiberon, juts far to the southward from Morbihan in Brittany and, with Belle Ile and the rocky islands of Houat and Haedik, encloses the greater part of the Bay, to which the peninsula gives its name. From the lower island, Haedik, a series of dangerous reefs, known as the Cardinals (Les Petits and Les Grands Cardinaux) extends to the southeast, the only practicable channel into the Bay being alongside them, and, close to the point of Croisic, on the mainland opposite, is the large and treacherous shoal of Le Four Bank, while, between the Cardinals and Le Four, there are numerous shoals and reefs, which complicate the navigation of the passage exceedingly.

On the morning of November 20th, Hawke being some forty miles west of Belle Ile, the Maidstone frigate, which was scouting ahead, signalled that a fleet was in sight. The Admiral then ordered his leading ships to give chase and endeavor to hold the French until he with his flagship the *Royal George*[1] (100 guns) and the rest of the British vessels should come up. At first it seemed that de Conflans would fight, but if that was his intention he soon gave it up. Of course the odds were against him. Hawke had twenty-three capital ships to his twenty-one, and in tonnage and gunpowder the disparity was still greater, though battles have been won against even greater odds, and if the positions had been reversed Hawke would never have hesitated to attack and would probably have won. Perhaps de Conflans's main reason for declining battle was that he knew the personnel of his fleet could not compare with that of the British—many of his crews were landsmen and several of his officers had much more theoretical knowledge than they had practical. And, moreover, the ships had been shut up in port for months—indeed, it is said many of the junior French officers were sea-sick at the time. At any rate, he decided to run for it and to take shelter in Quiberon Bay, believing that the British would not dare to follow him into those dangerous waters under the prevailing weather conditions or that, if they did, they would be forced to attack him individually as their ships entered the Bay and they would then be destroyed one at a time by his superior force.

De Conflans had lost some time in chasing Duff's squadron and he was not able to reach the protecting rocks and shoals of Quiberon before the leading British ships headed by the *Dorsetshire* (70 guns) were upon him, and he was forced to engage. To quote from Hawke's report of the action:

"All the day we had very fresh gales at N.W. and W.N.W. with heavy squalls. Mons. Conflans kept going off under such sail as all his squadron could carry and at the same time keep together while we crowded after him with every sail our ships could bear. At half past 2 p.m. the fire beginning ahead I made the signal for engaging. We were then to the southward of Belle Ile and the French Admiral's

[1]Sank at Spithead with Admiral Kempenfelt and some 800 souls in 1782.

headmost ship soon after led round the Cardinals, while his rear was in action. About 4 o'clock the 'Formidable' struck and a little after the 'Thesée' and 'Superbe' were sunk. About 5, the 'Heros' struck and came to an anchor, but, it blowing hard, no boat could be sent aboard her. Night was now come and, being on a part of the coast among islands and shoals of which we were wholly ignorant, without a pilot, as was the greater part of the squadron, and blowing hard on a lee shore, I made the signal to anchor."

It was a very stormy day, the waves with the full sweep of the Atlantic behind them, running mountains high, the coast most dangerous and, so far as the British were concerned, practically uncharted, but Hawke recognized that the destruction of the French fleet was of paramount importance and felt himself justified in daring the dangers of the unfamiliar shore. The short November day was closing in, and de Conflans doubtless flattered himself that Hawke would not risk following around the sawlike reefs of the Cardinals. But Hawke, in his own words, was determined "to make downright work of them" and he accepted the risk. His sailing-master warned him of the dangers but was answered, "You have done your duty in warning me; now lay us alongside the French commander-in-chief", and

> "They took the foe for pilot
> And the cannon's glare for light."

The first of the French ships to surrender was the *Formidable* (80 guns) which flew the flag of Admiral du Verger and was fought most gallantly, sustaining the fire of several of the English ships in covering the retreat of the other French vessels, having 200 men killed, including the Admiral himself, and striking her colors only after her decks had been turned into a perfect shambles. She was taken possession of at 4 p.m. by a prize-crew from the *Resolution* (74).

The *Thesée* (74 guns) having received a severe pounding from the *Magnamine* (74 guns [1]Capt. Lord Howe), a splendid ship which had been captured from the French not long before and was reckoned the fastest vessel in the British Navy, dropped astern and was then engaged by the *Torbay* (74 guns Capt. Hon. A. Keppel), while Howe drove ahead and attacked another 74 — the *Heros*. The sea had been so heavy that the ships could not use their lower deck guns but, during a slight lull of the wind, Capt. de Kersaint of the *Thesée* decided to risk opening the lower ports so as to bring his whole broadside to bear on the *Torbay*. Keppel followed his example. A heavy squall struck the *Thesée* and she filled and sank so rapidly that out of her crew of 800 men only twenty were picked up by the British boats. The *Torbay* also shipped a great deal of water but by desperate exertions her people were able to keep her afloat. Shortly afterwards another French ship, the *Superbe* (70 guns), sank in the same manner and about 5 p.m. the *Heros* surrendered to the *Magnamine* and cast anchor, though the sea was too heavy to permit of her being boarded.

By this time Admiral Hawke had decided to anchor for the night, but his signals to the fleet was not understood by all the captains and the *Resolution* went ashore and became a total wreck with the loss of many of her crew.

At daybreak next morning the *Heros* was seen to be ashore and de Conflans's flagship the *Soleil Royale* (80 guns) at anchor dismasted; the latter cut her cable and ran ashore near Croisic on seeing the British close by. The *Essex* (64 guns) was ordered to stand towards her, but in attempting to do so was wrecked on the Four Bank, though her crew was saved. The two French ships were set on fire by their crews and destroyed.

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[1]Afterwards Admiral and victor in the First of June Battle. Familiarly spoken of as "Black Dick".

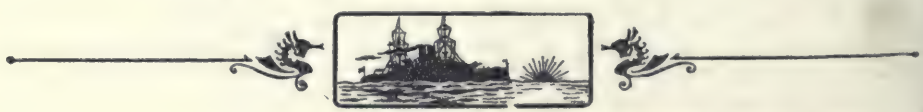
Of the remaining French ships, the *Tonnant*, carrying the flag of Vice-Admiral the Prince de Beauffremont the *Listenois*, and eight others, all badly shattered, fled southward and gained a refuge in the Charente, all except the *Juste*, which was so badly handled by her officers that she ran ashore on the Charpentier reef and was lost with many men. Eight more battleships, with a few frigates, threw their guns and heavy stores overboard and escaped up the River Vilaine, some of them knocking their bottoms out in crossing the bar. Few, if any, of these vessels ever got to sea again.

Hawke thought that with two hours more of daylight he could have taken or destroyed all the French ships but, at all events, the fleet was completely broken up and the French naval power at an end for the remainder of the war. The great invasion scheme had been overthrown and, although Thurot managed to get out of Dunkirk and harried the northern British coasts for a time until his career was summarily ended, France had to look on helplessly while her great rival took possession of her colonies and her overseas trade. Hawke's victory in Quiberon Bay assured the naval and commercial supremacy of Great Britain.

Hawke's reward for his splendid audacity and the no less careful planning which had preceded it was a meagre one. Though graciously received at court by George III. and thanked by the Speaker of the House of Commons in glowing terms, the Government gave him only a pension of £1,500 per annum for a period of two lives, but his elevation to the peerage did not come till long afterwards. His next in command, Sir Charles Hardy, got nothing and, through a combination of circumstances, the sailors of the British fleet, which anchored in Quiberon Bay, were worse fed during the winter months than they had been before the victory, so that their view of the situation was briefly set forth in a doggerel verse that became popular at the time and which ran:

"Ere Hawke did bang
Mounseer Conflang
You sent us beef and beer
Now Mounseer's beat
We've nought to eat
Since you have nought to fear."

Personal dislike of Hawke on the part of Pitt and personal jealousy of him on the part of Admiral Anson probably explain the small reward the victor received, and it has remained for a later time to realize the importance of the victory which he achieved and to give him due credit. The tenacity of purpose exhibited in the long blockade, the quick understanding of the French Admiral's plans, the fearless dash at the French fleet when he could bring up only a part of his command, the persistency with which he pursued the flying ships and the readiness to risk everything and face the uncharted dangers of Quiberon Bay for the sake of destroying once and for all the menacing force of his opponents, render him worthy to rank with Nelson as one of the greatest sea captains that ever lived.



THE FISHING FLEET

From the Painting by F. McGillivray Knowles

ON THE FRINGE OF THE UPLIFT

ANONYMOUS

LIKE other public benefactors, Miss Agnes Westlake was hungry after making a speech. S. Cope, barrister-at-law, knew it, and made a point of asking her to the Palliser for a broiled lobster. She refused, as always, because she did not admit the sanity of the convention compelling men to pay supper-checks for women. As upon other occasions, S. Cope insisted. As upon other occasions, a Dutch treat was arranged, though Cope produced the gratuities expected by the Japanese hall-boy, the hat-room female and the waiter.

In her address before the Society for the Suppression of Rum-Tots in the Trenches, Miss Westlake had been high with men. She had declared that they were inferior to women in every particular. She had averred that the modern, capable, self-governing woman was "a creative entity superlatively endowed". "I ask no aid of man," she cried fervently. "I am his equal, if not his superior. My intellectual equipment is higher than his. Society is based on the slavery of woman to man's caprice. We demand emancipation." This was the trend of her address. No wonder she was hungry.

S. Cope tacitly admitted, or seemed to admit, her premises. He was a quiet, unobtrusive lawyer with hair that abhorred sleekness. His temples were touched with a scholar's gray, but his eyes were bright and his level gaze unfaltering. There were people who said that Cope was queer, mainly because he knew more than his neighbors. Though not yet forty, he was perpetually reading—in itself an unprofessional act—and recondite subjects attracted him. It was suspected, by other lawyers, that he knew more about the round towers of Ireland and the Rosicrucians than about the Ditches and Watercourses Act. Certainly he found entertainment in Alchemy and Swedenborgianism, Assyriology and astrology, palmistry and the Koran.

His professional brethren began to pity him from the day that he declared in court as a fact the absurd hypothesis that all really good lawyers had short, pudgy fingers. When he was seen carrying into his office a volume of Blavatsky the end of close fellowship was in sight.

It was natural for Cope to be a Radical, natural for him to flock with Suffragists. He was the legal adviser of all the "cranks" in town, from the Single-taxers to the Millenial Dawners. Yet he was no crank; merely a modest, silent, efficient advocate; a Radical eager for change because he believed that in this entangled world any change must necessarily be for the better.

His enemies said that he would marry Miss Westlake one day. Though the friendship was cordial, the gossips admitted that there seemed to be no hurry about the arrangements. He seemed an unconscionable time in

marrying. He had the artist's eye for beauty, and really Miss Westlake was in no sense commonplace. Her black eyes had an electric glitter about them. Her complexion was out of the ordinary. It is true that her nose was longish, and her eyes too close together. It is true that her lips, like her opinions, were firmly held, and that her chin clamored for public notice, but does perfection dwell upon the earth?

Miss Westlake's evening gown of peach-colored charmeuse was a shade young, but her arms and neck were superb. Her hat had a dashing slant —which concealed a few gray hairs above the right ear, for public duty sets a mark upon us all. Fifteen years of committee meetings, of deputations, of electoral lists, of petitions, of public addresses, of pledge-signing campaigns are not to be endured with impunity. It *was* fifteen, beyond a question. Miss Westlake was a national figure, a gang-forewoman of uplifters, and Who's Who gave her age as thirty-eight.

While the lobster still lingered in the kitchen, came Louise, followed by Barton Farley, her escort at the meeting, but a scoffer. When Miss Westlake quarrelled with her sister Cecelia years ago because that timid lady had married a frowsy curate, she announced that she would get a sister with more brains. Marching to an orphan asylum, she picked out a pretty little girl and adopted her. This was Louise, now radiant and beautiful in her early twenties. They two had travelled a year in Europe, had met Lady Henry Somerset, had lunched with Lady Aberdeen and Mrs. Pankhurst. They two had settled in Toronto, the one to study oratory, the other to be educated at St. Margaret's exclusive school for young ladies. They two had journeyed to Calgary and set up housekeeping on a modest scale. They two, but recently, had rented a room to Barton Farley, consulting engineer of the Bow River Oil Company, Limited, consisting of a place where a hole was to be driven and 12,000,000 shares of stock at ten cents a share. They two afforded high entertainment to Farley, who had a taste for human curiosities, as well as an eye for idle capital.

Miss Westlake had money; rather more than most people imagined. S. Cope, barrister-at-law, had invested most of it for her in five and six per cent. certainties. She had municipal debentures and bank bonds for the most part. She once had ten shares of United Traction, but the railway managers built a hotel—with a bar—and Miss Westlake in high indignation sold out. The proceeds she wanted to invest in oil prospects, but S. Cope so far had advised against it. He had an unreasoning distaste for the society of oil men in general and of Barton Farley in particular. Yet no trace of it appeared in his conversation either to-night or on the Tuesday evenings when the four were usually together. Cope had a perpetual and good-natured quarrel with Louise on the subject of the fashions. He always insisted that a girl dressed to please the men. She repelled the hypothesis with pretty scorn. To-night she was wonderfully alluring in billowy blue ninon, which matched her fine eyes and "went well" with her light brown, satiny hair.

As the lobster disappeared, Miss Westlake continued the argument begun at the public meeting. "Utter independence of man! That is the goal towards which we strive. Why must I take my philosophy from a man, my rules of conduct from a man, my very religion from a man?" She reached for a cocoanut macaroon.

"You take your law from a man," said Mr. Farley, glancing across the table at Cope.

"And your oil stock from a man," returned the lawyer with a sardonic gleam in his eye.

"I deal with you both in a business way," continued Miss Westlake, "not because you are men, but in spite of that fact. I do not look up to you."

"You flatter us," remarked Farley, with a side-glance at Louise, who was most attractive, really.

Ignoring the frivolous comment, Miss Westlake proceeded: "You impose upon my sex certain conventions and rules. I reject them. I refuse to be 'compromised', as you call it. I rent a room to Mr. Farley. Does that mean that I am determined to marry him?"

Mr. Farley held up both his hands, crying, "Kamerad! Kamerad!" Miss Westlake joined in the laugh, but Mr. Cope did not. Whether from shyness or surprise, he dropped his dessert-spoon on the floor.

"When woman was a chattel," resumed the lecturer—but Louise, who sometimes was inclined towards pertness, interrupted with a rhyming line, "Dumb as the driven cattle." Thus the one-sided argument concluded gaily and the oil man asked the waiter to call a taxi-cab.

"No. Let's walk," said Louise with a flirtatious eye upon the eager Farley. "It is a lovely night, and the chauffeur would charge extra for carrying the lobster."

"The other lobster," whispered the engineer, with a side-look at the unseeing lawyer busy with Miss Westlake's wrap. So the midnight parade was organized and thus S. Cope got his opportunity.

"I have been anxious to have a private conversation with you," he said as they passed through the Palliser's big door. "For some time I have been wondering if it were possible for me to fall in love."

"You are the most surprising man," said Miss Westlake.

"It seems to me," he continued, "that I am always too detached from my emotions. I have the annoying faculty of watching the wheels of my soul go around. I cannot forget them long enough to be swept by any great feeling. I fancy that your engineering friend is differently constituted."

Miss Westlake was trembling. She who thought herself a lion felt like a mere gazelle encompassed 'round about. In her fright she began to talk of Farley and his oil projects. As she spoke she gathered confidence. Realizing that she must not be put at a disadvantage she repeated all the tales of golden rewards which the engineer had poured into her ears, and thus effectually turned the current of conversation. She was resolved to put $500 into the Bow River Company. She rather welcomed the lawyer's objection, for it gave occasion for a business argument and for the assertion of that proud superiority which any person of property assumes in the presence of the trustee.

So was the Westlake doorstep reached, where Louise and Farley stood chaffing each other. Whatever Mr. Cope had purposed saying was still unsaid. He took a courteous leave of the young girl, who insisted in walking with him to the sidewalk. Then lighting a cigar, he strolled homeward in deep meditation. In his quiet room before the grate, pleasant in the summer evening, he dipped into a book on occultism, and so, to bed.

Louise had the titular rank of housekeeper, therefore she supervised the work of Olga, the Swedish maid, Miss Westlake acting as inspector extraordinary. Usually Mr. Farley was up and away before the rest of the household was stirring. His room, therefore, was no Bluebeard's den, but was entered freely by Louise when she assumed cap and apron and pretended to be industrious. She was excellent in the art of pretending. Occasionally she flattered Miss Westlake, knowing well the vanity which lit those electric eyes and set them searching for avenues of publicity.

With a lively distaste of the orphanage—the pit from which she was dragged—Louise had set herself from earliest childhood to humor Miss Westlake's whims until that great woman began to purr. It was legitimate diplomacy, perhaps, but one result of it was to develop in the girl a practised slyness that in a false spirit

might have become hypocrisy. She feigned interest in Uplift literature and read acres of statistics on the *diablerie* of strong drink. She had attended conventions on Feeble-mindedness, on Equal Suffrage, on Missions, White Slavery and Eugenics since her twelfth year. Her reading, to please Miss Westlake, who rescued her from the miry clay and established her goings, included the biography of Susan B. Anthony and Frances E. Willard. To please herself she read, in private, the threnodies of the modern passion school of fiction and the cynicism of the Fleet Street essayists. The precepts of Miss Westlake concerning the innate savagery of man she took always with respect, and a grain of salt. So she had become a romantic young woman, horribly well informed, painfully intelligent and with superlative presence of mind.

Louise was dusting in Mr. Farley's room when Miss Westlake, at the foot of the stairs, heard the sudden concussion of a kiss. At the same instant she noticed that the engineer's hat was hanging on its usual hook. Fear came upon her and trembling which made all her bones to shake. The whole literature of white slavery flashed before her mind in the twinkling of an eye. To her Louise was still a little girl requiring constant protection and perpetual warning. Appalled, she started up the stair, scarcely knowing what she intended to do, but prepared to be shocked.

The door of Mr. Farley's room was ajar. Hurriedly she entered, to be struck dumb with astonishment. Louise was standing on a chair calmly dusting the top of a picture. On the window seat was Mr. Farley carelessly reading a magazine, and making a peculiar clucking noise with his tongue and upper lip.

"Good morning, Miss Westlake," he said politely. "Is it the room rent? I shall have it for you this evening."

"Oh—not at all," Miss Westlake replied in a strained and nervous tone, "I beg your pardon. I did not know you were at home. Don't be long, Louise, I need you downstairs."

Thus falsifying with the ready tongue of a publicist, Miss Westlake withdrew, thoroughly angry at herself. She made more noise than usual in going downstairs and began to telephone to some of her colleagues about the suffrage bazaar. She was not absent half a minute when Mr. Farley smiled. With three panther strides he crossed the room and would have lifted the girl from the chair, but she was active and forestalled him.

"We were too sharp for her," Farley whispered, "but on my soul it was a near thing. I heard her gasp."

Louise put the chair between them. She was not violently angry, neither was she flushed with pride or emotion of any sort. "You took a mean advantage," she said with quiet scorn. "What is the use in wasting your time like this? You do not mean anything."

"You are the prettiest girl I ever saw," he protested.

Louise smiled, but without cordiality. "You lack sincerity," she said. "If you cared, you would not be so—so previous."

"How do you know?" said Farley sulkily.

"That is my affair," she replied. "Did you ever read 'The Philanderers?'"

"No," said the engineer, rather taken aback by the coolness of this young woman.

"You should. They have it at the public library." She turned towards the door.

"Please don't go," said Farley, stretching out his hand, which was singularly white and shapely.

"I must," she replied. "Any way, you are under a mistake. It is auntie who has the money, you know." Smiling, she passed out and Mr. Farley muttered an expletive not always confined to the opportunities of the engineering profession.

Within the next few days Farley

began to modify his attitude towards feminism. He declared himself in the presence of Miss Westlake as open to conviction. This was the beginning of a new state of things. Miss Agnes had convinced herself that Mr. Cope was preparing to make a declaration and she desired to avoid it. She never had been sought. The iron aspect of her father in the days of her flapperhood had frightened suitors away, and she had come to maturity contemptuous of them all, particularly of her sister's frowsy curate. Looking at Cope, realizing his downrightness, remembering his vain attempt to "speak on a serious topic", she was seized with a strange timidity hitherto utterly foreign to her nature. Therefore she turned with relief and enthusiasm to Farley and began to instruct him in all the prime tenets of the new Evangel. Mr. Cope still dropped in on his Tuesday evenings, but had little chance for a *tête a tête*. He was too well schooled in his profession to betray annoyance, so he babbled o' green fields to Louise, while Farley held the complete attention of Miss Westlake.

The engineer, now sure that Louise would not betray him, played the game with some skill, in the belief that he was checkmating Cope, whom he cordially disliked. There was no reason for this feeling, save the complete one that Cope had the manners and instincts of a gentleman. The *bourgeois* temper of Farley was made uneasy by his very presence.

For a week or more the friendship between Miss Westlake and the engineer was developing. Then on a memorable evening when Louise was out motoring with friends, Farley began to speak in a new key.

"You remember, Miss Westlake, that evening at the Palliser? You said you had no intention of marrying me. For God's sake, listen to me tonight! Can't you see, can't you understand that the world for me is at an end unless you can give me some hope?"

"Mr. Farley," she gasped, "I am thirty-eight."

"And I am thirty-five," he replied. "You are driving me mad with your charms. I love you, I love you."

Before she had a thought of his intention he clipped her in his strong arms. In the crush of his embrace she thought for one insane moment that her silk waist would be wrinkled, then partially resigned herself to the ecstasy of a novel and utterly thrilling experience. Farley, kissing her brow, her hair, her hot lips, felt the tumultuous beating of her heart and knew that he had won.

Then he uttered the banality: "Isn't it wonderful?"

Miss Westlake did not speak. She dried her eyes, moistened for the first time by passion, and said, "You must go now. I want to think."

"Go?" echoed Farley in surprise.

"Until to-morrow," she whispered, dry-lipped and eager. "You can't stay here to-night. Your presence would compromise me."

Another swift embrace and Mr. Farley went off gaily to the hotel. He whistled on the way, and thought how much could be done with $40,000.

Miss Westlake, glowing with furious joy, nevertheless trembled at meeting Louise. She could not tell the story, particularly since she had suspected her of entangling Farley's interest, since she had heard a memorable, but, of course, imaginary kiss. Leaving a note explaining that she had a slight headache, she went to her room, and cowering between the sheets listened for Louise to return. Then as the front door opened and the girl came softly up the stairs Miss Westlake simulated sleep by a course of regular, soporific breathing.

Next morning, in full command of herself, she appeared at breakfast cheerful and content, mentioning that Mr. Farley was at the hotel, but would probably return soon. Louise, outwardly calm and apparently incurious, noticed in her guardian's countenance a look of triumph en-

tirely out of the common. She noticed an easing of the censorious lines about the mouth, and racked her sly brain for the solution.

It came—with the second cup of coffee. Louise was disturbed and angry. Perhaps there were selfish reasons why she regarded any change in Miss Westlake's condition with alarm, but it is only fair to say that these were not the cause of her anxiety. She knew Farley. Her intuition—seldom wrong—told her that he was too plausible, too genial. Young as she was, perhaps because of her youth, she had a large experience of people. All kinds had come under her observation. Conventions sore long time she bore, committees dull and vain. Looking back upon the scene in the upstairs room, a scene which she remembered with a cold rage, recalling the satiric suggestion she had given Farley about making love to Auntie, considering the furtive eye and the bland smile of Miss Westlake, she was as sure of what had occurred as if she had been present.

Therefore was she found later in the morning at the door of S. Cope, barrister-at-law, to take counsel with him. Mr. Cope greeted her with special warmth and said something conventional about sunbeams in a dusty office. Gravely he heard of her suspicions. Wisely he advised her to be patient and to keep her eyes open. The girl rose impulsively, held out her hand to Cope, and said simply, but with feeling: "I am sorry. I hoped it would be you."

The answering smile of the lawyer was something to remember. "That," he said, "is a compliment which I shall cherish."

"We had such fun on your Tuesday nights," said the girl regretfully. "I suppose that is all over."

"Not at all," returned Mr. Cope. "I shall be there as usual—until I am requested to cease my visits. You know I come to see you."

The girl laughed cheerily. "I wish that were really true," she said merrily.

Two Tuesday nights had gone. Mr. Farley's understanding with Miss Westlake had blossomed into a secret betrothal. Louise had seen the ring on her guardian's dresser, but so far it had not been worn. Mr. Cope had advanced $1,000 to Miss Westlake on her demand, and knew full well that it had gone into Bow River Oil. He had made a mild protest, but his client had not been disposed to take advice. Some days afterwards he telephoned to the engineer asking him to call.

On Saturday morning at ten o'clock Miss Westlake walked into Mr. Cope's office. She was accompanied by Mr. Farley, whose every motion spelled confidence in himself and amused tolerance for the lawyer. "You asked me to call," he said in a superior tone. "I suppose Miss Westlake will not be in the way."

"Certainly not," returned Mr. Cope with a dry smile. "The business will interest her also, I have no doubt. I trust I did not incommode you by asking you to drop in this morning?"

"Not in the least," said Farley with a wave of his pretty hand. "What can I do for you?"

"Sit down, Miss Westlake." The lawyer placed chairs. "You, too, Mr. Farley. Here, by my desk. Much better to be comfortable while you can."

With this, S. Cope, barrister-at-law, sat in his own spring chair and looked straight into the bold eyes of his caller.

"I suppose you realize, Mr. Farley," he began, "that it is possible to judge character—at least to some extent—by looking at a man's face. I do not say that it is an infallible guide, but generally you can tell whether or not an acquaintance is about to buy, say, oil stock."

"Of course," replied Mr. Farley, with a touch of pride in his tone, "that is the first principle of salesmanship."

"And poker!" mused Mr. Cope.

"Did it ever occur to you that there may be other and more dependable indications of character?"

"Well," remarked the engineer, "there is a man's walk."

"True," said the lawyer, "but I refer to something more definite still. Now, Mr. Farley, the importance of the hand as a means of character-reading is frequently overlooked."

Mr. Farley's smile broadened into a sneering laugh. "You did not bring me here this morning to talk palmistry?" he said with high scorn.

"No," returned the lawyer, "not to talk, to listen. I am about to give a demonstration, not of palmistry, but of cheirognomy." There was a hint of menace in his tone, and Farley rose.

"I must beg of you to be seated," said the lawyer. He paid no attention to Miss Westlake, who was beginning to be indignant. "Now, sir," he continued, "it is a fact that all engineers of any eminence in their profession have hands of similar shape. You will find that the first and third fingers are of equal length, with the second rising perhaps half an inch above them, and with the end of the fourth finger well below the upper joint of its neighbor. You will find the hand almost square, the fingers of good size, and blunt. You will find if the hands are thrown up naturally in the air that the spaces between the first and second, and the third and fourth fingers, are wide and well defined."

"It is infernal nonsense," said Mr. Farley. "You are wasting my time."

Mr. Cope continued in the same even tone, as he opened his desk drawer and drew out half a dozen photographs. Miss Westlake crossed the room to see them.

"Here are instances," he said. "Five engineers in the city permitted me to take pictures of their hands. The name is on each print."

In spite of himself, Farley was startled at the uncanny similarity of the finger arrangement.

Mr. Cope arose and locked his office door. "Farley," he said with sudden sharpness, "you are not an engineer. You have picked up the jargon somewhere, but your hands give you away."

"How dare you?" ejaculated Miss Westlake, thoroughly angry.

"So that's the game," quietly remarked the contemptuous young man.

"Yes. That is the game. I saw your hands one night at the Palliser. Do you remember saying 'Kamerad, Kamerad'? Well, your hands startled me. They were not true to form. I wrote to my eastern correspondents inquiring about you. Here is a letter from Jackson, of Cobalt; another from Way, of Porcupine. Sweetland, of Butte, Montana, wrote, and also Grigg, of Boise."

Miss Westlake, pale to the lips, clutched her handbag and parasol desperately.

Mr. Farley intimated with some fervour that he could not be expected to bandy words with a damned gypsy fortune-teller.

"You did not read the letters," said Mr. Cope. "Perhaps it is just as well. They are not complimentary."

"What do you want?" Mr. Farley was sulky.

"I want you to leave town at four o'clock this afternoon. The moment you leave I shall telephone to the reporters." He crossed the room and unlocking the door, left it invitingly open.

"Barton!" said Miss Westlake. "Is it—is it true?"

Mr. Cope answered. "It is true. Look at him. You have had a fortunate escape, Miss Westlake. In the East Mr. Farley made rather a specialty of elopements."

Mr. Farley, thoroughly heated, instructed both lawyer and lady to go to the devil, and so walked out of the office.

"Your stock is genuine," said Mr. Cope to Miss Westlake. "You took your chance like other investors, and there is no possibility of recovering

the money. I am sorry." He coughed. "You might sell it, I suppose—at a discount."

Miss Westlake's electric eyes were approaching incandescence. Filled with a vast anger and a vaster self-contempt, she turned to Cope and cried: "Men cause all the trouble in the world. You were jealous, jealous. You tried to propose to me yourself. You know it, but you had not the courage."

The blank amazement on the face of the lawyer encouraged her to continue. "That very night of the supper you said you had something serious to say to me."

"You misunderstood," said the lawyer gravely, "I intended to ask you for the hand of your ward."

"Louise?" she cried.

The door of the inner office opened and Louise appeared. "Yes, Auntie," she said, "we were married this morning at St. George's. You know, dear, we were both afraid of you. And I would not have him at all until he promised that you would be with us forever and ever."

"I am going East," said Miss Westlake shortly.

"East?" echoed the bride.

"Yes. I want to see my sister." Proudly she rose to leave the office. At the door she turned for a brief moment, and Louise, with tears in her eyes, gave her a swift embrace. "You will come up for dinner," said Miss Westlake in broken accents. With this she was gone.

"It seems a pity," said Mr. Cope musingly, "that palmistry is almost entirely monopolized by gypsy charlatans."

FROG CHORISTERS

BY ELIZABETH ROBERTS MacDONALD

TIME was—and not so long ago — when the hardy original thinker who spoke with admiration of the music of the frogs was looked upon as sadly lacking in sense—to put it very mildly indeed! Frogs were regarded entirely as a joke—one of those strange pranks which nature is so fond of playing. That any creature so grotesque could be worthy of a niche in the temple of literature was unthinkable, absurd. And we who thrilled to their pipings kept, most of us, unassumingly silent as to our preferences and concluded that we were, probably, peculiar. But now matters have changed, and the "uncouth singers" are coming into their own.

To listen in the first warm spring evening to myriad frog-voices trilling and calling from green swampy places is to be transported from a matter-of-fact world to one of fancy and wistful wonderment. There is something pleasantly friendly and almost human about these quaint gnomes of the forest pool and the marshy meadow. I once made the acquaintance of a very courteous one which answered to my whistling—and as my whistling is not extremely melodious I was inordinately flattered. He hopped up on the grass at the edge of his native pool, and sat looking at me with what I took for admiration. It may, of course, have been disapproval and remonstrance—but he hopped nearer every time I whistled, and I am sure his funny little face was friendly. He even, out of sheer politeness, tried to eat a large dandelion which I offered him.

I think that the honour of worthily celebrating the frog-musicians is due to Canadian poets. Occasional tributes from writers of other countries they have had; but unless I am very much mistaken it is our own authors who have immortalized these quaint and lovable wizards of sound. Isabella Valancy Crawford calls them "the gay enamelled children of the swamp"; to Charles G. R. Roberts they are "cool fluting ministers of dream"; Lloyd Roberts celebrates in a musical lyric "the myriad emerald frogs awake in the world once more".

I could go on multiplying quotations, but it is in Archibald Lampman's poems that most of the praise of frog minstrelsy is found. In "April" he tells us how

"By the slow streams the frogs all day and night
Dream without thought of pain or heed of ill,
Watching the long warm silent hours take flight,
And ever with soft throats that pulse and thrill
From the pale-weeded shallow trill and trill
Tremulous sweet voices, flute-like, answering
One to another, glorying in the spring."

In "The Lake in the Forest" he sings of "the fifing of the frogs", and in "Evening" come the lines,

"From far-off pools and wastes of reeds I hear,
Clear and soft-piped, the chanting frogs break sweet
In full Pandean chorus."

But it is in his exquisite little sonnet-sequence, "The Frogs", that he does them full justice. As we read these five sonnets, the frogs become benevolent magicians, and while they weave their spells leaves unfold and flowers awaken:

"The frail spring-beauty with its perfumed bell,
The wind-flower, and the spotted adder-tongue."

I make no apology for quoting the whole first sonnet:

"Breathers of wisdom won without a quest,
Quaint uncouth dreamers, voices high and strange;
Flutists of lands where beauty hath no change
And wintry grief is a forgotten guest,
Sweet murmurers of everlasting rest,
For whom glad days have ever yet to run,
And moments are as aeons, and the sun
But ever sunken half-way towards the west;
Often to me who heard you in your day
With close rapt ears, it could not choose but seem
That earth, our mother, searching in what way
Men's hearts might know her spirit's inmost dream
Ever at rest beneath life's change and stir,
Made you her soul, and bade you pipe for her."

The frog-music brings vividly to my mind a tiny gray house with red blinds, a great sweep of meadow and woods, and, beside the house, a little field of alders. Among the alders were many small, damp hollows, and in these the frogs lived and flourished, and gave concerts every night. Many a time I have gone to sleep to the sound of those thin pipings, and their magic has been woven into the web of my dreams. As I remember, the voices of those frogs were unusually high. Either the chief singers were very young and therefore sang in a childish treble, or they were of a particularly shrill-voiced family. At any rate the song was musical and haunting, though decidedly wistful. The singers seemed always calling for someone who never came. And now their memory calls me, back through the years, to the tiny gray house with red blinds, the wide woods and fields, and the balmy yet bracing air of spring at Aldergarth.

The most varied chorus of frog-voices that I remember came from a little sluggish stream just back of Fredericton. These frogs had no undue preponderance of high sopranos; there were tenors and contraltos, and now and then a surprisingly deep bass. "In divers tones" they sang—divers, but all restful and mellow. To walk in the Old Rectory garden in the spring twilight, and loitering from path to path, listen to that distant seranade, was to drink an elfin draught of mystery and elation. The heart-shaped leaves of the lilac brushed against you as you passed; a fresh scent of young grass was in the air; daffodils nodded their yellow heads drowsily; sleepy robins called from the great sheltering elms. It was the hour of peace, and the frogs were its melodists.

AN EARLY CRITIC OF CANADA

BY HELEN I. COWAN

FEW men who early served Canada in an official capacity have more completely dropped into the dim obscurity of the past than the first Chief Justice of Upper Canada, whose name is now commemorated in Osgoode Hall. A man who was successively implicated in disagreements with the Governors at Quebec, Dorchester, Prescott and Milne, Chief Justice Osgoode was yet mentioned by Dr. Scadding with respect and esteem, his acquaintance and intimacy sought by the Duke of Portland,[1] and his "great judicial abilities . . . his experienced love and veneration for his Majesty's Government[2] regarded by the Colonial Department as the mainstay of British justice in the new provinces.

Col. John Graves Simcoe and William Osgoode, appointed after the Act of 1791 to assume the civil and judicial administration of the new upper Province, sailed together for Canada in April, 1792. The Lieutenant-Governor was not inexperienced in the ways of the new world, and from his wife's pen we have vivid sketches of Upper Canada in the first days of settlement. But of William Osgoode's impressions before the year 1795 we know little. London born, educated at Oxford,[3] and a Lincoln's Inn man, the contrast must have been powerful to one of his lively mind and keen sensibilities. His duties took him up and down through the new country from Kingston to Newark and back to New Johnstown and Cornwall in the years when "dense and trackless forests lined the margins of the lake", and when judicial functions were concerned more with elemental justice than the niceties of legal practice common to the rooms round Lincoln's Inn.

During his three years of service in Upper Canada Chief Justice Osgoode appears to have held five courts —one in Kingston in 1792, another in 1793, one at Newark in 1793, one at New Johnstown in 1793 and one at Cornwall in 1794. He served also as Legislative Councillor and Speaker in the new government. To him is given the credit of bringing in "An Act to prevent the further introduction of slaves, and to limit the terms of contracts for service within the Province". Col. Simcoe's biographer records belief that the Lieutenant-Governor himself was responsible for the passage of this bill. There can be no doubt, however, that Osgoode, fresh from London, where Wilberforce and his party were already active in social and official circles, was instrumental in carrying out in a new world a reform which the old world still opposed for some forty years longer.

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[1]Record Office, Chancery Lane, C.O. 42.120.

[2]C.O. 42.104.

[3]Osgoode and Simcoe were at Oxford together—Osgoode 1768-72, Simcoe 1769-71.

But Osgoode was soon transferred from the rapid progress of the Upper Colony to a position of equal rank but infinitely heavier responsibility in the Lower Province, which was already rent by official and race dissensions. Morgan believes that "the conduct of Mr. Osgoode was so much approved as Chief Justice of the new Province, that he was in a very short time advanced to the same office in the Province of Quebec, now Lower Canada". With characteristic directness Osgoode himself had prepared the way for this advancement. Shortly after the death of Chief Justice Smith he wrote to Henry Dundas, Secretary of State, that "having seen the possibility of such event during the winter's suspension of intercourse between the two Provinces, and that it might be known in London before it was known here, I had the precaution to entrust with a friend a letter addressed to you on requesting that I might succeed to that office; whether the letter has been sent, I am entirely ignorant. These circumstances together with an anxiety natural on the occasion will, I hope, furnish an admissible excuse for the trouble I now give."[1]

The appointment was accordingly confirmed and Chief Justice Osgoode arrived in Quebec July 27, 1794. Into the warring factions at that capital Osgoode stepped alone, at a time when Governor Dorchester said the natural result of the system then in practice was to "alienate from the administrator, necessarily, either the officers, or the people".[2]

Through these quarrels between Council and Governor, between Land Committee and applicants, between factions and races, Osgoode picked his own way according to his own principles, seeing Dorchester depart in 1796, Prescott recalled in 1799, only to be himself urged to stay in office at least until the return of peace. This he agreed to do, and did not return to England till late in 1801. There he lived in comparative retirement from public affairs, the recipient of 800 pounds per annum conferred "in consequence of Mr. Pitts having previously concurred with his Grace (the Duke of Portland) in the opinion, that in consideration of the length and importance of Mr. Osgoode's services, it would be proper he should receive in the event of his retiring from the office of Chief Justice—a pension for life from the revenues of that Province".[3]

From the point of his arrival in Quebec the Chief Justice has left a picture of his own life in a correspondence which will do more than anything else to set in its true light a character which Prescott and Milne have reviled in repeated dispatches to the Colonial Department. These letters were addressed during the years 1795 to 1807 to John King and another friend in London, to whom the Chief Justice wrote with freedom and insight of matters so closely connected with state affairs that his emissary, Hermann Ryland, in 1798, had orders to throw the letters overboard rather than let them fall into the hands of another.[4] Of those days of warring factions and executive cliques, of the various actors in the drama which darkened Dorchester's and Prescott's last days of service, the letters speak for themselves.

Quebec May 23, 1795.

(Private and most confidential)

Dear John:—

Charity thinketh no evil and is kind. I am therefore to presume that you have written to me in one of the three packets which have been lost; in other instances my charity must cover a multitude of sins; not my own sins, but sins of my correspon-

[1] C.O. 42. 318.
[2] C.O. 42. 105.
[3] C.O. 42. 120.
[4] C.O. 42. 111.

dents, for I have received but four letters since my arrival in this province. If this be not sufficient to raise a gentleman's temper pray make me acquainted with your notices of moderation.

My situation in this place where I was not acquainted with a single person called for all the exercise of my prudence and discretion. The worthy Governor looked upon me as an immediate protege of Mr. Dundas for whom he has the same affection as that the devil has for holy water. I believe I mentioned to you that my Mandamus last summer was not forwarded in Colonel Simcoe's packet but was sent by post to Montreal without further direction and left to find me as it could. Soon after my arrival here I found myself awkwardly circumstanced. Different people took it for granted I was immediately to be led into the knowledge of all matters going forward in the province, and I was assailed with inquiries on subjects connected with my office as Chief Justice, which had been transmitted to the Chateau. Then I was obliged to parry and evade (not being willing to declare that no confidence was placed in me) till in the course of time, notwithstanding all my address, I believe it was discovered that I knew nothing at all about the matter. The business at Montreal brought me in close acquantince with the Attorney-General as we travelled thither and returned together. He does not deal much in the Genero Laudatior respecting anyone but his chief wish seemed to charge me up to the muzzle with the craft subtlety, unfeelingness and ingratitude of our Commander-in-chief. But I had received from various quarters a hint not to trust to implicitly to the representations of my fellow traveller. In short this place and all the intercourse had been so wretchedly torn and divided between the faction of Smith and Mabane that no one wanted to speak in decent terms of another of the opposite party. My new acquaintance had been a deserter from the former and not cordially received by the latter faction. You may therefore conclude what was the character he bore. This account, however, coupled with my own experience of the conduct held out to me did not much tend to conciliate my new situation. After I had been here about three months the first business of state on which I was consulted was on a petition to the Governor, gravely presented to me by his Secretary from an inhabitant of Gaspé, one hundred leagues off, addressed to Sir Eroiq Excellens Milor, and praying from the abilities disclosed by those presents, to be admited to keep a school. . . . I was directed to consider the petition that I might be prepared when his Lordship should speak to me on the subject. This elegant humbug, the offspring of a genius from Tipperary, was played off I presume to see whether I had discernment or not to perceive a sneer or initiation to resent it. I had prepared change for the coin had it been asked for. Namely that he seemed qualified to teach writing, but that I entertained serious doubts how far the orthography of his Majesty's subjects would be improved by his tuition. Soon after I was entrusted with communications of most trifling concern, all which I accepted in good part, attended Levis, accepted invitations and exhibited all the outward and visible signs of great respect and satisfaction. Were I to say that in no case of importance I was referred to, I should be highly ungrateful.

On my arrival here there were four judges, upon the establishment of the new courts it was necessary that one of the two Canadians at Quebec should be stationed at Montreal, neither of them wished to go—both exerted their interest to stay. And one fine morning I was surprised with a verbal message from the Chateau to know whether the other two English judges would decide the matter between the parties and acquaint them with our determination. Greatly astonished at this generous delegation of authority and knowing from what motives it arose, I instantly answered I thought it a proposal not fitting for the executive power to make or the judges to accept. The result was Mr. De Benne's Commission was made out for Quebec and Mr. Panet's for Montreal. He refused to accept it. Mr. Monk, the Chief Justice, thought proper to remain here. In the meantime the first term under the new Judicature Bill came on at Montreal, but there were no judges to open the court. Of course the Administration of Justice was at a stand. The inhabitants justly incensed petitioned the House of Assembly on the subject, these allegations were supported by the evidence of three barristers by which it appeared that upwards of two hundred causes were at issue. Witnesses had been subpoen'd at great expense from distant quarters on the faith of the trials coming on, besides the great charge of having taken out process which was not acted upon to the great damage and charge of the suitors. The House represented these grievances in an address to the Governor who promised that the like neglect should not happen in future. An Act was passed to remedy the discontinuance in the process of all causes occasioned by the not holding of the term. This wilful negligence was very injudicious at the outset of the new Bill as it furnished an obvious argument to those who had opposed the

measure. During all this time Mr. Panet's Commission remained in the office waiting for his acceptance of it—an indignity to which I trust the King's Commissions are not often exposed. After four months had expired it was withdrawn and given to another . . . . .

The political business of the Session went on more smoothly than was expected. The most important question for the peace of the country concerning which it is in the power of a patriot to raise an insurrection at any time, after being brought into debate by the head and shoulders, remains in status quo. I mean whether the Seigneurs may demand arbitrary rents for their concessions . . . . However, in other respects they have behaved very well—they have voted £5,000 towards the discharge of the civil expenditure of the Province. From the appearance of their disposition at the outset it was thought that matters would not come to so favorable an issue. The day before the meeting the Speaker of the Canadians took a studied occasion to declare his sentiments in a Company as he observed that was assez respectable et nombreuse that the proper season for attempting such a measure was not yet come.

In the Upper House as becometh the aristocracy we are grave, composed and dignified. Two measures only have been adversely debated.

Before I conclude this detail you must know by way of episode that no court of any kind could be conducted with less decency or regularity than had heretofore been practised in this place. The barristers did not attend in their habits, motions, causes, exceptions and demurrers brought on without order or regularity. No particular business appointed for particular days; motions made extemporary and the time of the court suspended till they were reduced to writing by the clerk; in short such a jumble as is inconceivable. I have attempted and nearly effected a gradual reform of these abuses, and have felt a real gratification from the civilities paid me by the most intelligent persons in the place, that we now begin to assume the appearance of a Court of Justice. Judge you of the sensible mortification I received the day after the prorogation by a visit from the person who was my chief opponent in the House introducing with an air of triumph a man to me in these terms. Sir, I am come to present the prothonotary of your Court to you whom Lord D has just appointed to that office. The man was lately a broken shopkeeper at Montreal, one of those whose bills were thrown out and character was not very favorably treated in a memorial signed by every gentleman of the bar at Montreal. This was the first intimation I received, either of the vacancy or the appointment. It seems that Mr. Panet's refused Judgeship was supplied by the Griffier or Chief Clerk of Quebec, and the Griffier's place immediately given to this unsuccessful retailer. And I was left to be apprized of it in the manner I just mentioned. I have taken the liberty to express to his Lordship my sincere regret that after having endeavored to vindicate the credit of the profession from the attempts of unqualified characters, neither my general conduct nor personal deportment to the King's Representative could secure the profession or myself from so public a demonstration of the little esteem in which both are regarded.

And this is the manner in which the doves are treated. But I go cooing no longer in his courtyard except on the 4th of June, and 18th of January. I bow with respect to no man with whom cunning and duplicity are the substitutes of wisdom.

Let me know how many white-headed bairns you have and as I have given you credit for some regard for me, the proofs of which have been lost in the three captured packets, let me be convinced that my credit is not misplaced.

Quebec, Oct. 27, 1795.

(Private and most confidential)

Dear John,—

I am very sorry to learn in a roundabout way that your continued silence is to be accounted for by a long and serious illness. By the time this reaches you I hope you will be recovered. If you have had strength and spirits enough to attend to the business of your office I doubt not but your surprise must have been excited by the dispatches of the Governor-General of Canada, at least so far as they respect me. Whatever charges they may contain you know enough of my zeal and attachment to the King and the King's Government, not easily to believe that I would on any occasion withhold my feeble assistance to any measure that might contribute to the service of either. That I have expressed my sense of a course of injurious treatment most unmerited on my part from his Lordship is perfectly true, but that, qui meprise Sir Guy n'aime pas sen Roi et n' a selon Sir Guy ni Dieu ni Foi ni Loi is not perfectly true. . .

I am,

Ever yours,

W. O.

Quebec, Oct. 27, 1795.

Dear John,—

I have written to you by Mr. Pownall, who goes home in this fleet, but forgot to

request that you would not enclose your answer in the Governor's Packets, but that I ask you will have the goodness to send me an independent epistle in an independent manner by the mail.

Most truly yours,
W. O.

Quebec, Oct. 27, 1795

Dear Burland,—

I have now passed more than twelve months in this country and am become somewhat acquainted with the carte du pays and perfectly agree in opinion with a French ecclesiastic refugee (who having been protected and promoted in this country might have mentioned the fact with a little less exultation) that notwithstanding our long possession of the Province the body of the people are not anglicized at all. The ruling policy has been unaccountable. No attempt made to introduce our language by the establishment of schools and thus by degrees to accustom the people to the notions, habits and attachments of British subjects. On the contrary, pains have been taken that no coalescence should obtain. For instance, we have a British and a Canadian militia. Upon the just establishment a number of young men born since the conquest and therefore British subjects by birth, wished to enroll themselves under British officers, as by the Letter of the Act they had a right to do. Still several were imprisoned for refusing to enroll themselves in Canadian companies. This treatment created an almost defensible indignation arising from the refusal of proffered services and some of the most disaffected characters have been worked into such conduct. . . .

The little society there is in Quebec was for many years a prey to the contending factions of Smith and Mabane. The former was my predecessor and if not greatly traduced as deadly a traitor as ever was born in America, notwithstanding which his control over Lord D was unlimited. The open antipathies are subsiding fast but the constant habits of political enmity, the dissimulation or reserve they mutually adopted so tainted their conduct that I think I can perceive the effects of it in many instances . . . .

I cannot say much with regard to our Society. There is very little intercourse between the British and Canadians, the latter are generally poor and the more opulent of the former are merchants living at Montreal. From the plenty of money that circulated during the American War they contracted a habit of giving splendid entertainments to as many as could be stuffed into their apartments, and to the utter exclusion of all comfort. A dinner of six or eight is a thing unknown. So much for the sensual part, as for the intellectual there is a dreadful vacancy. Very few persons of liberal education to be found. Our Protestant Bishop who lives in the country and your friend De Nooth are among the smaller number that have enjoyed that advantage. . . . A public night at the Chateau with an indifferent assembly and concert in winter forms the whole of our elegant dissipation. Provisions are cheap, groceries dear, servants scarce. . . . .''

Nov. 28, 1795.

(Secret and confidential)

''Many persons here are anxious to be recommended to the Rising Sun, L. G. Prescott. All that I require is an antidote to the prejudices with which he will be charged against me from a certain quarter where I shall never be forgiven. . . .*''

*''I give you joy on your increasing family. Make my compliments to La Deuce Madame. Had not matters taken the turn they have in this place with respect to myself I might have been in the scrape. At present all is suspended. Enclose no answer in the Governor's packet, but detached as before.

Quebec, Feb. 19, 1796.

(Private and confidential)

Dear John,—

There is something very mysterious respecting the land granting department which I cannot fathom. The most able surveyor and perhaps the most diligent officer that ever was employed in service of Government after laboring for two years during which time he projected a map of the Province, collated every title on record in the archives, designated the limits of every seignory conformably thereto, and specified the same with the greatest accuracy and precision on a projection of the largest scale, accompanied with a variety of remarks and observations, has been suffered to depart because no addition could be made to a liberal stipend of five shillings per diem—the whole of which was honestly earned by the mere mechanical labor of transcribing independently of any science whatever—his name is Gale—he receives a pension I understand of £100 a year from the Treasury for some able calculations in matters of finance with which he supports his wife and family. He required an addition of half a dollar because he could not subsist upon less, and it was refused.

I knew that shameful demands have been made upon the Government in this

department. . . . In this province I see nothing but an obvious design to thwart the intention of Government respecting land grants, but to what end I know not. In the Upper Province too strong an inclination to force a people by sudden transplantation. In both it will be a scene of jobbing, delusion and fraud. I can state the inconvenience but cannot suggest a remedy unless it be to stop the progress by injunction. Write me if I am accused—let me be heard—it is all I ask. Don't suffer enclosed letter to Cruise to be thrown away as it contains all that I have been able to save by fraud, oppression, peculation and bribery!

July 4, 1797.

"There certainly must be some form of plot going forward. Six and thirty years have I been in this country and never knew public matters so quiet. Why nobody talks about anything! When Coffin comes I hope we shall have something to keep us awake."

The notable conjecture lately made in a private conversation exhibits the best account of public affairs that I can furnish you withal.

July 19.

For private affairs become public vide the other side of this sheet.

All in the wrong! A family quarrel has been brewing these eight months. All attempts at reconciliation therefore hopeless and at length the explosion has taken place. All the good that I could do was to prevent an appeal to the public by shewing that in domestic quarrels all vindication tends to aggravation, and that considering the public as well as the private relation in which the parties stand to each other, such a measure would be attended with most pernicious consequences. I have kept aloof, and see much indiscretion on both sides. A Guerre de Pots de Chambre has sprung out of the main quarrel and involved others. I am heartily sorry for it—for the Government has acquired a character of vigor and energy and will now become liable to the sneers of the malevolent.

July 22, 1797.

Daniel McLane was yesterday executed in pursuance of his sentence for high treason. He was well qualified for the undertaking had he had suitable materials to work withal. But his want of confederates (at least in the city) was manifest from his indiscreet avowal of his designs to a perfect stranger, whose conduct on this occasion has been highly meritorious. The man had been imprisoned by Mr. Monk in his wholesale rage in the year 1794 but was never brought to a trial. McLane thought of necessity he must be disaffected, sent for him into a wood near to Quebec and imparted the whole of his project. Black, the depository of the secret, gave in to all his proposals, invited him into town at night and made an instant disclosure of all he knew. McLane's mission being well known he had spies upon him in the States but he eluded all their vigilance, avoided the posts and came into the Province through the woods. The first intimation we had of his arrival was when he was in bed at Black's House in the Lower Town.

Soon after he was taken a number of vagabonds came in from Vermont. The brothers and another came in under feigned names and were arrested at St. John. Levi Allen, brother of the Super Cargo of the Olive Branch[1] came on his return to Quebec with two lean horses to sell. His conduct being suspected, and hischaracter notorious, he was secured for we had intelligence of an attempt at a rescue of McLane.

Enclosed I send a Quebec Gazette giving an account of the trial which lasted fourteen hours, the thermometer varying from 80 to 90. It is hoped that His Majesty's Courts of Justice in his Province of Quebec will not be found obnoxious to the censure cast on them in other quarters.

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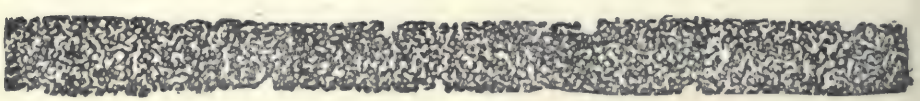
[1]The "Olive Branch" was a ship captured by the British. She had on board a large quantity of arms and stores which were intended for Mons, Alet, Genet and the other French ministers and agents in North America, for the purpose of assisting and giving effect to the machinations, which they were then carrying on for raising a revolt or rebellion in His Majesty's North American Provinces, and particularly those of Upper and Lower Canada." (S.O. 42. 323). David McLane was, of course, implicated in the movement.



THE ABENAKI BASKET-MAKERS

BY VICTORIA HAYWARD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDITH S. WATSON

IT is the proud boast of the people of Pierreville on the St. Francois river, on the south side of the St. Lawrence, that there is no bridge other than the railroad bridges over any river between Pierreville and Montreal, and that if you desire to cross any of these rivers you must do so on the picturesque ferry-scow which m'sieu the ferryman, guides over the calm water, mirroring reflections on every hand, on a wire-cable cleverly seized by him in the snapping jaw of a sort of wooden monkey-wrench.

We "called the ferry" at this Twickenham of Canada for the first time last August and set up housekeeping in a cottage on the main street of the village of Odanak just at the point where the street comes out on the high bank overlooking the river St. Francois. So that to watch the upper ferry from our front porch became a daily amusement.

Pierreville and Odanak adjoin each other but enjoy separate post-offices. Pierreville is the French-Canadian town and Odanak the village of the Abenakis. Our *maison* was a sort of boundary line, I believe. Odanak when translated, we were told by the Episcopal clergyman, means "Our Village", so what with the picturesque ferry and literary suggestions of Miss Mitford in "Our Village" name, our August camping-ground became atmospheric at once.

But wherever there are Indians they take the centre of the stage and hold it. Odanak is "Our Village" to the Abenakis. And as far as I know it is the only home-village in the possession of what is left of these people.

The Abenakis were the "original Yankees". They came to the banks of the St. Francois from Maine, Vermont and Massachusetts. If you wish to know more about their interesting past read *Histoire d'Abenakis, depuis* 1605 *jusqu'a nos jours, par L'Abbe J. A. Maurault.* It is a thick volume and makes a pleasant tale to read by a roaring fireside of a winter evening. But this present sketch deals with the living present—the Abenakis of "our day" from the human-interest angle.

Just as the Hurons of Lorette are snowshoe, canoe and moccasin-makers, the Abenakis are sweet-grass basket-makers. And their market? *Mais oui* —"all over Canada"—east and west, north and south, and the United States. Rumor says that the turnover to the village and region from the baskets is in the neighborhood of $250,000 a year. Men, women and children work at this basket industry. There is no factory. It is all pleasant homework. Women at work sit on their porches. Housewives ply their fingers in the kitchen, picking

A Family Party at Pierreville

up the basket, as other women pick up knitting. Little children braid the grass over backs of chairs in the door of the little play-tent on the lawn. Schoolgirls make pin-money at it. Neighbors gossip in dooryards, basket in hand.

Baskets talk in the grocery and dry goods shops in Pierreville as successfully as money. If a man or a woman needs a little change, he or she takes a basket in hand and comes back with the silver. It was a happy discovery when the founders of this people trekking it to Canada came by chance on the original grass growing on islands in the river. It was a still luckier turn of fate that prompted some old squaw to dry it as a simple herb and in so doing—though she must have been disappointed from the herbal point of view—to learn the astounding fact that dried, *the grass gave forth a pleasing odor*—that it was —in her simple language—"sweet".

So simple a discovery as this, and determination to put it to use, is the Abenaki's stock-in-trade. Out of it he has built up a quarter-of-a-million dollar business. And he now farms the grass as do more or less all the French farmers of this neighborhood, because the business has grown to such an extent that the natural supply is not enough. The only part of the basket taken in hand by the men is the preparation of the splint from the big log. The only factory (!) for this work stood across the street from our door. It was merely a neat yard with a board top for shade. Here every morning two big ash logs were pounded with the head of a wood-axe until the layers or rings of the tree's growth could be stripped off. Little by little these strips were made thinner by a man who separated the ends of each strip and tore them asunder, through their entire length, by means of two small boards held between his knees.

Other men ran the strips through a planing machine. Two keen steel teeth in a board, paralleled the required width, and the wooden ribbon rolled into a bolt was ready for both the market and the dye-pot of madame. I should not be surprised if

Cutting splints for baskets

this is the only factory of its kind on this continent. Certainly it is the only one with Abenaki labor—and Abenaki atmosphere throughout. Its counterpart has been here a long time. Its beginnings reach back very far into Canadian history.

Visiting the dyer, madame, swishing her ribbons into her pots of boiling dyes and out again even as you watch, speaks with regret, and if she is an old, old-timer, with genuine sorrow, at the passing of the old homemade dye of which her Indian forbears knew so well the secret. "Those dyes," she says in her soft English voice full of the plaintive tones of the red man, and rich with memories of the past, "those dyes were beautiful! and, oh, we could get such lovely colors with them! Oh, but now we couldn't make the dyes. It would take too much, and so we use the store dyes. And of course we are very glad to get them. But the old colors were lovely."

And in dreams, you can see, she still beholds the pinks and blues of other days. And herein lies what for her is the tragedy of the larger trade.

However, the younger woman snapping the ribbons into splint-lengths with her sharp scissors has no regrets. She holds up for inspection the spokes of the bottom-wheel. "Six colors, madame," says she—"yellow, purple, vivid green, light blue, red and then pink."

But the wheel turning in her hand like the wheel of fortune brings us around to the grass again without which there can be no basket. The grass is a story in many chapters spreading out to the countryside and, crossing the river, trailing its way through St. Francois du Lac, the large town facing Pierreville, out to the French farms bordering the high-road to popular Abenaki Springs, where summer visitors go "to drink the waters" and idle away the summer days.

The grass is grown in a bed. When grown it stands up in long wisps two to three feet high. Pulled while still green, girls of the farm-family clean it of decaying leaves but do not bother

"Joseph Paul sitting at his bench"

to clip any clinging roots because these hold the plant together better for the braiding. Apparently it is wilted or dried only a few days when the *tresseuse* takes it in hand. All down both sides of the river, think of the thousands of miles of this grass-braid that is turned out! Winter and summer the braiding goes on. I saw them braiding away in August—the same hands are braiding to-night. Abenaki fingers learned the A.B.C. of it in 1685 when they erected their wigwams on the east bank of the river and here in the year 1921 they were still—braiding.

The "braid" of late years has grown to be a business in itself. French farm-families of the neighborhood often grow the grass and braid it. Then they make it up in hanks or *echeveaux,* and retail it to the basket-weavers in Pierreville and Odanak. An Abenaki who can make more baskets than she can grow grass for, is very glad to invest a little capital in the hanks, as she also invests in the rolls of wooden ribbon from the factory. The Abenakis, despite all the work being done in the homes, are a very neat people. They are nearly all well-to-do. Even if they do put all their dependence in one—basket! So far it has proved a very safe investment yielding a high rate of interest. They mostly all own splendid little homes, some quite fine houses in spacious grounds.

"Our village" is as *sweet* a village as old Quebec affords anywhere! Its main street is shaded by tall and stately old trees. In the centre of the village and situated in a grove on the high bank overlooking the river is their fine church, a simple yet dignified and peaceful little place of worship.

Father de Gonzaque, the curé, is himself of Abenaki descent and a most genial man. Calling on him one Sunday morning after Mass the Grand Chief happened to drop in and between them they kept the Abenaki ball rolling to our enlightenment for upwards of an hour.

Father de Gonzaque is not only of Abenaki descent but he has been priest here twenty-five years. And

An Indian girl and her handiwork

this is the Grand Chief Nicholas Panadi's third time of office, so we were indeed fortunate that Sunday morning.

Among other things we learned that the present church is the fourth on this site. The first was a wooden one built in 1700, and was burned in 1759 by British troops, the Abenakis having espoused the cause of France—and lost in the game for half a continent. But the Abenakis were good churchmen. They built a second church the following year, in 1760, this held the river-bank and the tribe until 1818, when it was accidentally burned. Then for ten years they had no church, and Mass was said in the council room. In 1828 the third was built and this in 1900 was struck by lightning and burned to the ground, and since that time the present edifice has been erected, so that in a double sense this is Father de Gonzaque's church—for he built it.

An interesting tablet occupies a conspicuous place in the wall on the left-hand side facing the altar, and reads thus:

HONOR,
To the Honorable Mathieu Stanley Quay, Senator of Pennsylvania, U.S.A., of Abenaki descent.
"He made glad with his works
And his memory is blessed forever."
A.D. 1902.

In the grounds of the church, in addition to the parish priest's house, the sisters have a large school for the Abenaki children, and there is also a neat graveyard, and the Grand Chief's house borders upon a little lane bounding the church property. In front of the church on a bank overhanging the river is a large summer house apparently for the convenience and pleasure of Abenakis awaiting the church service. It is remarkable for its rusticity, all the work being the handiwork of Indians. And this in addition to commanding a superb view up and down the river made it an interesting rendezvous for us of an August afternoon. Not all the Abenakis are Catholic, however, as is testified by the little brick church—also beautifully situated in a grove of trees on the riverside—of the Church

Miss Hayward examining the sweet-grass

of England. The church is of historic interest in that Queen Victoria herself gave the sum of fifty pounds towards the building of it. It dates back to 1866.

There is also a Church of England school, and there they teach both Abenaki and English. So that all in all the Abenaki children are well taught, and all claim that the Abenakis are very intelligent and quick to learn.

When the United States Government sent an observer to Canada some years ago from the Indian Department in Washington to see what could be learned from Canada as to the government of the Indians, the Abenaki at Pierreville was one of the tribes and villages visited. The visitor went back enthusiastic. He wrote pages about them in his report which began: "In the beautiful little village of Pierreville".

And this report was certainly borne out by all that we saw of the Indians there. Of course like the Hurons they have intermarried very much with the French, so that there are very few full-blooded Indians now living. One of the purest is now an old man of eighty. He lives in a lovely home a little way out of town and spends the evening of his life in comfort though not in idleness. For he is the toy-canoe maker of the tribe. He specializes in little birch-bark canoes about a foot long.

Whenever I see, no matter where, one of these little craft exhibited for sale, it carries me swiftly back to the morning we came on old Joseph Paul sitting at his bench in the shade of a big tree in his dooryard. The old man is a little deaf but his pins and tools were all laid out so neatly! Not a thing out of place! Everything—twine and strips just where he could put his fingers on it with the least loss of time. It was inspiring just to watch him building the little boat in hand. I had always had an idea somehow that it was squaws who built the canoes till I saw this old man at work. Is it ten dozen canoes a week he makes?

As I hold one of these little canoes in my hand what does it not symbolize?

Preparing sweet-grass for the market

It symbolizes for one thing the voyagings of this people. Even now, although they have homes here, the Abenakis are still voyageurs. In the summer the men go off as guides to the sportsmen from the "Clubs". The reedy places of the wild duck's nest, the best pools for trout, the haunts of deer and bear and other wild creatures are familiar chapters in their nature book. And those who are not guides turn a penny by tripping it every summer to fashionable resorts of the Adirondacks with their baskets and canoes. But chiefly baskets! The sweet-grass baskets are made in many shapes. One company especially, one of the largest wholesale dealers in Indian wares in Canada or the United States, shows a sample book with many patterns and each pattern done in several different sizes. And some are all green and others in color. The basket-makers have the trade at their finger tips. Never at a loss they can make anything which can be made with grass. The very old women are expert napkin-ring makers, which is their specialty.

One old woman sits in her garden on the hill-climbing road from the *traverse,* as the French call the ferry, and weaves her rings that are to grace the dinner-tables of the east and west. She invites us, in her frank manner, to sit down, seeing perhaps in the summer visitor a possible customer. But no, she does not sell retail. "They are all engaged, madame," she remarks modestly. Then she adds, "but maybe, I think, perhaps you like to look."

So we take the chair madame offers, and a neighbor comes out and leans over the garden gate and we chat, and on the calm river *le traversier* ferries the flat-boat to and fro and his passengers in their strange heterogeneous ensemble present a passing show that carries one out on imaginary roads that lead back to the age when romance was in flower here and Louis Crevier was le Grand Seigneur over all this fair demesne. That one may have some idea of the passengers who traverse the St. Francois at Pierreville the following comprehensive *avis* or public notice at the landing-

place will tell more in its quaint way than a dozen paragraphs:

1 *Personne* 5 *cts.*
1 *Voiture semple* 15 *cts.*
1 *Voiture double* 20 *cts.*
1 *Personne â cheval* 15 *cts.*
1 *Cheval ou* 1 *bête a cornes* 15 *cts.*
Plusieurs chevaux chacun 5 *cts.*
Plusieurs bêtes â cornes chacun 5 *cts.*
1 *Mouton* 1 *cochon* 1 *veau chacun* 15 *cts.*
Plusieurs de ces bêtes chacune 5 *cts.*
Tout voyage de Bac 15 *cts.*
1 *Automobile* 25 *cts.*

In addition to the basket-industry, the men at the factory by our door, make rustic porch-furniture out of their ribbons of white ash. They paint the frames of the chairs that bright art-red which give our porches such an air of welcome on a warm summer day.

Seldom a train goes out to Montreal —and there is just one a day—but carries crate upon crate of baskets and shipment upon shipment of this handmade furniture. When you come to think of it $250,000 worth of sweet grass baskets spells a great many baskets. It spells application and swift industrious fingers. It spells good homes and comfort for the three hundred Abenakis living in "the beautiful little village of Pierreville", and it spells a dainty sweet-grass basket for many homes in Canada and the United States.

CANADIAN GIRLS NURSING UNCLE SAM

BY JEAN MORISON

IN the United States there are 8,000 institutions tracing existence to the twin sisters — charitable impulse and liberal benefaction. Allied with them, 1,600 accredited schools annually accommodate 50,000 training nurses. In 1920, 11,972 white-capped women graduated, and the lists invariably include many Canadians, whose proficiency is attested when degrees and responsibilities are awarded.

Cartooned as keen and lean, symbolical Uncle Sam has a red-blooded organism and appreciates ability. His "native daughters" and a sprinkling of British Isles women yield a predominating percentage of students to renew a constantly changing personnel, the result of graduation, marriage, etc., but hundreds of young Canadians reared "north of the country to the south of them", have long been an important element in United States hospital life, scientific service and private duty, and those mentioned only outline their numbers and prominence. What an opportunity is theirs to cultivate among a million American cousins a broader social and geographical knowledge of their native land and its portentous future.

Perusal of only the books in our own tongue on nursing, emphasizes the gratitude due a few English women and many pioneer "Americans" for to-day's wonderful hospital expansion. Uncle Sam has sung lustily the joys of a "bawth", endorsing the enlightened slogans "Sanitation" and "Universal good Health".

Johns Hopkins, Quaker railroad investor, erected as an adjunct to his Baltimore Hospital, a nurses' home intended as an educational haven for Southern gentlewomen embarrassed through civil war. This benefaction inaugurated improved curricula and more attractive "off duty" life for training nurses.

His school fortunately chose for first principal the magnetic, cultured

Isabel A. Hampton, whose birth and girlhood dreams occurred in Welland, Canada, and who later on became Mrs. Dr. Robb. An instrument of destiny, fortified with a teacher's education obtained in St. Catharines, Ontario, she studied nursing, planning her future while Superintendent of Nurses, Illinois Training School, Chicago. After brilliantly postgraduating at Bellevue Hospital, New York, her latent talents developing with the creation of Johns Hopkins School, Miss Hampton began there in 1889-93 her career's great accomplishments. To raise her profession's standards, she strove unremittingly and embodied her exact comprehension of progressive nursing needs in a treatise entitled "Principles and Practice in Nursing", a modern text book; also "Nursing Ethics", the first leading publication on this subject.

One seldom reads a panegyric surpassing in loyalty and sorrow the sentiments expressed after the tragic death of this American Florence Nightingale, "whose voice was ever soft, gentle and low — a beautiful thing in a woman". The nation's nurses perpetuated her name and motives, founding the Isabel Hampton Robb Scholarship Fund to provide higher education and a recipient of this scholarship in 1919-20 was Mrs. Jessie E. Ryser, Quebec, Canada.

Foremost in the coterie to whom Isabel Hampton Robb relinquished her mission was M. Adelaide Nutting, R.N., reared in Waterloo, Quebec, a student in Miss Hampton's first class in Johns Hopkins School and her successor as superintendent.

The four volume, monumental "History of Nursing" was compiled in 1907 by Miss Nutting and charitably energetic Lavinia L. Dock, R.N. It is an exhaustive, informing resume of nursing's worldwide ramifications —a notably historic, fascinating book. In 1912 Miss Nutting was the author of "Educational Status of Nursing". Her lectures and propaganda material, expressing the nation's need in perilous times, provided her with opportunities for displaying those talents and attributes of mind and heart to which she owes her high place.

As Professor and Director, Department of Nursing and Health at Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York, and titular educational head of nursing in United States, she and her college associates, together with contemporary national nursing leaders, did incalculable good co-operating with the Council of National Defense. Miss Nutting has been vouchsafed a long career of devotion to chosen ideals. Her former pupil, also familiar with hospital life in Baltimore, is the amiable Miss M. Ford, Superintendent of Nurses, for a decade and more, in the well-managed school of General Hospital, Brantford, Canada.

Columbia University staff includes Isabel M. Stewart, R. N., A. M., of Winnipeg, trained in Winnipeg General Hospital, now fourteen years with Teachers' College and associated with Miss Nutting as Assistant Professor. She possesses marked capacity, with loyalty to her profession's standards. If ill, Miss Stewart would feel nervous under the care of a "born nurse". Her pen originated a series of campaign booklets relating to training desiderata, issued under auspices of the Committee on Nursing, General Medical Board, U.S.A., which helped to contribute 7,000 probations to the normal quota of civil and military training schools.

Last year's registration from Canada in the Department of Nursing and Health, Columbia University, was large, including several educationists interested in university and hospital courses. Intelligent preparation in advanced theory won Teachers' College "M.A." degree for Elizabeth Robinson, R.N. Graduating from Long Island College Hospital, re-

CANADIAN NURSES PROMINENT IN THE UNITED STATES.

1. M. Adelaide Nutting, R.N., Professor, Teachers' College, Columbia University, New York. 2. Anna C. Maxwell, R.N., M.A., Director School of Nursing, Presbyterian Hospital, New York. (Not a Canadian—see explanation, page 330). 3. Elsie M. Lawler, R.N., Superintendent School of Nursing, Johns Hopkins Hospital. 4. Ada M. Carr, R.N., noted Anglo-Canadian Nurse, Associate Director, National Organization for Public Health Nursing, U.S.A. 5. Lina Rogers Struthers, R.N., prominent ex-District School Nursing Authority and authoress, Toronto. 6. M. Helena McMillan, R.N., Principal, School for Nurses, Presbyterian Hospital, Chicago. 7. Jessie Murdoch, R.N., Principal, Margaret Fahnestock Training School, Post-graduate Hospital, New York. 8. Jessie F. Mackenzie, R.N., Superintendent, Provincial Royal Jubilee Hospital, Victoria, B.C. 9. Marion Ford, R.N., Superintendent Training School, General Hospital, Brantford, Ontario.

puted second largest private hospital in New York, she was with the Army Hospital, Fox Hills, Staten Island and now directs the training school of her Alma Mater.

Near the Land of Evangeline a gracious, cultured lady, Miss M.C. Scott, R.N., who trained in the United States, is Directress of Nurses, General Public Hospital, St. John, N.B. Also native to that city are the Misses A. B. Melick, formerly Superintendent of Nurses, Waltham, Mass., hospital and Maude Retallick—graduate of Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, an historic institution begun in 1811. The advertising columns of daily, weekly and denominational publications print alluringly worded appeals of school directorates seeking probationary nurses for well-managed "U.S.A." hospitals and occasionally for schools misconducted.

Recently a richly endowed Hebrew hospital sent a superintendent to Canada's larger cities who registered at good hotels, advertising her purpose of personally meeting correspondents and desirable applicants.

Registered Nurse — "R.N." — the coveted *imprimatur* of each State Board of Regents controlling training schools, without which nurses are ineligible for federal and state public service appointments, obtains generally among Canadians. The New York Board of Health and American Red Cross (6,000 members), debar those without the certificate. Of 115,000 graduates in United States in 1918-19, 98,000 registered and 17,000 had overlooked this undeniable advantage, but many competent nurses complied with the stipulation before expiry of New York State time limit, January, 1921. Others "got by" under the waiver clause, which obviated challenging their means of livelihood.

The Hippocratic Oath administered to graduating nurses dedicating themselves "Their brothers keepers", commemorates Hippocrates the great Grecian medical ancient. Attributing sickness to disobedience of Nature's laws and not the god's anger, he declared the good nursing assistant was the physician's co-worker.

The lofty ideals revered by true nurses and their public spirited leaders, precludes the selfish, morose, slovenly and unprincipled, or frivolous adventurers. Their profession is secondary only in its exacting demands to medicine, law, chemistry, writes a Detroit nurse. It was Miss Nutting who said:

"I wish I could find words to picture nursing to you as I see it: it is to me one of the most beautiful and tender of all the arts of life". Yet criticism has been aimed at private duty nurses en bloc because a few stooped to be commercial, like those they were serving, when wages, overtime and expenses knew no limits.

Briefly I allude to the plight of deceived patients consigned to care of misguided girls released as efficient, to confound the public and embarrass credentialed nurses after a few months "mushroom" training in so-called nursing schools of large cities. If patients were acquainted with prospective nurse's ability and alumnae affiliations, regrettable experiences would be avoided.

When President William McKinley visited Buffalo Exposition, 1901, a social outcast's diseased brain directed the weapon that inflicted a mortal wound and the President was hurried to the Millburn residence. His personal physician, Doctor Ricksey, requiring a nurse he knew, to co-operate with three on the case, decided after consulting Secretary Cortelyou, to summon a rosy-cheeked nurse practising in Washington, a Hamilton graduate of Kensington Hospital, Philadelphia. Obeying the imperative call, this lady intimately participated in the final ministrations relieving the agony of the dying solon. Her Scottish canniness forbids me publishing her name.

From heathery banks and braes came another bonny, wee lassie to build "castles in the air" at Hamilton and eventually ornament the profession in a land far across the sea from Ayrshire. Isabel D. Richmond, R.N., happy and hopeful when judged by her expression reproduced on page 329, graduated at the New York Hospital and promptly became Directress of Nurses, General Memorial Hospital. After several years of service in this capacity she assumed her present position—Directress of Nurses, Roosevelt Hospital, New York.

In the malarial zone, where Gorgas-Goethals sanitation blessed the region by annihilating mosquitos, hairy spiders, jaguars and spotted reptiles, Ancon, Panama, boasts a hospital with a conglomerate clientèle. Jessie Murdoch, R.N., was Superintendent of Nurses in this institution for eight years. At Elora, Ont., her birthday is registered: in Elora High School she first viewed an isosceles triangle before training at the General Hospital, Stratford, Canada. Miss Murdoch post-graduated at General Memorial Hospital, New York, and for some years has been Principal of Margaret Fahnestock School of Nursing, New York Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital and a member of cosmopolitan clubs.

Refugee United Empire Loyalist officers of the Royal Regiment, New York, colonizing on imperial land grants, founded a lusty settlement in 1790 despite intimidating Mohawks. Flourishing like the green bay tree, "Beautiful Belleville" became the destined home of Jean I. Gunn from Presbyterian Hospital, New York, now Superintendent of Nurses, General Hospital, Toronto. Miss Gunn's report presented at graduation Convocation Hall, Toronto, May 1921, stated—"This, the 39th class, numbers eighty-five graduates enrolled from an area between Newfoundland and San Francisco". Addressing the seniors, Sir Robert Falconer, President, Unversity of Toronto, said in part·

"New conditions in America guarantee your profession recognition. In the homes of Canadian nurses work is honored, reliance encouraged. The daughters of this well educated, self-respecting class understand their surroundings and intelligently face them".

At the American Nurses Associaton Convention, Atlanta, Georgia, April 1920, Miss Gunn addressed the joint opening session. She dwelt on the development of university nursing education in Canada, paying a tribute to United States leadership and to courtesies extended qualified Canadians in postgraduate work. Referring to Canada's contributions to United States schools, she ventured the opinion that although good "American" citizens, they never wavered in love for their Northern birthplace, but encouraged reciprocity in nursing progress.

The city beside Quinte Bay produced many nurses, United States hospitals attracting several ambitious Bellevillians. Margaret St. Charles, R.N., trained at Trinity Hospital, Milwaukee, affiliated with Marquette Unversity, was promoted to St. James Hospital, Newark, N.J., as supervisor, soon becoming Superintendent of Nurses. Her staff did valiantly during the war, ministering to navy men of all ranks. Transferring to Toronto with testimonials of regard, Miss St. Charles and other executives mentioned, maintain an active membership in international organizations

"Vigilant, indefatigable effort in elevating and conducting our school on a Class 'A' basis, with non-starred rating from State Board Examiners, are the keystones underlying my measure of success," writes M. Agnes Copeland, R.N., beloved by nurses, an Albert College Art Department gold medalist, Superintendent of Nurses, St. Catharines Hospital, Brooklyn, and formerly with St. Vincent's and

St. Mary's Hospitals. With a penchant for maintaining class strength, she has been an advocate of progress in sisters' institutions and actively undertaking the equipment of a modern nurses' residence, this lady was appointed delegate to the Roman Catholic Hospital Association of United States and Canada, in convention at St. Paul June, 1920, addressing a sectional session of four hundred hospital school superintendents regarding fair treatment for the training nurse.

Not unlike financial executives, reaching place and power "travelling all the way" with one corporation, Lavinia M. Copeland, R.N., studied in St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, and supplemented by the Pierpont Morgan Hospital affiliation course, her willing assumption of each consecutive position presaged her appointment as Superintendent of the School of Nursing.

Knowledge of human nature and cautious selections determine the personnel of classes. A superintendent who dovetails discipline with sympathy towards student problems, creates an atmosphere of order, mutual respect and lasting friendships.

St. Mary's Hospital School attained maximum efficiency in 1917, with seventy-five enrolled nurses engaged in co-operation with the National Guards' programme, bringing to physical fitness many gallant lads who later rushed the Chateau-Thierry lines. Miss Copeland's corps won emphatic notice that year in a novel national assembly, when battalions of uniformed civilian nurses, Red Cross members and brief course aides from the country's total enlistment of 20,000, paraded on the eve of active service. In platoons, these ladies were marshalled past the reviewing stand by Elizabeth Cleary, R.N., anaesthetist, an Ottawa girl who afterwards did excellent service with the Navy Nurses Corps, Hampton Roads. Scores of former patients scattered among the cheering thousands, were thrilled with grateful recollections on recognizing in the ranks the extraordinary picture of his or her favorite "guardian angel", transferred for the moment from quiet vocational atmosphere and swinging up Fifth Avenue with banners, badges and blushes to military music.

"O woman, in thy hour of ease
Uncertain, coy and hard to please:
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou."

How soothing to the impatient patient and agreeable to behold, is a sympathic nurse in spotless raiment. As refreshing as a May-day breeze, she should be the epitome of cleanliness and Godliness. Unmercenary members of her confraternity are the world's apostles of health. During 1918 when popular Anne W. Goodrich, D.S., Inspector of Military Hospitals, became Dean of Army Cantonment Schools, eighteen Canadian nurses joined this corps, lending skillful assistance when our gallant ally flung his legions across the enemy's pathway.

Returning my questionnaire and submitting prominent nurses names, Mary Cleary, R.N., a Cornwall High School girl and graduate of Mercy Hospital, Chicago, first three-year class, who afterwards organized St. Vincent de Paul Hospital Training School, Brockville, explains:

"These women are the type you should honor: I regret to inform you that I am not 'an important somebody'. The only item of interest about me is that I have been a busy nurse for several years and expect to continue as such. In response to your request for my photograph, I am mailing a picture in the uniform of 'Overseas', where I was one of many".

Those unselfish sentiments embody the geniune nurse's ideals based on patience, skill and service, unwittingly expressing a high realization of duty.

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CANADIAN NURSES WHO HAVE ACHIEVED SUCCESS IN THE UNITED STATES.

1. Isabel D. Richmond, R.N., Directress of Nurses, Roosevelt Hospital, New York. 2. Mary A. Bollert, M.A., Superintendent Sherbourne House Club, Toronto; ex-Executive Mount Sinai Hospital, New York. 3. Agnes M. Copeland, R.N., Principal, Training School for Nurses, St. Catharines Hospital, Brooklyn, N.Y. 4. Helen F. Grady, R.N., formerly Asst. Superintendent, School of Nursing, St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, N.Y. 5. Maude Terry Fitch, R.N., (the late), Graduate, General Hospital, Albany, N.Y. 6. Margaret St. Charles, R.N., recent Superintendent, Training School, St. James Hospital, Newark, N.J. 7. Mary Cleary, R.N., Anaesthetist, Mercy Hospital, Chicago, Ill. 8. Margaret L. Copeland, R.N., Superintendent, Rosary Hall Club, Toronto; recent Superintendent School of Nursing, St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, N.Y.

trenches, for four years under those vultures of the skies, is no sinecure. Yet Agnes Warner, St. John, N.B., fortified with experience gained when student and Night Superintendent, Presbyterian Hospital, New York, emerged from that harrowing ordeal conscious of a closer intimacy with the fundamental realities of life after kindling the spark of courage and hope for so many disconsolate fellows in dire extremity.

On this altar of devotion and service, Lillian Murphy, St. Catharines, graduate St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, endangered her health aiding suffering marines at Hampton Roads until, after exposure, she fell a prey to dread influenza. *"Glorious it is to wear the crown of a deserved and pure success"*. This epitaph of heroism fittingly applies to the deceased Mrs. Maude Terry Fitch, formerly of Oakville, Ont., the wife of Dr. C. Fitch, Syracuse. A graduate of the General Hospital, Albany, she hastened into the breach, making the supreme sacrifice when nursing soldiers in Syracuse during the pestilence. Mrs. Fitch organized the Canadian-British War Relief Association in her section of the State, became first President and was responsible for that patriotic success before and after the United States declared war.

Over Aramageddon's smouldering ashes came the impulse for reconstructon. The United States Red Cross Nursing Service, establishing child welfare safeguards and training schools in foreign countries, recently reduced its allotment of 275 nurses to ninety, having an additional twenty-eight connected with the Near-east Commission. With one of these units located in Belgrade, later transferred to France, is Catharine Mary Ryan, a Hamilton-Toronto graduate of Toronto General Hospital, who was with the New York Eye and Ear Hospital on the eve of volunteerng to assist reclamation in European devastated areas.

The Sammies who visited France were self-sacrificing gentlemen under stress, but perhaps that unvarnished, pithy old proverb, "You cannot make a silken purse out of a sow's ear" had not entirely lapsed into desuetude with certain soldiers, doctors and boors engaged in grim war's business.

Apropos of the rebellious mood clouding some nurse's return, a lively controversy arose respecting alleged cavalier treatment dispensed by a few in command, attributable to the fact that "U.S.A." army nurses had no rank. Unremitting effort by three major American nursing organizations removed this disadvantage in 1920 with the Jones-Raker Bill, Miss Julia C. Stimson, Superintendent of Army Nurses Corps Division, Washington, the first honoured, receiving "Major" rank. This legislation raised "U.S.A." nurses to the plane of their sisters in Canada, who had been grant ed "the precedence of 'Lieutenant'" in 1904, after the Boer War, writes Miss E. C. Rayside in *The American Journal of Nursing*.

In November, 1899, a few Canadian nurses, wearing uniform similar to the present serviceable outfit, merged with Queen Alexandria Imperial Military Nursing Service for the African Campaign. Georgina Pope, R.N., was one who joined the colors. She was trained by Bellevue Hospital and had been in charge of Columbia Hospital, Washington, D.C.

At Compton, Quebec, Ladies College graduate—one of that growing section in nursing who train in Canada, practice in United States and return with expanded ideas—is Helen R. Randal, R.N., who edits in Vancouver *The Canadian Nurse*. A "Royal Victoria" graduate and staff member formerly, she accepted the Superintendency of Rutland, Vt., City Hospital, was later Superintendent, St. Luke's Hospital, San Francisco, resigning to become Principal of Training School, General Hospital, Vancouver. Miss Randal fills also the of-

fice of Registrar, Graduate Nurses' Association of British Columbia.

Mount Zion Hospital, San Francisco, was equipped while under the supervision of Jessie F. Mackenzie, R.N., daughter of Rev. A. F. Mackenzie, Toronto. Educated for a teacher in Kincardine before training in San Francisco, Miss Mackenzie became Superintendent of the California State Women's Hospital and the mature experience required to administer these several important appointments qualified her to take charge of the Provincial Royal Jubilee Hospital, Victoria, B.C. She is a crusader for better public health.

Private sources of information state that Ottawa reared Mrs. John H. Higbee, Superintendent Navy Nurse Corps, Washington, that Bena Henderson, R.N., Superintendent Children's Memorial Hospital, Chicago and Treasurer of the League for Nursing Education, was a Canadian and Annie F. Jestly, Superintendent of Nurses, Manhattan State Hospital, Ward's Island, New York, informed me that Toronto was her birthplace, although a resident of the United States since girlhood.

Kingston, which celebrates in 1923 the 250th anniversary of the historic advent of its fighting founder, Governor Comte de Frontenac, is the home of the Misses Grady, competent, popular nurses. Helen Farrell Grady, R.N., professionally engaged in Gotham, was formerly Assistant Superintendent St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn. Mabel F. Grady, R.N., a Mount Sinai Hospital honor graduate was Superintendent St. John's Hospital, Long Island, but is now Superintendent of Training School, Samaritan Hospital, Philadelphia.

Kingstonians well remember M. Helena McMillan, R.N., who undertook 1893-97, her first executive position as Lady Superintendent, General Hospital, Kingston, after graduation from Illinois Training School, Chicago. McGill University, Montreal's centenarian seat of learning, conferred the degree "B.A." on this studious academician, born within that city's precincts. She organized the School of Nursing, Lakeside Hospital, Cleveland, filling the Principal's chair 1897-1902. Those familiar with the high standard prevailing in that school will appreciate Miss McMillan's pioneer endeavors. She inaugurated also the School of Nursing, Presbyterian Hospital, Chicago, and has been its Principal since 1903. Her pupils recently expressed the schools' sentiments thus — "To Miss M. Helena McMillan, our beloved Principal, We, the graduating class of 1920, dedicate this, the first volume of our School Annual".

The daughters of our young nation possess special qualifications for hospital efficiency, holding supervising positions in United States institutional life, at least commensurate with their numbers. Their watchword is "I serve", recalling that the translated motto of the Prince of Wales is the same. Unaided by other influences, usually they win promotion through capacity.

The history of Bellevue Hospital, a great metropolitan mother institution, is interwoven with the fortunes of several Canadians and a thousand women of high resolve. Noted humanitarians passed her portals and after leaving their imprint on pupils and the old school's upward trend, departed to deal with life's stern realities, carrying aloft the torch of commiseration and amelioration among the wretched. From Bellevue came Mary Agnes Snively, R.N., a dignfied, resourceful superintendent to Toronto General Hospital. After completing a quarter century in that position, she retired with honors, and St. Catharines is proud of such a daughter. A contemporary was Edith Draper, identified with Royal Victoria Hospital, which the Lords Mount-Stephen and Strathcona established at Montreal in 1894.

Children's flower-like beauty and silvery laughter radiate such happiness among anxious elders that maintaining the health of these sponsors of posterity should be a bounden duty. The solicitude endowing the true nurse, blossomed into fruitful impulses worthily realized, when Lina Rogers, R.N., merited the distinction of being the first nurse to inaugurate and practise in America, district nursing in schools under the auspices of muncipal heads.

Following graduation from Sick Children's Hospital, Toronto, and post-graduation at "Royal Victoria", supplemented by experience in the City Hospitals, Albany, N.Y., and Atlanta, Georgia. Miss Rogers associated herself with the esteemed Lillian D. Wald's charitable work in lower New York. The original American experiment followed, Miss Rogers supervising a corps of twelve nurses, increasing the number in seven years, to one hundred and forty. Her report covering the initial three months, made such an impression on the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, New York, that the Department of Health voted $30,000 for expansion.

Invited by the Board of Education, Pueblo, Colorado, Miss Rogers duplicated there her earlier achievement and returning to Toronto, successfully began a similar innovation, demonstrating with a nucleus of two nurses, the feasibility of child welfare supervision which the late John Ross Robertson quickly appreciated.

Lina Rogers was chairman of the School Nursing Committee, National Organization of Public Health Nursing, 1913-16, and the Chicago press described her book, "The School Nurse", "as the most important publication of its kind issued in a decade". Meeting with an experience not infrequent in the nursing fraternity, Miss Rogers married Dr. W. E. Struthers, formerly Chief Medical Officer, Board of Education, Toronto.

Thoughtful readers inquire, "Why the exodus to United States of the flower of Canadian womanhood?" The answer is, ambitoius women concluded "the best was none too good", and made unpublished sacrifices to realize their hopes, receiving a cordial welcome from Uncle Sam before Canadian philanthropists had amassed surpluses sufficient to foster the consummaton of their dreams.

Compared with "U.S.A." resources, hospital accommodation in Canada had been limited, operating and laboratory facilities were meagre, training school curricula not highly systematized and the division of hours of duty and relaxation not adequately appreciated.

To sustain these contentions I am permitted to cite the experience of Anna C. Maxwell, R.N., M.A., Director School of Nursing, Presbyterian Hospital, New York, an internationally prominent nursing educationist, who was tendered a dinner and ovation in New York, February 1st, 1922.

Although an American, Miss Maxwell's statement is introduced owing to her intimacy with Canadian executives and training nurses and because she has, during forty years, striven for a strong and healthy race, moulding character in the greatest United States hospitals. Her comment reads:

"My experience in nursing in Canada was limited to six months. In 1880 I was asked to start a school of nursing at the Montreal General Hospital. The plan was premature, as neither the public or Medical Staff were really ready for it. After six months it was decided to give up the idea, which I understand was not revived and realized until ten years later, and returning I assumed charge of the school at Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston".

The courses now featured in a half dozen universities, beginning with Dalhousie, N.S., and dotting our fair Dominion to Vancouver, qualifying nurses for public service and official appointments, did not exist a few years ago. To study special branches,

it was necessary to register in an United States school. In California and New Zealand nurses enjoy a statutory eight-hour day and New York State boasts twenty-seven institutions featuring eight-hour day and night duty. Unfortunately, a few United States and Canadian hospitals function somehow, threatened with ostracism through the more grievous offence of lax standards, slipshod attitude towards cooking skill and irregular lectures that the students might hear if it did not rain.

In the past hundreds of Canadian girls turned their eyes to the nursing opportunities outlined herein; now, many follow their example although Canada needs them.

Readers of this sketch must be impressed by the innate culture and characteristics developed by determined Canadian women in attaining an undoubted success in all departments of nursing, to which they appear to have been "to the manor born". Verily, it is a vocation demanding more than "main strength and awkwardness", and beyond the horizon of variegated butterflies, chocolate moths and social dilettanti. Miss Amy Hilliard, R.N., addressing the New York State League for Nursing Education, October, 1920, said:

> "The trained nurse has been the greatest human factor in transforming hospitals from pest houses to places eagerly sought by all classes of those physically ill and therefore she has made possible the hospital of the present and is the greatest humanitarian of the past fifty years".

The battle-cry on the banners of the heralds of nursing, in our modern crusade for a minimum death rate, emphasizes "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure", and the majority of Canadian nurses have adhered to it with loyalty and devotion.

FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

Surely the leaders in the churches are unwise to engage in any crusade against tobacco and smoking. Legislation to prevent the sale of cigarettes to children is salutary and justifiable. There remains a strong and general prejudice against smoking among women. But one doubts if legal prohibition of the habit should be attempted. Probably women have as much right to smoke as men, and they must themselves determine to what extent the right shall be exercised. No law can make men or women believe that smoking is a crime, and it is not easy to compel observance of statutes which are repugnant to the common conception of freedom. When all is said, the churches are the best and most beneficent of all human institutions. In proportion as their influence is impaired the forces of evil increase their ascendancy. Anyone who thinks soberly and deeply of what the world would be without the churches must desire that the pulpit should retain its power and prestige. It is the fact, however, that in most congregations the men are far fewer than the women, and there is grave danger that extreme teaching will increase the disparity. Possibly it would be better if none of us used tobacco, but most men smoke with an easy conscience and all the preaching between Genesis and the Day of Judgment will not make smokers feel that they are violating the Commandments. At one of the Methodist conferences Chancellor Bowles of Victoria University, with the engaging humor and simple commonsense for which he is distinguished, made a timely protest against "grandmotherly legislation". His brethren in all the churches would do well to heed his counsel and refrain from driving into the goat-fold too many sheep who at worst are very slightly tainted.

II

Twenty years ago Sir George Parkin was a familiar figure in the streets of Toronto. Many of us have heard his voice again and again in persuasive appeal for the faiths which he cherished and in ringing challenge to the things which he distrusted and opposed. It is hard to believe that the eager and energetic spirit has left the tenement in which it was held but where it never reposed and that henceforth there is only silence and remembrance.

One thinks first of Dr. Parkin as a friend and a counsellor, intimate, impulsive, expansive, abounding in a glorious optimism, and yet with all his fervor tempered by a gracious serenity. Few men could have had greater capacity for friendship. In the confidence which men gave him instinctively there was the quick flowering of affection. No man guarded his tongue when he talked with Dr. Parkin. He drew the best out of men because he gave his

best and because they knew there was a level below which he could not descend. He never believed that all men were born with equal gifts and powers, but he could not be arrogant or intolerant. In the phrase of Kipling, he could "Walk with Kings nor lose the common touch". In his public career there was much of controversy and contention. He championed positive causes and never compromised for any prospect of personal recognition or reward. If ever a man was unworldly he was and yet one doubts if he ever was conscious of his unworldliness or ever thought how much he gave and how poor was his return in the things which are so sorely needed in seasons of adversity. He was one,

> Of those to whom the miseries of the world
> Are misery, and will not let them rest.

Such men have no time to think of themselves and if Providence is unkind they are undone. But in his case Providence at least was not wholly unkind and he had much of peace and happiness even if he never had complete release from labor and conflict. No man ever was more fortunate in his home or more blessed to have as the companion of his journey the gracious lady whom we reverence in her sorrow, who understood all his impulses and aspirations, from whose fortitude he drew strength and through whose example he was disciplined and ennobled.

In youth Dr. Parkin's mind turned towards public causes, he never "ceased from mental fight" while life lasted, and he did something to build Jerusalem in Canada as well as in "England's green and pleasant land". Lord Shaftesbury said that "God gave Charles Dickens a retainer against all suffering and oppression". George R. Parkin had a retainer for all movements which sought to improve human conditions, to draw men into honorable public service, to maintain integrity in government, and to increase the efficiency of political institutions. He never so flamed with indignation as when he denounced public jobbery. He never was more happy than when he could praise faithful service to the State; never more courageous than when he stood against partisan malignity and rebuked irresponsible traders in racial or religious or national prejudices. Among his contemporaries at Oxford was Lord Milner with whose life his, in some degree, ran in parallel courses and with whom he had a pleasant relationship to the end. He was Secretary of the Oxford Union when such men as Asquith and Lord Milner were its ornaments, and the freshness, vigor, energy and occasional audacity of the impetuous Canadian remain a tradition in the Union. But always where Dr. Parkin was there was life and the impulse to high endeavor and instant, energetic doing.

Dr. Parkin was a devoted Churchman but he had none of the narrowness of the sectarian bigot. He would have said with Joaquin Miller that "Good is good in every tongue". But he observed custom and honored tradition. Some of us have heard him read the lessons in the parish church at Goring-on-Thames and know how he reverenced the Book from which he read, how deeply rooted was his Christian faith and how unobtrusive and diligent he was in the precept and practice of his religion. But here again his essential liberality of temper and outlook were revealed. No man was more influential in the great movement in England to establish and extend the authority of the laity in the councils of the Church and carry the spirit of a responsible and reverent democracy into an ancient and exclusive ecclesiastical autocracy. In this task indeed he was greatly engaged during his last years, not in the temper of a destructionist, not as one who saw no value in custom and tradition, not from

the mere desire to recast and rebuild, but to preserve, to reconcile, to strengthen the ancient foundations, and make a free Church for a free people in harmony with the freer institutions of the Commnwealth, and in reasonable obedience to the conception of popular sovereignty in which now lie the powers and the sanctities of government.

For half a century Sir George Parkin was a missionary of Empire and a wise counsellor of Imperial statesmen in the Dominions and in the Mother Country. There are few considerable communities under the Flag in which his voice was not heard in assertion of the freedom and dignity of British institutions and in appeal for co-operation to ensure the unity and stability of the Empire. More than thirty years ago he accepted a commission from the Imperial Federation League to carry the gospel of unity around the Empire and from the seed of his sowing there has been an abundant harvest. It may be that here and there the seed fell upon stony ground or that the grain was not according to the seed. But even upon the most reluctant soil no tares grew to choke the harvest of his vision. No project of organic federation yet commands the general support of the British peoples. It may be that the conception of Empire which attracted the early federationists will never be embodied in an Imperial constitution. Through the future as through the past the Empire will take its own way to its own destiny. But if Sir George Parkin never saw the actual form of the structure which he conceived he saw the fact of Empire realized in common effort and common sacrifice and he was content. There was a time when we spoke of Dr. George R. Parkin, Col. George T. Denison, Dr. George M. Grant, and Hon. George W. Ross as "The Four Georges". All were aggressive Imperialists and yet also devoted Canadian Nationalists. Between Imperialism and Nationalism they saw no conflict of interest or sentiment.

It was ever the spirit rather than the letter which Sir George Parkin exalted. He saw the goal and so long as men travelled towards it he cared little whether they marched over the hill or through the valley. It is true that he and his confederates kept the flame of Empire burning in Canada when the winds of doubt and indifference were blowing upon it and when many of those who now hold the torch aloft believed that its light would be extinguished. And who shall say how far his voice carried or how wide and deep was the effect of his teaching. At least it is true that ever since he set out upon his pilgrimage Imperial sentiment has spread and strengthened and the faith and fact of Empire have sunk ever deeper into the minds and hearts of the British peoples.

It was natural that the trustees of Cecil Rhodes should choose Dr. Parkin to administer his bequests and interpret his spirit. Rhodes was more than a British Imperialist. So was Dr. Parkin. Each regarded education as the source of character and conduct. They believed that schools and universities should produce men of high spirit, of liberal temper, of wide knowledge, and far outlook. They thought of the British Empire as a bulwark of peace and a model of free government and of Oxford as a centre from which reconciling and liberalizing influences could proceed, where apostles of a tolerant nationalism could be produced, and through which the English speaking nations could be reunited for the common ends of civilization.

In this relation Dr. Parkin became an interpreter of the British Empire to the United States through its universities and to the Dominions through all their chief seats of learning. Over and over again he challenged American prejudices and exposed American misconceptions of British character, British motives and British institutions. As courageously he interpreted the Mother

Country to the Dominions. not fearing even to bear tribute to the old governing families, or to emphasize the obligations resting upon the oversea countries to share in the burdens as well as in the privileges of British citizenship. But no word was ever spoken by Dr. Parkin which could breed ill will between the British Empire and the United States or which could be regarded in the Dominions as mere incense to an Imperial altar in London.

Indeed Dr. Parkin could not be a courtier or a partisan. In his Life of Edward Thring he is reserved and judicial, sympathtic without fawning, admiring but not worshipping. No other biographer of Sir John Macdonald has been more courageous in censure or more just in recognition of qualities and services which command the enduring regard of the Canadian people. He had the confidence of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and of Sir Robert Borden, and many times British statesmen and the chief British newspapers sought his advice to the advantage of Canada and the Empire. He spoke often directly through The London *Times* but more often in messages and articles in its columns which gave no hint of their origin. Among Canadians in London he was beloved, and as he grew older he grew ever more gracious in bearing and more serene in spirit. He believed greatly in the English public school and sought, not without success, to develop its spirit in Upper Canada College. One feels that he lived as one trained in such a school would be expected to live and died as he would have desired to die, with all his mental vigor and still with adequate strength for the day's work. We mourn his loss, we honor his memory and we shall not forget:

> We need our fathers' nobler ways,
> Old virtues founded on their faith,
> Their quiet homes, their ordered days,
> Their joy in work, their calm in death.

III

Double taxation is vexing Australia as it is vexing Canada. A Royal Commission has just declared that only by a delimitation of spheres or a definite location of subjects of taxation between the States and the Commonwealth can an ordered and satisfactory system of taxation be established. It suggests that the power to impose income taxes should be vested exclusively in the Federal Government and that land, probate, succession, entertainment and all other direct taxes should be fixed and levied only by the State Governments.

The whole problem in Canada should also be investigated by a Royal Commission or by a conference of Provincial Premiers and Treasurers with the Minister of Finance and a Committee of the Federal Cabinet. Grave evils are bound to arise if income, land, succession and other taxes are imposed alike by the Dominion and the Provinces and particularly if incomes and business in some of the Provinces are burdened with taxes which are not levied in other Provinces. Besides duplication of taxes is bound to breed extravagance in government and subject private interests to continuous anxiety and uncertainty. The war has left an impression that capital may be safely seized by the State and that only the capitalist suffers. The truth is that the whole community suffers in decreased employment, in paralysis of industry, and in national lethargy.

The world has practically no reserve of idle capital and when an undue proportion is taken by the State it is simply withdrawn from the enterprises in which it has been employed and to that degree all the interests and activities

of all the people are affected. As Mr. John Bailey, in "Some Political Ideas and Persons", says:

> "Some theorists of the West imagine that the plan of seizing through the tax-gatherer half or three-quarters of the wealth of the rich is a new and brilliant discovery of their own. It is, on the contrary, the oldest of all systems of taxation; and its results are written in the history of all parts of Asia, where commonly not even the tax-gatherer has been able to find any wealth to seize. The making of wealth is usually a business involving labor and self-denial; and men will not incur either until they are fairly secure of the reward. The consequence is that countries in which the reward is denied remain in a condition of general poverty and backwardness. There is no escape from this, and if Western democracies imitate the policy of Oriental rajahs they will produce the same result and pay the same penalty."

IV

The session of the federal Parliament has again demonstrated the inconveniences and futilities of the group system of government. As in Ontario and in Manitoba legislation has been effected only by bargain and compromise. Ministers have hesitated to submit proposals which they desired to place before Parliament or have had to accept modifications of their proposals which did not carry their judgment. Perhaps not much was done with which fault can fairly be found but it is certain that the results of the session would have been more satisfactory if the Government had possessed the strength and confidence which lie in a dependable working majority. Moreover the country would have known exactly where to place the responsibility for what was done and for what was left undone.

The Government, however, is in a stronger position than when the session began. None of the ministers have done very badly. Half a dozen have made a favorable impression upon Parliament and the country. In the Fielding Budget there was nothing of a revolutionary character. Manufacturers as a body are grateful that there was no radical reduction of customs duties. The principle of protection is retained as it would be retained even if Mr. Crerar were Minister of Finance and had absolute power to settle every detail of the tariff as his own single judgment might dictate. There are national considerations involved in the Canadian fiscal system which no Government can ignore and that is why it has not been substantially altered in a whole generation. Indeed looking backward to the Tilley tariff of 1879 probably there has been a greater reduction of duties by Conservative than by Liberal Governments. We have now had yet another striking illustration of the fatuity and insincerity of the tariff issue in Canadian politics. The new taxes levied upon business will be burdensome and mischievous but the effects of such taxation will have to be more fully demonstrated before any Government will dare to substitute a general sales tax for the present crushing imposts upon the reserves of capital which are so greatly needed for expansion of industry and development of the natural resources of the country. As of old, Mr. Fielding commands the confidence and goodwill of Parliament and he brings to the discharge of his onerous duties adequate physical strength and all the intellectual vigor and keenness which de displayed when he put his first budget through nearly thirty years ago.

Unquestionably Sir Lomer Gouin has made a profound impression upon the House of Commons. Silent, reserved, definite and resolute, he states his convictions with firmness and in language which cannot be misunderstood. His speech on the Budget could have been made by Mr. Meighen or Sir George Foster with complete naturalness and consistency. There was not a touch of

racial or sectional feeling in his speech on the Address. Nor, if we recall his career as Premier of Quebec, is there much that he has ever said or done which is open to honest criticism from any broad Canadian or Imperial standpoint. Now and again his candor may be embarrassing to his associates but surely we may all rejoice in a public man who does not resort to subterfuge and who gives the country all his mind without excessive regard for personal or political consequences. He is one of the few men who have come to the House of Commons from a Provincial Legislature and from the first has more than sustained his reputation. Whatever may be the chances and changes in Canadian politics in the years ahead it is certain that Sir Lomer Gouin will be a dominating influence in the government of the country and one feels, whatever may be whispered to the contrary, that he will not accomplish his purposes by any questionable manœuvre or any devious intrigue. Not for many years has any man appeared at Ottawa who has shown such resolute quality and such singular frankness in dealing with Parliament and the country.

Mr. Kennedy as Minister of Railways and Mr. Stewart as Minister of the Interior seem to combine capacity for administration with personal qualities which inspire respect and confidence. There are no greater problems before the country than immigration and transportation. Indeed they are closely related, for the huge railway deficits which burden the country can only be reduced or overcome by increase of population. As yet Mr. Stewart's settlement policy has not been disclosed but there is no reason to think that the problem will be neglected. Moreover there is hope that the policy will be national rather than sectional although no doubt the great field for settlement lies in Western Canada. The West Mr. Stewart understands as do few men in Parliament and one feels that any plans to which he may give his support will be sound and practical. There was a revelation of his personal quality in his visit to the restless Indians at the Brant Reserve. He cast technicality and dignity aside, met the Indians without cavilling at the place which they appointed, and summarily adjusted grievances which if they never could have developed into a public danger at least could have been a continuing annoyance and nuisance. A minister who can handle a minor problem with so much simplicity and commonsense may have reserves of strength in handling the very heavy problems which are involved in the administration of the Department of the Interior in the difficult situation in which the country now finds itself.

It seems to be generally admitted that the Prime Minister carried himself through the session with discretion and dignity. He was cautious, deliberate, firm and courteous. Upon the whole he kept his temper and met criticism and attack with more skill and resource than his opponents thought he possessed. As leader of the Opposition it was believed by unfriendly critics that he displayed a certain heaviness and clumsiness. But he had been out of Parliament for nine or ten years and had had little training for Parliamentary leadership. Those who recall Sir Wilfrid Laurier's first session as leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons will agree that he was not too effective. This is just as true of Sir Robert Borden who unquestionably became a prudent and skilful Parliamentary leader although he was so signally lacking in power to invigorate or consolidate a party. Mr. King has not been obtrusive nor aggressive. He has not sought to focus attention upon himself. Nor has he been busy or meddlesome in things in which he was not necessarily concerned. But he has been the actual leader of his party in Parliament and also, if rumor be accurate, in the Cabinet, and it would be wise to reject all reports which represent Mr. King to be a leader by suffer-

ance, a timid and uncertain counsellor and a poor bird in a nest of disloyalty and intrigue. There never was a time that rumor ran otherwise at Ottawa and seldom a time that rumor was more than malicious gossip. As was to have been expected Mr. Meighen was an aggressive leader of the official Opposition and Mr. Crerar was himself, quiet, likeable, sensible within the limit of his theories, and with an ear always attuned to the whisper of the Prairies. It was not an eventful session, and from the necessities of the situation urgent problems were left untouched, but a Government without an actual parliamentary majority survived and the chances are that in bye-elections it will improve its position.

V

In a far greater degree than any other portion of the outer Empire Canada is involved in international problems. We lie for hundreds of miles alongside a nation of one hundred millions of people. By our position on the Pacific we touch China and Japan. Through the Atlantic and by our connection with Great Britain we are in contact with Europe. Nor would we by any declaration of political independence escape these international relations and responsibilities. We are involved as directly through our geographical situation as through our connection with the British Empire. Even a casual examination of Canadian newspapers at the moment shows how closely we are related to many problems of international significance. Canadian relations with the United States are affected by tariff changes and by the International Waterways project while naval defence and the cattle embargo are immediate issues affecting relations between Canada and Great Britain.

In many newspapers, particularly in the English Provinces, much dissatisfaction is expressed with the heavy reductions in the naval estimates made by the King Government. The Toronto *Mail and Empire* declares that though the circumstances of the Dominions are financially difficult the taxation endured by British taxpayers reveals an even more difficult position and it insists that if the waste that goes on constantly in municipal, provincial, and Dominion government business could be stopped we would have a sufficient surplus from present taxation to bear our fair share of naval expense for the Empire. *The Ottawa Journal* deplores the attitude of Liberal and Progressives in Parliament towards the navy. It says:

"We might as well admit at once that we do not intend for the future to fulfil our obligations to Great Britain or do our self-respecting share with other British overseas countries. Why not say bluntly that we do not desire to cut ourselves off from the Empire for we know we cannot stand on our feet; we are quite willing to accept the protection of other Britons but we absolutely refuse to pay anything for it."

The Winnipeg Tribune condemns the spirit of naval pacificism in the Dominion which is "content to rest secure in the protection of the British Empire against any foreign attack and yet decline to contribute to the force which guarantees this security". It thinks that we should give less attention to our status as a nation and a little more to our stature as a nation. In another article it says:

"Canada's self-respect will not permit her to remain in the Empire as a seeker and receiver of the Empire's charity. It is a question of staying in the Empire and carrying our part of the burden of common defence or stepping out of the Empire and carrying the whole burden of national defence ourselves. That is the simple issue which has been evolved from a question so long involved, confused and com-

plicated. It is an issue which the scrapping of the Canadian navy has placed flatly on Canada's doorstep."

L'Evenement, the chief Conservative organ of Quebec, suggests that the Anglo-Canadian press is trying to revive the whole problem of Imperialism while ignoring the practical side of the problem of defence, and declares the only reasons for reducing naval expenditures are the state of the Dominion's finances and the fact that no danger is now to be discerned on the horizon.

Discussing the agitation provoked by the cattle embargo the Toronto *Mail and Empire* agrees with *The Philadelphia Ledger* that annexation sentiment is dead in Canada and regrets that the London *Times* was misled into a gloomy comparison of relations between Canada and Great Britain. It continues:

"Three years before the war Canada declared emphatically that all she wanted from The United States was a continuance of those friendly relations which have existed for more than a hundred years between the two nations. That was the meaning of the vote on the Reciprocity proposals. There has been practically no annexation sentiment among native born Canadians or Canadians of British ancestry for more than forty years. Now that the annexation dream has faded in the United States that makes the sentiment unanimous."

On the same subject the Toronto *Globe* insists that "Canadians no longer fear that the buying and selling of goods across the border will seduce them from allegiance to the Empire of which they are proud to form so considerable a part. The *Ledger* is right. Here as in the United States, the dream of annexation is forgotten. It died on the opening day of the Great War, when Canada took her place definitely and finally as a national entity within the British Empire."

The Farmers' Sun declares that British citizenship is a great inheritance for Canadians and continues:

"It is a great inheritance for any Briton. The little island of the northern seas has bred men and created institutions which have blessed the whole earth. To read her history is to be proud of the valor, endurance and magnanimity she has often shown. In both political and industrial development she has led and taught mankind. In the realm of arts, while she enjoys no such sovereignty, she has yet produced her own rich treasures. And Britain is still strong. Europe to-day is like a ship in a storm, of which Britain is both the propelling force and the rudder. She is reorganizing her trade. She is paying her debts. She is caring for her people. If the other lands of that war-tormented continent emerge into prosperity and peace it will be because of the example and the precepts of Britain."

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

BY CHARLES MORSE

"And did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you,
And did you speak to him again?"

IN the poem from which these lines are taken Browning illustrates, by way of parable, the difference between the ordinary mind, crassly oblivious to the value of a rare experience, and the mind by native bent and training feelingly alive to the stimulus of any great moment vouchsafed to it. The man who had once seen and spoken with Shelley, and passed on without the consciousness that he was thereby enriched beyond the lot of ordinary mortals, might have had some use in the world, but to Browning his rencounter with the poet was the only thing that made the man worth remembering at all.

Since the fatal 8th of July, 1822, when Shelley sank to his untimely death beneath the waters of the Gulf of Spezia, public opinion concerning him has undergone a great change. His personal character has been exonerated from much of the obloquy heaped upon it by those who failed to understand him in his own day, and he is accepted now as one of those eager spirits who, while they are in the body, are irked by its limitations and are insurgent against those laws and conventions which, however short of the ideal they may be for the moment, must necessarily police human society if it is to be kept on the road of progress towards the ideal. Philosophy he, indeed, expounded, but it was not the fine philosophy of experience.

We have learned now that his conduct was not moulded on the rash theories of his adolescence. True, he separated from his first wife, Harriet Westbrook, and formed an irregular union with Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, whom he married after the tragic death of Harriet. But his separation from the latter was not without excuse, nor was it the predisposing cause of her suicide. The radiant tributes of his second wife to his amiability and purity of heart may be read of all men. To her he was "like a spirit of good to comfort and benefit, to enlighten the darkness of life with irradiations of genius, to cheer with his sympathy and love". And, again, "no man was ever more devoted than he to the endeavor of making those around him happy. No man ever possessed friends more unfeignedly attached to him". His intimate friends, Hogg, Trelawny and Leigh Hunt, supply ample support to Mrs. Shelley's estimate of the man. Hogg says of him in his college days: "In no individual perhaps was the moral sense ever more completely developed than in Shelley; in no being was the perception of right and wrong more acute. . . . . As his love of intellectual pursuits was vehement, and the vigor of his genius almost celestial, so were the purity and sanctity of his life conspicuous." To Trelawney, who met Shelley only in the last year of his life, he was "frank and outspoken, like a well-conditioned boy, well-bred and considerate for others, because he was totally devoid of selfishness and vanity. . ." At another place Trelawny adds: "To

form a just idea of his poetry, you should have witnessed his daily life; his words and actions best illustrated his writings. . . . . The cynic Byron acknowledged him to be the best and ablest man he had ever known. The truth was, Shelley loved everything better than himself." Hunt, whose acquaintance with Shelley began in 1811, and who was constantly in receipt of substantial favors from him thereafter down to the day of his death, declared in a time of great affliction: "I think well of the capabilities of human kind. I have known Shelley, I have known my mother." Could there be anything finer said of any man?

As the personal character of Shelley has been vindicated during the century that has elapsed since his death, so has the erroneous opinion of his rank as a poet, due to the inept and biased criticism of his contemporaries, been displaced. To-day the learned world pretty generally accepts him as the greatest lyric poet of the nineteenth century in any tongue. It is only a question with our own critics as to whether or not he is to be given fourth place on the list of the greatest English poets.

In addition to his supreme gifts as a poet, Shelley gave evidence in his "Defence of Poetry", in the notes to his poems, and in letters to his friends, that he had every qualification for success in literary criticism. So fine was this critical faculty that he unerringly knew what was best in his own work—a most unusual thing. Would we correct his theory of poetry, or attempt to better the literary expression of it?

"Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the best and happiest minds. . . . It is as it were the interpenetration of a diviner nature through our own; but its footsteps are like those of a wind over the sea, which the coming calm erases, and whose traces remain only as on the wrinkled sand which paves it. These and corresponding conditions of being are experienced principally by those of the most delicate sensibility and the most enlarged imagination; and the state of mind produced by them is at war with every base desire. The enthusiasm of virtue, love, patriotism, and friendship, is essentially linked with such emotions; and whilst they last, self appears as what it is, an atom to a universe. . . . . Poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity of man."

Chénier, on the eve of his execution, wrote on the wall of his cell in the prison of S. Lazare, "*Fructus matura tulissem*"—thereby affirming his confidence in his ability to do better work in the plenitude of his powers, had he been permitted to attain it, than in his youth. Whether added years, and much thought taken therein, would have enabled Chénier to add a single cubit to his stature as a poet, admits of doubt; but in the case of Shelley we have reason to think that he had not fully reaped the foison of his mind when death overtook him. True, maturity could hardly have excelled what his earlier art had achieved in "Alastor". But, then "Epipsychidion", "Adonais" and "Hellas" were all written in the year immediately preceding his death; and the excellence of those poems is progressive and cumulative, showing him to be at the threshold of his prime. His "Defence of Poesy" was also written about this time. Hence, are we not justified in the view that the full and complete Shelley was not revealed to the world? Does not the recent work of the Canadian poet, Duncan Campbell Scott, disclose that one who begins his literary activities early in life may yet not reach the summit of his powers, either as poet or critic, until he lays hold of "the years that bring the philosophic mind"?

FLAG DAYS FOR CANADIANS

VIII.—CANADA ENTERS THE WORLD WAR, AUGUST, 1914

BY W. EVERARD EDMONDS

AT the beginning of the last week of July, 1914, Canadians were engaged in their ordinary occupations with no thought of the possibility of war. For a hundred years harmony had reigned between the Dominion and its great neighbor to the south, and preparations were being made to celebrate "the Century of Peace". Then suddenly the quarrel between Austria and Serbia developed into a mighty conflict. Within twelve days, five great nations, Austria-Hungary, Germany, Russia, France and England, and two small nations, Serbia and Belgium, had passed from a state of peace to one of war.

That the contest was not merely a material one, but one in which the most vital moral and spiritual issues were involved was clearly seen and stated by prominent British statesmen who had done their utmost to avert the catastrophe. Mr. Asquith, then premier of Great Britain, fully expressed the mind of the British people when he declared shortly after the declaration of war:

"We shall never sheathe the sword, which we have not lightly drawn, until Belgium recovers in full measure and more than all that she has sacrificed, until France is adequately secured against the menace of aggression, until the rights of the smaller nationalities of Europe are placed upon an unassailable foundation, and until the military domination of Prussia is wholly and finally destroyed."

On August 1st, the Canadian Government became so concerned over the outlook that the following message was sent to the British Government by the Governor-General:

"My advisers wish to convey to his Majesty's Government the firm assurance that, if unhappily war should ensue, the Canadian people will be united in a common resolve to put forth every effort, and to make every sacrifice necessary to ensure the integrity and maintenance of the honor of our Empire."

In reply, the British Government cabled the following message: "With reference to your telegram, his Majesty's Government gratefully welcome the assurance that in the present crisis they may rely on the wholehearted co-operation of the people of Canada."

War was declared on August 4th, and preparations were made at once by the Canadian Government to send a contingent overseas. Within six weeks of the outbreak of war an army of 33,000 men was enrolled, trained and embarked—the largest single force that had ever sailed from the shores of Canada to aid in the defence of the Mother Land and the Empire.

Soon after hostilities began, the Parliament of Canada met to take all necessary measures for the active par-

ticipation of this country in the war. In a memorable address, Sir Wilfrid Laurier eloquently expressed the heartfelt convictions of his fellow-countrymen when he said:

"We are British subjects, and to-day we are face to face with the consequences which are involved in that proud fact. Long we have enjoyed the benefits of our British citizenship; to-day it is our duty and our privilege to accept its responsibilities; yes, and its sacrifices. It is our duty to let Great Britain know, to let the friends and foes of Great Britain know, that there is in Canada but one mind and one heart, and that all Canadians stand behind the Mother Country conscious and proud that she did not engage in war from any selfish motive, for any purpose of aggrandizement, but that she engaged in war to maintain untarnished the honor of her name, to fulfill her obligations, and to save civilization from the unbridled lust of conquest and power."

The Premier of Canada, Sir Robert Borden, gave expression to similar patriotic sentiments when, in closing his address, he said:

"As to our duty all are agreed, east and west, and we stand shoulder to shoulder with Britain and the other British possessions in this quarrel. And that duty we shall not fail to fulfill as the honor of Canada demands. Not for love of battle, not for lust of conquest, not for greed of possessions, but for the cause of honor, to maintain solemn pledges, to uphold the principle of liberty, to withstand forces that would convert the world into an armed camp; yes, in the very name of peace we sought at any cost, save that of dishonor, we entered into this war; and while gravely conscious of the tremendous issues involved and of all the sacrifices that they may entail, we do not shrink from them, but with firm hearts we abide the event."

This anniversary, therefore, is a day of remembrance, a day of dedication, a day for the expression of our deepest gratitude to those who fought for us in the Great War. Canada was but little known to the world at large before August 4th, 1914. To-day her name is held in the highest respect because of the great achievements of her sons. But achievement here has been linked with sacrifice, and to-day we should especially cherish the memory of those 55,000 Canadians who made the supreme sacrifice.

"They shall not grow old, as we that are
left grow old;
Age shall not weary them, nor the
years condemn;
At the going down of the sun and in the
morning
We shall remember them."

Truly, "their name liveth evermore," and as each August 4th comes round we would do well to remember that this free land in which we live was bought with a price—the blood of heroes, whose deathless fame no man can take away.

BLACK WINGS

By LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN

Soul of me, heart of,
Still you remember
Black wings,
And a breathing rose?

The friendly, beautiful room on that afternoon
Was filled with passionate unrest—vibrant, new.
Women in soft, rich gowns made a colored rune;
Men smoked, and the women too,
Till the air was heavy and soft and gray;
And upon it the questioning, modern music lay
Like strange, locked bars of unfathomed gold,
While I watched the leaves of a human rose unfold.

Outside the year had paused between winter and spring.
Branches were bare, etched black on a silver sky.
No bud would open or stir, no bird would sing
In such colorless moments as those that went floating by
Past the windows, set wide to let earth's cool healing in.
"I will break all barriers down," I thought. "What is law? What is sin?
Questions unanswered since ever the world began!
And she is only a rose—after all—to gather! And I—but a man!"

Outside the windows a far sound broke through the silvery air,
And black wings carried it crashing against our music! With strange despair
I heard that harsh, wild call of the circling crows—
That sound that every lover of free sky-place, and of Nature, knows.
And the colors and music faded, and passion died.
And my soul cried out—"O wild black wings!—Ye ride
Far far into silver skies of eternal space.
Save me! Bear me far from her rose-sweet face!"

* * * * * * * * *

The farm room rippled in laughter and talk. Cool air
Drifted in still at the open window. She moved her chair,
Calling over to me—"It is Spring! Did you hear the crows?"
But she never knew they were black wings guarding a rose.

1922

CARRYING WATER IN NEWFOUNDLAND

THE
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ANOTHER WAIL FOR CIVILIZATION

BY RANDOLPH PATTON

I HAVE been reading Oswald Spengler, another German who thinks the world is going to the dogs, an impression that seems to be quite popular these days. So popular, is it, in fact, that Oswald's *Der Untergang des Abendlandes*, a tome of more than 600 pages, written in a highly metaphysical style and containing so many references that an encyclopædic fund of information is necessary for its intelligent perusal, has become a "best seller". Its title might be translated, "The Downfall of the Occident".

The extraordinary vogue of this book in Germany can be paralleled to the vivid discussions in the Wailing-Place of the Jews, of such once-popular works as "Lamentations" by Isidor K. Jeremiah, and "Lord Help Us" by Florenz Daniel, that adventurous poet, tourist and lion-tamer, who achieved such an astounding literary distinction through his entertaining travelogues.

Spengler has been doing for the Germans what H. G. Wells has been doing for the English-speaking nations in "What Is Coming?", "The Salvaging of Civilization", and the "Outline of History". Spengler takes, as is natural, a more sombre attitude than Wells. He agrees with Wells that civilization is tottering on the brink, but he treats the phenomenon with profound regret, while Wells treats it with lively hope.

"Yes," says Spengler, "the end is at hand. Germany has fallen, but the course of our enemies is nearly run. The downfall of the Occident is approaching. Western Europe has passed its zenith and it must now look forward to a rapid decline, and its civilization must soon range itself with the extinct civilizations of Greece, Egypt, India. Our overpre-

sumptuous pride of intellect is the pride that comes before a fall."

As one who has lived all his life within a few hundred miles of the Rocky Mountains, and who has taken an isolated, long-distance, but none the less keen interest in European affairs, I am inclined to agree with Herr Oswald. Europe has undoubtedly sustained a setback far more serious than can be directly attributed to the physical losses and the spiritual disillusionment of the war. Europe has witnessed the end of an epoch, and the thing which pre-war Europe called its "civilization" is as dead as an Egyptian mummy. For the past three years we have watched nothing but frantic attempts of politicians armed with pulmotors, trying to revive the corpse. The Genoa conference, at least, has given us the first sign of the frantic little men deserting the corpse and trying to find the "New Europe" which has been wailing in the woods.

However, Europe does not contain the sum total of Occidental civilization. A new Occidental civilization has been in process of gestation in North and South America during the past eighty or ninety years. The Monroe Doctrine has formed the walls of the incubator.

It is natural that a German like Spengler, "a quiet, unknown private scholar", should, in the European cataclysm, refer to Occidental civilization as "our" civilization, and "proclaim the end of our civilization in less than two centuries".

So far as Europe is concerned, as I have already said, I believe he is quite right. Two centuries from now there will probably be no such thing as a "Great Power" in continental Europe. The only way there can be a Great Power there will be through the accomplishment of some sort of "Federated Europe" and I for one am not optimistic enough to believe that there is enough latent spiritual power in Europe to accomplish so soon a thorough accord. It can be accomplished only in the face of a dire threat from outside, and I do not foresee the threat.

The "Great Powers" two centuries hence, will be, first, Pan-American, with the United States at the head of a group of Central and South American Republics, in a somewhat less loose and vague concert than the present existing concord. Second, the British Empire, consisting principally of Canada and Australia and South Africa, with (perhaps) the friendly accord of India. These two great groups of English-speaking peoples will in all probability be in fairly close accord, so that for all practical (*i.e.*, warlike) purposes they will constitute one power.

The other two Great Powers of that not far distant time will be (1) China, or rather a group of Mongolian and Malaysian peoples, and (2) Russia, or rather a Pan-Slavic federation. The position of India in this line-up hangs in the balance to-day; two hundred years from now India will herself be a power on a parity with the Mongolian group, immensely wealthy in material resources, scientific equipment, and spiritual power. Whether she will remain friendly to the English-speaking peoples depends upon the present day-to-day activities of a British bureaucracy whose policy seems to rest very largely upon machine guns and liver pills.

The negroes, I take it, will not by that time have assumed any particularly great importance. I make this statement for ethnological reasons which cannot be gone into at length.

Now, with this large general idea of the state of the world two centuries hence, we can go back to Spengler's lamentations. Having released them from a somewhat cooped-up conception of what Occidental civilization really means we can get a somewhat clearer vision of his analysis. He wants to talk about two centuries hence; we are willing, even enthusias-

tic. Two centuries hence, Europe will be a toy-town—a place of museums and historic sites, a Mecca for tourists. It has no economic resources, and no resources of imagination, which will enable it to retain the ascendancy which was shattered, through its own deliberate and long-cultivated stupidity, on August 4th, 1914.

In those days, power—electrical power—which is the slave of our emancipated race, will be just as cheap and abundant in Saskatoon as it is at Niagara; just as available in the centre of the Sahara desert as at Assouan. It will be possible for a man to live anywhere on the globe in comfort, plenty, and close communication with his fellows in every part of the world. Europe, whose whole public psychology is based on the fact that cavalry can move about three miles an hour, will either be totally unrecognizable or it will be an urn holding an over-ripe rose. (This latter in case Europeans fail to show any more imagination than has been shown by Herr Oswald, President Poincare, and too many million others.)

"Europe is exhausted," says Spengler. "We are nearly at the end of our spiritual resources. The artist, whether he be a poet or a musician, has lost his inspiration. What he accomplishes now is the result of cold intellectual processes, whereas the great works of art of previous generations were the result of a spontaneous inner conviction. The philosopher has become a practical man. Even the scientist is confused and is beginning to doubt the possibility of arriving at truths which are final and absolute.

"The world, in becoming sophisticated, has lost its faith, its religion, and in doing so has sacrificed its power to create. We are in the midst of a slowing-up process that will continue until our civilization is completely paralyzed."

I object to Oswald's use of "the world". He refers to the German world, to the Machiavellian world, to the world of "armed peace" and "preparedness". That world became highly sophisticated, sacrificed its faith, its religion, its power to create. The whole stupid business in which the European nations engaged from 1860 to 1914 was a slavish "imperialism" copied from the Caesars.

A good deal of the sophistication has been knocked out of them, and after they have spent a few more years snarling at each other, it is conceivable that they may begin to search their hearts and discover new spiritual resources. There is no such thing, really, as "spiritual exhaustion". The amount of spiritual power is unlimited, inexhaustible. But our capacity for receiving it is feeble and fluctuating. So far, the Europeans have shown little willingness since the war to lay themselves open to new incursions of spiritual power. There has been a revival of a sort of witchcraft under the name of "spiritualism" which is, in the large, about as unspiritual a thing as could be imagined.

There is no reason, except an unwilling frame of mind, why a new culture, a new access of imagination, of creative, artistic, and co-operative political power, should not arise immediately in Europe. But by all the signs, it is improbable that such a rejuvenescence will take place in time for Europe to regain her lost "cultural" ascendancy. It is of course audacious to say that this continent is the scene of a new and vigorous phase of the Occidental culture, but I believe that the next few years will demonstrate that this is true. We do not recognize a new culture until it has passed away. "A sharp distinction must be made," says Spengler, "between culture and civilization. A period of civilization is a sequel to a period of culture, and is already a time of decay. In the history of

Western Europe, Napoleon marks the end of a culture and the beginning of a civilization."

Here again I fail to agree. Culture is a state of harmony between individuals; a group of dynamic ideas and growing ideals held in common, receiving its energy from the "vital urge" in the form of the artistic and creative phases of consciousness of individual contributors, and achieving stability through recognition and acceptance by other members of the group. Thus the stability of a culture depends entirely upon the means of communication—it is a dynamic stability like that of an aeroplane.

In one sense it is a mistake to speak of "the death of a culture". It is more accurate to speak of the end of a phase of culture. Considered from the standpoint of the great Indo-European race, there never has been but one culture: it has had its waves and ripples, its temporary peaks and setbacks, but as a whole it has undergone a steady development. As long as the race continues, there is no reason why its culture should not continue to develop—provided the race succeeds in developing means of rapid and lucid communication.

The temporary setbacks in Aryan culture which occurred during the great days of the Roman Empire and upon other similar occasions were due precisely to lack of communication—an ironic fact in view of the tremendous efforts of the Romans in building roads and establishing post routes. The fatal drawback of this sort of communication was that it was one-way communication—Roman ideas were sent out, but no new ideas came into Rome. The great variety of languages, the slowness of transport, and the inability of the majority of the people to read and write made it impossible for a common idea to emerge.

I notice that all these yelpers get around to journalism sooner or later. Here is what Oswald says:

> "The most characteristic feature of our life is journalism. It is directed to the masses and not to the best. It values its means according to the number of successes. It replaces the thoughtfulness of the old times by intellectual prostitution in speech and in the written word. Most modern writing, from Schopenhauer's essays, not excepting Nietzsche, is according to form and intent, journalism. Likewise the whole social drama. The poet is becoming a journalist, the priest a journalist, the scholar a journalist. Poets and historians of the civilized type do not get beyond the point of being politicians. They are lacking in spiritual superiority, in depth, in distinction. Ibsen and Shaw feel the necessity of being agitators. In the great cities there is no longer any spiritual life. There are only psychical processes."

It is one of the privileges of the adherents of an old phase of culture to declare that a new culture is not a culture at all, but a form of degeneracy. Because Ibsen did not clothe his tragedies in the rags that fit Oedipus, he is dismissed with the contemptuous epithet, "journalist". The beef-eating literati are still having fits over Shaw. And look what the American cognoscenti have done to James Branch Cabell and others who were fortunate enough to bring to the surface some sparks of the "vital urge" which is the source of culture's growth!

One can well imagine old Beethoven, who was quite a rebel in his time, turning over in his grave on hearing one of his symphonies "broadcast" through a wireless telephone. Distinguished dramatists and literary men held aloof from the cinema, declaring that its effect was to "degrade art" but really because they had not enough imagination to grasp the possibilities of the cinema as a new medium of expression. Musicians still object to the cornet because it has not the "purity" of the trumpet!

It must be admitted that the phonograph, the radio, the cinema, steel-frame architecture, the daily newspaper and other new media of expression have certain mechanical short-

comings which reduce their value as transmitters. This is partly because artists have not yet learned how to use them, and partly because their mechanical features are still interesting in themselves and thus detract some attention from the ideas which they transmit.

What was the case, however, when books were obtainable only as handwritten manuscripts, often almost illegible? Many an orator of Greek and Roman times was sneered at for making use of the written word—his speeches "smelled of the lamp".

In course of time, these new channels will be mastered, just as the art of propagating ideas through the written word has been mastered; the art of producing music through the scraping of horsehair on catgut has been mastered. The great violinists and violin composers followed, but did not precede, Stradivarius. The artisan, the scientist, the engineer, built the instrument, and the artist learned to use it for the expression of phases of the human spirit which had lain undiscovered before his coming.

I am no blind partisan of journalism. I know the shortcomings, the weaknesses, the evasions of modern journalism as well as the next man. But I have seen journalism, in the hands of men great enough to master its method, a great power for good. I believe that there are such great men in journalism to-day, as well as many scoundrels, and I believe that there will be greater men in journalism in the future. If I did not believe that, I would not be engaged in journalism.

This, Spengler would say, is part of that "boundlessly trivial optimism concerning the history of higher humanity with respect to the future. The future of the Occident is not a limitless onward and upward progress in the direction of our present ideals, but it is a strictly limited and inevitably determined phenomenon of history which can endure only a few centuries".

I agree. But only because he has inadvertently inserted a saving phrase: "Our present ideals". Such a remark might have been made in the Roman Empire before the appearance of Jesus Christ, whose appearance was unpredictable, and who brought to the world a new and startling set of ideals which it has not yet completely absorbed. "Our present ideals" we regard as "eternal verities"—but the new age will get its vigor from new ideals.

It is one of the shortcomings of rigorous philosophic thinking in the accepted style, that it cannot take into account any new inrush of that divine energy which imparts a new vigor to what we call "culture".

Thus Spengler:

> "All metaphysics on a grand scale is disappearing before the conception of a practical system of morality which shall regulate life. Instead of considering the world from the heights it is looked at from the point of view of every-day necessity. Ethics is the philosophy which has absorbed the other fields. There is now lacking what we might call the grand style of thinking. Metaphysics, mistress of yesterday, becomes the servant of to-day. Practical life comes into the centre of consideration. The philosophy of to-day is the critigue of society.
>
> "Socialism is, in spite of its superficial illusions, not a system of pity, of humanity, of peace, of charity, but the will for power. The aim is thoroughly imperialistic welfare, but in the expansive sense, not of the sick, but of the energetic, to whom one wishes to give freedom of activity untrammeled by the hindrances of possessions, birth, tradition. The stoic takes the world as it is; the Socialist wishes to change its form and reorganize its contents. The Socialist commands; the stoic adapts himself."

This is a new and succulent definition of Socialism. His use of the word "stoic", however, strikes me as being somewhat weak. He could have secured a richer comparison by opposing to his "energetic Socialism" the doctrines of one Ramakrishna.

in India is indeed the opposite of our Occidental Socialism. But I have no space to pursue the antithesis, nor to inquire how far the Vedanta and its cognate systems may mold the future trend of ideals in North America. There is no doubt that Vedanta, Christian Science, New Thought, Bahai, Mormonism, Rosicrucianism, "Holiness" and many other variants of the "cult of humility" are establishing a strong current of new ideals among those who on this continent are "the meek who shall inherit the earth". Such a cult usually exhibits surprising strength in times of social upheaval, and it is not unlikely that these people will, in the times which are to follow 1914 as 1830 and 1848 did 1815, bring forth a new set of "revolutionary ideals" which will startle the world. The fact that these cults now appear to comprise mainly women and the mentally incompetent, is, to the student of religious history, one of the strongest arguments for the probability of their being the channel of a new influx of spiritual energy.

It could not be expected, of course, that such a man as Spengler, preoccupied with methods of rigorous thought and with institutions which have reached an objective stage, should discover any such "lowly movement". To such a mind, "lowly movements" are economic movements —movements of the hungry—peasant revolts, strikes, and such things. Further, he has no familiarity with the more or less hidden embryonic movements of "restless hearts" on this continent.

I concluded some time ago, after somewhat bitter personal experiences, that an economic movement accomplishes no re-molding of culture. Such a movement is based on the negative emotions: hate, envy, greed, revenge. Deriving its energy from such sources it can accomplish nothing of real value to the future of mankind.

Culture has its origin in two sources, genius and volksgeist. The creative power of the great artist, the great leader, is supplemented and filled out by a "spirit of the people" which finds its expression in folklore, in obscure religious beliefs and vague imaginings. He who thinks there is little of this sort of thing among the "common people" to-day, because of the bustle of our business world and the pitiless intellectualism of our times, does not know the common people.

There is plenty of cause for pessimism—our schools and churches hunt down and crush out the various forms of spontaneous "fancy" and try to turn out standardized human beings, but the evasive, indefinable vitality is still there, being pent up against the time when rotten walls will again give way to the inward pressure, and a new mutation take place.

There cannot be any doubt that profound changes are coming in our civilization within two centuries, but when Spengler uses the word "downfall" to describe these changes, he is guilty of over-emphasis. There is only one case in history in which it may fairly be said that a civilization was "extinguished". That was the case of the Spanish extirpation of the Aztec and Inca civilizations of Mexico and Peru. That extinction was accomplished by the only means by which a civilisation can be extinguished—by slaughter.

If we are going to have a downfall of Occidental civilization within two centuries, vast areas in all parts of the world are going to be depopulated. Not by war or disease—though the two coming together might accomplish a very serious reduction. "No," says Spengler, "the death of the civilized race is coming about through the absence of children."

As to that, we shall see. But I have never yet noticed any reluctance on the part of the meek and lowly to propagate children.

FROM A CONVENT GARDEN

BY MURIEL JOCELYN

BAYEUX! called the guard, and the long, dusty journey from Paris was over.

I appealed to a person with a gold-banded cap for help and he looked at me pityingly because of the wording of my appeal.

"*Porter,* Madame. But there is no porter," he said as if I had asked for something childishly unreasonable. Then he turned on a youth collecting the mail bags of the Republique. "Thou, then. Canst thou not carry the baggage of madame?" And "Thou", looking up from his task, said:

"*Dame, mais oui.*"

So when the train steamed out I followed "Thou" across a railway track and through a crowd of white-coiffed women and stalwart men and outside the station, where I approached the driver of the omnibus and asked if he could drive me to the convent. He made a gesture towards his conveyance. It was full, and I turned rather despairingly to "Thou".

"I am going to walk. Will you bring my things?"

He contemplated me and my suit case and tea basket and finally spoke with the air of one making an important decision.

"If madame will wait a little instant, I will do of my best," and therewith he left me and busied himself about the neglected mail bags which he tossed into a cart and then vanished.

The white-coiffed women and blue-smocked men strolled past me and down the road in couples and groups, and the soldiers and sailors linked arms and went off singing, but "Thou" did not return.

At last, when I had almost decided to put my belongings in the customs and find my way to the Convent on foot, "Thou" reappeared dragging a barrel which he proceeded to hoist into his cart. By way of reminding him of my existence, I walked over and made friends with his fat pony and, while I rubbed its nose, "Thou" collected my property and stowed it in with the Republican mail and the barrel. Then he unearthed a board which he placed across the cart, pulled off the fat pony's rug and spread it carefully along the board, and having completed his preparations, requested that Madame would give herself the trouble of mounting.

A couple of "Thou's" acquaintances, who had been criticizing his conduct in taking a lady in the post-cart, delivered a parting shot as we scrambled to our seats.

"Thou, then! Idiot that thou art!" They said.

"Thou" gathered up his reins with a certain stolidity, but he did not disdain to have the last word.

"What I do is not thy affair," he shouted. "Thou hast but to look straight in front of thee and see nothing. See you, madame," he explained, as we took the road, "those impolite ones are worthless. It is that they are jealous."

The High Altar

"I laughed, and for the first time really looked at my cavalier. He was a broad-shouldered individual of not very prepossessing appearance with tiny eyes and sunburnt face, but he was all courtesy to me, full of anxiety lest madame was not at her ease, or that the soft rain falling like mist would incommode madame, pleased when I complimented him on the fat pony. "Ah, Dame, he has no holes in him, that one," he answered, poking its broad back with his whip.

It was good to be out in the open after long hours in the train, good to look around on trees and fields and smell the roses and to lift my face against a little wet wind. Then the road turned and I had a glimpse of old houses, a bridge or two, the Cathedral, and groups of picturesque men and women, and little children full-skirted and coiffed like their mothers. The fat pony had to be coaxed past his usual turn but at last we pulled up at a gray stone gateway, and "Thou" knocked at the small wooden door. It opened mysteriously from within and passing through I found myself in the great hallway of the Convent of the Benedictines. A sister with white linen head-dress and long black veil almost hiding her kind face welcomed me, and another sister

peeping from the portress's lodge and seeing nothing more formidable than myself, came forward with a few pretty words and while I was being swallowed up in their soft welcomes, "Thou" deposited my belongings in the hall and would have slipped away unthanked had I not hurried after him. Long may he preserve the conviction that it is profitable as well as right to succor travelling females.

The advent of a stranger within their gates had all the greater interest for the sisters, because of the manner of the stranger's arrival.

"To come in the carriage of the post," they repeated to each other, "but it is not often the driver would be so complaisant."

"The Guest-Mother is in the garden," said the little portress, and while I waited she entertained me with shy tales of the Benedictines. It seemed that, until the French Government interfered in 1905, theirs had been a teaching order only, but now they were obliged to take *dames pensionnaires* to add to their slender revenue.

"We miss the children," she said softly. "Sometimes the *dames pensionnaires* are a little strange." I was to learn later how strange they could be.

"Ah, mon enfant, pardon."

I turned. A tall nun with her arms full of flowers stood beside me. "I am the Guest-Mother and I am English too," she said, "but it is forty years since I saw England. I came here to school as a girl and I have never left." She led me along cool dim corridors until we reached my bedroom, a large airy room overlooking the garden, and then with a pretty welcome and the assurance that my wants would receive her especial care, she left me.

Half an hour later, I slipped out into the Convent garden. Before me stretched the low gray buildings, the windows outlined with the tender green of ivy and here and there a climbing rose. Exquisite in its slender beauty, the spire of the little chapel rose gray above the tree tops. From afar the myriad bells of the Cathedral were borne in a floating tangle of sound.

High walls against which espaliered pears and peaches were already turning gold surrounded the great garden, and little rose-hung archways set in the midst of hedges of box and yew led the way into garden after garden of surpassing loveliness.

Here were roses, yellow, white and deep red; there tall lilies flamed; and behind a hedge of heliotrope, forget-me-nots spread their starry veil of blue. Beyond a riotous mass of poppies, hollyhocks, daisies, and mignonette filled the air with fragrance. The orchards stretched away to the west, and there were rows upon rows of fresh lettuces and vegetables; for while the needs of the spirit are ministered to, the good sisters also see that the material needs of the body are guarded with every care.

At the end of the rose garden I found a minute summer house, rose hung and fragrant, with a little blue-robed statue of St. Anthony looking down from a niche in the wall.

The garden-mother was pruning roses. Might I bring my books and writing here? She was a strange figure with the skirt of her robes turned back over a brown petticoat, and a wide straw hat surmounting her veil and coif. In one hand she held her pruning scissors, in the other a spray. *"Le bon Dieu* made the roses very fair," she said shortly; and then, looking at me closer, "But thou too art fair, thou mayst stay," and she turned again to her roses.

The garden-mother was a character. For forty years she had been in charge of the garden, until I think she fancied it was hers alone. She disliked the entrance of strangers into its scented midst, "because they make strange noises and disturb the peace of these little ones that I tend for *le bon Dieu* alone." Grumbling a little

The Stalls in the Nuns' Chapel

she disappeared into the lilies, an incongruous figure with her wheelbarrow and floating veil.

Sister Juliette was her assistant and to her fell the task of gathering the fruit and vegetables that the House-Mother needed for the day. She had a tender regard for my welfare and often in the midst of her labors would come running down to my arbor with a handful of fresh berries or a couple of pears wrapped in a vine leaf. *"Manger* is a good verb", she would say and hurry away chuckling.

At three the novices came down the pathway. Such a pretty sight with their fresh flower-like faces, white coifs and trailing robes. They smiled shyly as they passed, and once a little one dropped out and touched my hair with frightened fingers. "Is it thus they dress the hair now in the world?" she said. "Before I left the world, my hair was sunny like thine and long and very curly," and then with a quick catch of the breath she said "but this is better," and vanished, a fluttering cloud of black and white. I wondered who had sung the beauty of her hair, of whom she was thinking. Poor *petite,* twenty is a bit young to leave the world.

The *enfant terrible* of the Convent, and there is always an *enfant terrible* wherever one goes, was a certain Sister Mary Josephine. She was very fat and breathless and always laughing. "See you," she said, "no male over three years of age crosses the threshold of our Convent, except the priest and doctor, and yet, *voila,"* and from the depths of one of her capacious pockets she produced two tiny kittens and from the other a minute kid. But before she could offer a prayer to St. Anthony for their good behavior, the infants set up such wails of protest at being separated from their parents that she fled for fear of the garden-mother's wrath, should the peace of her roses be disturbed.

In a warm corner near the lilies I noticed an old and wrinkled nun. Day after day she sat there, sometimes telling her beads with weary restless hands, but for the most part motion-

The Broad Walk

less. They told me she had heart disease, that the doctor had forbidden all work, and that her strength only permitted her the joy of hearing Mass occasionally. Sister Mary Doloroso, they called her. Convent life with its busy activities is a happy one, but with nothing to do, little to remember, and only weary waiting in this scented greenness, one might hope that there would be no more summers of weary waiting for Sister Mary Doloroso.

It was not long before the *dames pensionnaires* discovered my retreat and, when the garden-mother was safely away, they broke in upon my peace with various criticisms of the Convent and its inmates. A couple of elderly spinsters of the board school type, armed with Balzac and Cassels' dictionary, stop to ask if there is any place in the garden where they can get away from "all this". "There are statues everywhere," one of them complains, "or nuns." I point out that to *my* Protestant eyes statues and nuns are things replete with beauty, and they leave with a sniff.

Waddling slowly down the path comes an eminently worthy British matron of the heavy cruiser type. A profane young American nicknamed her "H.M.S. Dreadnaught", and the name has stuck. She sinks down beside me with a sigh. Her *Morning Post* hasn't come, she doesn't know why she ever came here except that it was cheap, there are no novels to read, and, crowning insult of all, that "awful American girl" who sat next her in the Refectory had said "she smelt bad". Then seeing the American approaching, she got slowly under way.

The American and her mother were delightful people, both struggling in the most amusing fashion with the intricacies of the French language. I asked the girl why she had accused the Dreadnaught of being odoriferous. "Oh," she answered, "the tiresome old thing was wailing about her old paper that hadn't come and I

The Herbaceous Border

meant to say I was sure she felt bad. Did I say she smelt bad? Good job," and then she and her Mother sat down beside me and wrangled over the meaning of every second word in the opening page of "Madame Chrysantheme".

Later, a couple of little old maids with snowy hair, pale blue eyes, and gentle manners came to me. Something was puzzling them, I was sure, so I brought out the tea basket and under the gentle stimulus of their favorite beverage they opened their hearts. It seems that they had discovered I was not a Roman Catholic and they would like me to tell them whether the statue over their heads in the Refectory was one of the Pope or not. When I told them that the statue in question was one of the Bambino, they looked tremendously relieved, "because we wouldn't like to be accused of anything approaching Popery, my dear". I looked up at St. Anthony and he looked down at me. If he had not been a saint on a garden wall, I could have sworn that he wore a smile of sardonic gravity.

There was a great hue and cry in the orchard one afternoon, and against the wall we found the garden-mother and several of her assistant nuns.

A certain Convent cherry tree lifted its branches above the wall and several small village boys had found the fruit excellent. They had bathed long and noisily and then, clad in the sweet simplicity of nothing at all, they had climbed the tree and regaled themselves largely of the fruit that was the garden-mother's especial pride. No remonstrances were of any avail. They were safe up the tree and the nuns couldn't follow. Fate, however, came to the aid of the garden-mother. One unlucky youth lost his balance and fell at her feet. She picked him up, and wrapping him in her apron led him through the gardens into the great hall of the Convent where the Prioress sat reading. His howls for mercy drew all

The Yew Hedge

the nuns who heard, and there was much excitement and conversation as we followed them. The Prioress listened to the shocking tale with a stern eye and twitching lips, and sentence was pronounced. For two hours he should sit there beside her with nothing on but the garden-mother's apron and at the end of the time, should he show proper signs of repentance, he would be returned the way he came. "Oh, la, la!" cried the little nuns to each other. "Nothing on but an apron, but how dreadful!"

Two hours later Young America and the garden-mother led an utterly chastened youth back to the cherry tree. But before she stripped him of his only garment, the garden-mother laid her hand on his head.

"Look, you," she said, "these cherries are mine and thou hast been very naughty, but take this with thee."

"This" was one of the peaches from the southern wall, which she guarded with the same jealous care which she gave her roses.

"What he really needed," said Young America, telling me about it later, "was a sound smack."

The boutique-mother came of a great Parisian family and to her was entrusted the care of the little *boutique* or store. All through the dark winter days she and her assistants labored to fill the little room outside the Refectory with the daintiest of needle work and when the *dames pensionnaires* came, she would open it and grudgingly sell the exquisite lace and embroidery.

"See you," she would say, "it goes to my heart to part with this. Sister Mary Angelique made it, and it is gay, is it not, madame, as anything you would find in Paris?" And then she would cry a little. "So many beautiful things and to sell them, is it not dreadful?"

The shadows are lengthening in the garden. Down the pathway comes the Prioress, grave and stately. I rise and make my reverence as she passes and then the garden-mother,

tired, I think, with her labors, sits down beside me for a moment. "Your book" she questions.

"It is finished," I reply.

"C'est bien," she answers and after a pause lays a bloom of her Rayon d'Or on my hair. "May thy dreams be as fair as my blossoms, *et le bon Dieu te garde, petite."*

Across the scented stillness steal the sounds of the chapel bell. Through the roses and past the lilies and across the courtyard we pass, she to enter the chapel by the exclusive nuns' entrance, I by the street door.

Behind the screen that divides the nuns' chapel from that of the public, I hear the voices of the sisters — *"Kyrie, Kyrie, eleison,"* they sing. Through the open windows comes the scent of drooping flowers. The silver bell rings out, *"Kyrie, Kyrie, eleison."* The perfume of my rose mingles with the incense, its pale heart glowing in the dim candle light. *'Dominus Vobiscum."* And the Convent day is done.

THE BOBOLINK

By EMILY McDOUGALL

ON this day of delight,
The care of mate and nest among the grass
Doth lightly sit on him; pure joy of life
Has sent him winging from the warm and scented earth;
And in his downward flight
I doubt not that his quick bright eye took note
Of some sun-sated spot where he could rest
And pour out all the joy he gathered in the air;
But ere he could alight,
Such surging well of joy within him rose
They would not be controlled, but overflowed
The confines of that throbbing breast and happy throat;
And from his lessening height,
Like a quick shower of clear and liquid drops
All shot through with the color of the sun
And linked together with its beams, his song broke forth!

ONE-STEP-AHEAD BARKER

BY CHARLES DORIAN

"YOU c-can't tell a good s-salesman by his application form," propounded Henry Staves, District Sales Organizer of the celebrated Cocoleo Soap Company.

"I've picked a lot of good ones that way, Harry," insisted Jim Blankenburg, Sales Manager. "I think you would make a mistake not to give this Cleveland Barker at least the once over."

Henry Staves clipped the end off a big black cigar and lighted it. He settled into a chair at the opposite side of Blankenburg's desk and puffed susurrantly until he had produced a satisfying glow, and tried to look pleasant. Henry Staves could force, with the aid of a smoke screen, an expression resembling graciousness. His features were such as to require unusual control to force an expression of downright amiability. The black, bushy eyebrows, the hairy upper cheeks, the blue-black stubble showing through sallow skin, and the bristling black moustache above bluish-red plump lips, aided by deep vertical wrinkles in the cheeks and black rings around the dull gray eyes, and an impediment in his speech, was an ensemble to tax the highest faculty in the art of looking pleasant.

"Let's have a l-look at the application," he gulped.

"Cleveland Barker," he quoted. "High s-sounding name."

"A name that should command attention," supplied Jim Blankenburg.

"Age thirty and s-single," Staves read on. "S-six feet tall, w-weight one hundred and eighty pounds, in j-perfect health, will s-submit to physical examination, owns property valued at f-five thousand, insured for f-five thousand."

"Take a look at his photo.," urged Blankenburg. "He's a handsome pup."

"Y-yes, we've g-got some other h-handsome pups that d-don't earn their salary. Let's see what this f-fellow's qualifications are."

"Past f-five years charge of transportation office British America Mining Company. F-forced out of work owing to sh-shut-down of s-smelter. T-ten years p-previous to that in v-various branches of railroad work."

Staves laid down the form and glared across at Blankenburg. "F-fine material for a s-salesman, I'd s-say. Never s-sold anything in his l-life."

"That signifies nothing. He has a good record. He is clean-cut and has an engaging personality. I'd give him a job on that. He says he knows he can succeed in selling our products after he learns something about our process and our policies."

"Oh, I'll s-see him all right, but if I can land this William Hopping I'd p-prefer him. He has s-sold kindred lines and knows that north country l-like a b-book."

"So does Barker know that country. I don't care for Hopping's looks nor his record. He couldn't sell me a thimbleful of hootch if my tongue was sticking to my back collar button, while this Barker lad could lead

me to a water fountain in the top of a distillery."

Staves grinned. "It would t-take a month to c-coach him. Hopping c-can start on the road right off."

"I'd spend the month with Barker," persisted Blankenburg. "But you're the doctor, Harry. I'll leave it with you."

"That's sensible," acknowledged Harry. "C-call in Miss Kearns and I'll g-give her a n-note to these b-birds."

Blankenburg pushed a button and Audrey Kearns, the bobbed beauty of Cocoleo, stepped lightly into the Sales Manager's private office, notebook in hand and pencil poised.

"Just a moment, Miss Kearns, before Mr. Staves gives you some letters. Look at these two pictures and give me your opinion of their appeal to you as subjects for salesmen." This was a favorite test with Blankenburg.

Audrey Kearns took a glance at the pictures and indicating Hopping, said: "Couldn't sell me a season ticket to the Lyric if he gave gold watches as premiums."

Turning to Barker's print, she observed:

"That smile would sell me a loop of hay wire set with bottle glass for a diamond solitaire."

Blankenburg looked across at Staves and laughed. Staves kept imperturbably glum.

"T-take l-letter to Mr. William H-Hopping, S-Sosobon, Ontario, Canada:

"W-would l-like you to m-make it c-convenient to m-meet the writer at the Nickel Range H-hotel at ten a.m. S-Sunday, January 8th, in regard to p-position as -salesman to represent their c-company for Northern Ontario. K-kindly wire me upon receipt of this l-letter c-confirming appointment."

"Now write the s-same thing to Mr. Cleveland B-Barker, making the appointment for eleven a.m. instead of t-ten.

"And write all these other fellows the usual l-line of regrets that their applications c-cannot be c-considered at the p-present time but will be held for f-future use if required."

"I'll see Hopping first b-because it's a h-hunch with me that he's our m-man," said Staves as Miss Kearns went out.

"I'd see Barker first," concluded Blankenburg.

"Isn't he peachy?" gurgled Mary Sloan when Audrey Kearns showed her Barker's photo. "Is he going to join the family?"

"Not likely," sighed Audrey. "Old Stutterface fancies this Hopping dub in preference."

"He's gettin' worse," nodded Mary.

When Staves went out half an hour later the letters were ready and he signed them.

"Sorry about B-Barker," he grinned. "B-but we g-got all the b-beauty we w-want in this c-concern right here," indicating the stenographic staff with a sweep of the arm.

"Beauty and the beast," supplemented Audrey with an upward tilt of her chin as Staves turned to go.

Staves made a short trip West and upon his return telegrams were awaiting him confirming the Northern Ontario appointments.

"I h-hate this trip," he confessed to Blankenburg. "Up there about now the s-snow is about three f-feet deep and the t-temperature about f-forty below zero. That c-cold weather gets a f-fella."

"I'd like the trip myself," said Blankenburg. "If it were not for this campaign on the new shaving cream I'd swap places with you."

"Oh, I'll s-stick it all right. I won't s-spend any m-more time there than I have to though."

"Well, you'd better change your mind about Barker then," bantered Blankenburg, unable to resist a parting shot.

Staves's trip to the cold north was uneventful until he reached Sosobon. There he found the native popula-

tion, for the most part, warmly dressed in nap cloth overcoats with here and there a few fur coats, and he shivered so hard that his whispered imprecations against the weather sibilated like rain pattering against a window pane. It was crisp, dry weather that brought out the pinkness of health to healthy faces but to his it gave a tinge of purple.

Once in the warmth of the hotel he felt like staying there. He lingered over his breakfast, consuming many cups of coffee. His first caller appeared as he left the dining-room.

William Hopping at fifty would look something like Staves. At thirty-five he was ruddier and by keeping well-shaved looked healthier. He had a stamp of efficiency about him that Staves admitted was just what he expected.

On the stroke of eleven Cleveland Barker asked the clerk if he would please 'phone Mr. Staves and ask him if he could see him. The reply came that he had another gentleman with him and would ring in a few minutes.

"All right," said Barker. "I'll give him five minutes. From the register of his mind came a reminder that he had read somewhere:

"Be punctual. Never be a minute late for an appointment, and regard with distrust any one who purposely keeps you waiting."

At 11.05 Barker said to the clerk: "If Mr. Staves 'phones for me tell him I'll be right back. I'm going across the street to the telegraph office."

At the telegraph office Cleveland Barker wrote out a message and asked the operator to rush it. He returned to the hotel and inwardly chafed for fifteen minutes before Staves sent for him.

Staves made no effort to greet Barker affably, giving his hand reluctantly. Barker instinctively disliked this man but maintained an exterior of dignified tolerance. Staves chewed on a cigar while he looked at the application form and ostentatiously compared the photo' with the original. No word of apology was uttered for keeping the applicant waiting, and he kept him waiting longer while he appeared to study the form.

"Office man?" he asked.

"Yes," said Barker.

"Ever travelled?"

"No."

"Salary expected $200 per m-month," quoted Staves with contemptuous intonation. "S-seems to m-me you're asking a lot for an inexperienced m-man."

"I can earn more than that," said Barker.

"The C-cocoleo line is h-hard to s-sell. It t-takes the nerve right out of you. First t-time I s-started out I g-got so discouraged, I felt like throwing the s-sample c-case into the river."

"With a mug like that I can well believe it would be hard to sell anything," thought Barker. Aloud he said:

"Shouldn't be hard to sell. It's well advertised."

"That's j-just it. We've g-got to advertise to s-sell it."

"Naturally," thought Barker. "This man thinks he is talking to a nut."

"Y-yes, we're spending three m-million dollars on advertising this y-year."

"That sounds good," said Barker. "With that behind me I could sell soap in Russia."

"It's a h-hard t-territory, too. You'd only be h-home about twice a year."

"Doesn't discourage me," admitted Barker.

Staves evidently did not wish to say too much. He wanted Barker to back down voluntarily, that was patent. He studied the application form a few minutes more.

"I see you've n-never s-sold anything."

"Where do you get that?" asked Barker pleasantly.

"Well, you've been in an office m-most of the t-time. I d-don't know

but what this application s-should have b-been h-handled by the head office, where they might w-want an accountant."

"Wonder how the Cocoleo people caught this specimen?" reflected Barker.

"Did you ever work in the transportation department of any company, Mr. Staves?" asked Barker politely.

"N - no, I n - never h - had occasion to."

"Well, you've missed one of the best chances at salesmanship it is possible to get," asserted Barker.

"H-how's that? W-what d-do you s-sell?"

"We sell service. It is the hardest thing in the world to sell. It is not tangible like soap or sawdust; it is something abstract yet mighty noticeable if it is missing. You go into a railroad station and buy a ticket. If you are well and quickly served you are pleased; if you have to wait, you are ill-humored. By transportation salesmanship I do not mean the selling of tickets. I refer to the supervisory regulation of all departments which makes the ultimate service the best that is possible to get. You perhaps can name this very minute the railroad on which you prefer to travel. In every sort of salesmanship personality counts but perhaps not so much as in transportation. Now, Mr. Staves, if I can sell transportation satisfactorily I can sell soap."

"I b-believe y-you, b-but to t-tell the t-truth I'm rather f-favorable to the young fella that was in b-before you. I've p-practically engaged him. He is with one of the b-big wholesalers now and h-has s-sold s-similar lines. Y-you're my next choice and if you're in town all d-day I m-may 'phone you. W-what is you're 'phone number?"

"This is worse and worse," thought Barker. "This is the lamest example of salesmanship I ever saw."

"Thanks, Mr. Staves. My 'phone number is on the application form, but you don't need to bother using it."

Staves was glad when the interview was over and hoped that Hopping would not fail him. He felt almost elated therefore when Hopping went back and promised to start at once.

"I've g-got to h-hurry back to Cocoleo and arrange a trip south, s-so I'd l-like to get you s-started. We'll d-do S-Sosobon and a few of the towns south of here t-together, then y-you c-can work east and north again."

"Fine," agreed Hopping.

On Monday morning Staves spent an hour rehearsing at the hotel before starting out with Hopping. When they returned at noon they had not sold a dollar's worth.

"D-don't g-get d-discouraged," soothed the patron of expert salesmen. "It's j-just as I s-said it's the h-hardest l-line to s-sell. Everybody's stocked up n-now, but n-next time you c-call on 'em you'll do better. They've got t-to respond to our advertising."

"Seem to be so many well-advertised soaps on the market already, don't there?" hinted Hopping.

"Certainly. That's where s-salesmanship comes in. If we depended on advertising we'd c-call in all our s-salesmen."

Staves blamed the dull times for the afternoon's barren results. The next few days were anxious ones for him. The sales would not even pay hotel bills. He could not confess lack of faith in Hopping without dulling confidence in himself when reporting to the head office. No, it was just the bad times. He left Hopping with an expression of his confidence and reported to Blankenburg two days later that there would be a possible loss in revenue from the new territory until it had been properly worked up.

After six months of meagre sales in the new district, Jim Blankenburg decided to make a trip of investigation. Hopping was working Port Arthur. Blankenburg wired him to

meet him at the Prince Arthur Hotel and went up by boat. Hopping had just finished working the twin ports when Blankenburg arrived.

"Well," greeted the Sales Manager, "these look like two live towns. Business any better?"

"They simply won't give us big orders," complained Hopping.

"Have you run down the cause?" asked Blankenburg indulgently.

"Can't fathom it," confessed Hopping. "They all have a little of our line but you can see they're not pushing it."

"Are they pushing any other line?"

"Can't say that they are. Stock looks evenly distributed."

"Well, I'll go to the most representative drug store and buy a cake of Cocoleo. We'll take the train tonight for Sosobon."

Blankenburg went to the leading drug store and contrived to get the proprietor to wait on him. When he had bought the soap he asked:

"Much sale for this make of soap?"

"Very good. In fact there is only one other that is better and that is the Amberoil soaps and toilet preparations. Some advertised soaps have no sale at all which speaks well for the merits of both Cocoleo and Amberoil. We're committed in a way to push Amberoil because of a growing demand as the result of some of their latest advertising—and we have just placed a big order with their salesman."

"Then you personally think there is no difference in merit between the two soaps?"

"Absolutely none. We were out of Cocoleo for a short time and people became used to Amberoil and once people get used to good soaps it's hard to change them. And then this attractive advertising, of course."

"There's somebody pushing the Amberoil products to the limit and I'm going to Sosobon expecting to see everybody stocked up with them," Blankenburg concluded mentally on his way back to the hotel.

He did not pretend to Hopping that he had found the solution. Cocoleo should sell equally as well as Amberoil and he was going to see that it did. He found conditions exactly as he had anticipated. He asked the leading storekeeper for a candid opinion.

"Oh, I don't know," was the vague reply. "Guess it's the Amberoil salesman. We all know Barker."

Blankenburg had sensed the presence of Barker in the field.

"But you all know Hopping too, don't you?" he asked.

"Yes, but Barker is always one step ahead of the other fellow in any movement. That's why he's called 'One-Step-Ahead Barker'. When he stepped in here and mentioned Amberoil soaps he gave us his million-dollar smile and said that Amberoil was going to sell faster than any other because their advertising was proving it to be the best. He told us to keep an eye on this advertising and keep a little of the soap on view all the time, and some time make up a whole window display, and he'd give his personal guarantee that we'd sell a lot of it. We gave him a bigger order than we ever placed before. He took it cheerfully and then quite innocently suggested that we double it because by the time he'd get back we'd be sold out. You can't resist Barker. He's got something very few salesmen have. Guess it's personality. But whatever it is it sells soap. We're right now hoping he won't leave it too long before he returns."

"I want to meet Barker," said Blankenburg heartily. "Have you any idea where he is now?"

"I'll 'phone the house," offered the merchant. "He drops a card to his mother every day." When he hung up he told Blankenburg that Barker was working Ottawa and would be at the Chateau Laurier for two days.

Blankenburg advised Hopping to retrace his territory in the hope that the stock was so low it would have to be replenished.

"And take a tip from me," he cautioned. "Whatever size order they give, take it, but suggest that they triple it, because our advertising is going to kick up such an unprecedented desire to possess Cocoleo soap that people will refuse to wash unless they can get it."

Never a word about Barker. He caught that miracle man at Ottawa packing up for the next town.

"Listen," said Blankenburg after introducing himself, "I came here to find out why you didn't come to work for us."

"Why?" and Barker smiled a million dollar's worth. "Because, my dear Mr. Blankenburg, your Mr. Henry Staves kept me waiting five minutes after the appointed hour. He kept me waiting longer but the five minutes settled it."

"Let me apologize on behalf of the firm," said Blankenburg sincerely. "Could you come with us if we made you a decent offer?"

"Afraid not," refused Barker, "Because at 11.06 a.m. Jan. 8th. I accepted a year's contract with the Amberoil people and I expect in that time to make them add about six more units to their plant."

"Hang it all, I wish I'd let that shaving soap campaign slide and made Staves stay home for a couple of weeks," soliloquized Blankenburg.

"Beg pardon?"

"Oh, I was just thinking what a fool Staves made of himself when he picked Hopping instead of you when the rest of us were for you. Will you give us a chance to make you an offer when your year is up?"

"I'll certainly agree to that. I'll meet you in the King Edward Hotel, Toronto, at 11.07 a.m. next January 8th. But don't send Staves."

"Staves may not be there to send. I'll be there myself at the desk waiting for you at 11.07 next January eighth," promised Blankenburg, shaking Barker's hand.

Barker worked east from Ottawa and within a month was in the home city of the Amberoil Company. Though he was not called upon to do so he thought it best to run in on George Devlin, the Sales Manager, to get braced up on any new points in the selling game.

Somebody must have thrown a monkey wrench into the mills of the gods because, although they still ground slowly and exceeding fine, they ran with an eccentric motion. Barker, always quick to come to a decision, scented trouble the moment he opened the door into Devlin's sanctum. He did not see the other party owing to the presence of a heavy smoke screen. He did hear a peculiar guttural intake of breath, and putting these two things together it was not surprising that his scent was accurate. Besides, the confused way Devlin looked up when Barker's head appeared in the doorway convinced Barker that all was not well.

"Oh, beg pardon," he said, and, closing the door, backed out, but not without hearing Devlin's hearty:

"Be with you in a moment, Barker, old man."

"Must be on my way," Barker called back. "I'll run in on my return trip."

He shot downstairs like a torpedo.

Though Barker continued to turn in large orders and receive the same cordial treatment from the head office, he wondered from time to time why Staves was closeted with Devlin that day The solution came to him one day near the close of his year with the Amberoil people. It was during the festive season. Barker had received three days' leave to be with his mother at Christmas. He had informed the head office that he would work his way down to Weston which limited his territory to the south and west, and reach Toronto by January sixth. He received a reply which set him thinking of an interview he had one year before. It ran:

"My dear Barker:

"We are pleased to note that you are coming in to see us and this is to request that you try to make it the fifth instead of

the sixth. You can do this by cutting out Weston, which we have decided at any rate to include in the boundaries of Toronto and will be covered hereafter by our city man.

Yours cordially,
Henry Staves,
District Organizer.''

"Well, see who's with us," commented Barker to the furniture in his den, which caused his mother to call out from the dining room:

"Is somebody coming, Cleve?"

"He has came," laughed Barker, getting up to show his mother the letter.

"I expect Blankenburg gave him blazes when he went back that time and Staves thought he would find a good way to get even. They offered that Organizer job to me but I'm having more fun on direct sales."

"What will you do, Cleve?"

"I won't change my plans any, mother, dear. I'm going right down and work Weston and appear in Toronto on the sixth. My letter was to Devlin, not Staves. I believe I'll light the fire-place fire; it's getting chilly."

He took a match and started the fire with Staves's letter.

On January sixth Barker walked in upon Devlin.

"Well, Barker, old man, I've got that contract all ready to sign."

"I've just dropped in to wish everybody a Happy New Year," said Barker. "I've finished my circuit though —finished up at Weston this morning."

"Why, the city man was to do Weston this afternoon—didn't Mr. Staves write you?"

"He did, but I had no official word of his appointment and naturally paid no attention to his letter. I'd like to know why my territory has been curtailed, of course."

"That's Staves's idea. He is in favor of giving all the city men more scope."

"It may be all right," said Barker, rising," and if it has your approval it *is* all right, but it looked for a moment as if Staves was trying to strike at me personally."

"Oh, not at all. Staves takes the credit of 'discovering' you. To be quite frank with you it was his chief talking point when he made a bid for this position."

"Ask him sometime to tell you the *truth* about it. Now I'll be going. I'll come in to give a decision about renewing that contract on Monday."

"By the way, there are some good shows in town. I've got tickets for to-night and Monday night, if you'd care to use them—one for yourself and lady. My wife and I have seats quite close."

"Sure, I'll be glad to use them," accepted Barker gladly.

"And we've decided to double your salary if you care to renew your contract for five years."

"Thanks, Mr. Devlin. To be frank with you I have another offer and I want to make some comparisons before deciding what I'll do. I'll let you know Monday at three."

That evening Barker picked out the hungriest looking kid he could find on Queen Street, treated him to a feast and took him to the show. When Devlin and his wife arrived the kid and Barker were acting like two pals, both eager for the rise of the curtain. Mrs. Devlin bowed and smiled kindly as an introduction was made sotto voce.

"Let me present Mr. Tommy Kelly, whispered Barker.

"Pleased t' meecha," acknowledged Tommy with evident pleasure. Mrs. Devlin remarked what a 'cute little youngster he was while Devlin ragged Barker about his young lady.

By the time the show was over Barker was feeling keenly conscious of a moral obligation to stay with his present employers. They had shown faith in his ability on his bare word that he could make good. Yet he could not live down that first interview with Staves, and he foresaw tricky currents ahead in his stellar course across the sky of salesmanship.

Barker, usually prepared for surprises, was taken off his feet when Devlin' phoned him Monday morning at 10.30 to offer him his position, Sales Manager for the Amberoil Company, which had just been declared vacant by his own promotion.

"Congratulations!" exclaimed Barker heartily. "I'm mighty glad they've recognized your merits, and thanks for the compliment that I could fill your shoes."

"Better forget that other appointment, then," urged Devlin. "I've got to let the directors know in fifteen minutes whom I have picked out to succeed me."

"I'll let you know in twelve minutes," promised Barker.

Seriously damaging the telephone in his haste he crashed out of the room and pushed three elevator buttons in his impatience. He reached the room clerk's desk in about three hops and ran up the list of names on the register to see if Mr. Jim Blankenburg were among those present.

He was not!

"What the deuce!" frowned Barker. Then, half-apologetically to the amused clerk he said:

"Sorry to seem so darn nutty, but a man from Illinois was to meet me here at eleven-seven and I naturally expected he'd register here. I want to get him in five minutes."

"He may be at one of the other first-class hotels, sir. I'll be glad to inquire," offered the clerk.

"Yes, do. That's a good sport. It's Mr. Jim Blankenburg of Cocoleo, Illinois."

The clerk turned to the switchboard and gave the instructions. Barker wanted to shout his good luck into the ear of Blankenburg and run. There was nothing in the Cocoleo job after this. Why he'd be Staves's boss!

His eyes shone with preternatural fire as he turned and stood with his back to the desk, tapping impatiently with his right foot.

He did not notice that he was the subject of the closest scrutiny by a pair of melting brown eyes set in a face of remarkable beauty. Brown hair, brown seal coat, and cream velvet hat completed a beauteous combination that had already attracted every man in the rotunda. Barker caught a glimpse of trim brown shoes, trimmer brown stockings, then the seal coat, the lovely face and the coy eyes regarding him with a seriousness that he had often seen in his mother's face when he was wrestling with disturbing problems.

Then the vision spoke:

"It's Mr. Barker, is it not?"

"I knew you were Mr. Barker the moment I saw you, but I had to make sure, hadn't I?"

"Certainly," smiled Barker, "I'm sure you had."

"Your asking for Mr. Blankenburg convinced me, of course."

"Oh, yes, Blankenburg." He took out his watch. "I've got to see Blankenburg in just two minutes. The operator is looking him up."

"Mr. Blankenburg is not registered at any of the other large hotels," whispered the clerk.

Barker felt this message on his subconsciousness rather than heard it. He sighed relievedly and turned to thank the clerk.

"I'd like to use your 'phone if I may," he begged.

"Certainly," obliged the clerk.

"But, Mr. Barker," urged the girl. Barker nodded to her while taking off the receiver. It suddenly struck him that it was not fair to Blankenburg to accept this position without first keeping his appointment. Blankenburg might turn up just at the stroke of eleven-seven. But he had to 'phone. He promised to let Devlin know in twelve minutes. Eleven minutes were gone, and this vision in front of him was trying to tell him something that must have a bearing on the case.

But he did not want her to tell it yet. She might vanish while he was speaking to Devlin.

The receiver was off. Devlin's con-

nection was made. Devlin's response came in a soft duotone. The girl's hand was on his elbow and a look of appeal in her eyes.

"Sorry, Mr. Devlin, it's all off."

"You don't mean—"

"Connection absolutely severed with Amberoil—"

He saw an expression of relief in the girl's eyes. That meant everything to him at that moment. Something jangled on the other end of the wire and Barker persisted:

"No, haven't seen him yet. You wanted decision in fifteen minutes. I've still got that appointment at eleven-thirty. Beg pardon? That's right—he *might* have changed his mind. I may be a fool, but hang it, Devlin, destiny herself is guiding my tongue. Sorry. Good-bye."

"Let's sit over here and tell me the rest," said Barker, lowering his voice to a note of tenderness.

"Mr. Blankenburg," began the girl, "is at the bedside of a sick mother. He could not possibly leave her. He sent me to see you and deliver this letter to you personally."

The fair messenger handed him the letter but he was not inclined to open it hurriedly.

"Isn't there any more to tell me before I open this?" he asked mischievously. The sound of her voice thrilled him. For a man who despised flirtations this was becoming dangerously like one.

"Nothing except my sincere congratulations," sighed the girl.

"That's nice. Must be something good in this."

He opened it and read:

"My dear Barker,—

"The bearer of this message to you is Miss Audrey Kearns, formerly my secretary, but for the past month my sales manager pro tem.

"She will explain to you the grave reason which prevents my keeping that notable appointment with you. I intended right up to the last moment going up there to see you as promised, but a turn for the worse in my mother's illness has prevented.

"I trust that you will decide to come with us as our Sales Manager. Miss Kearns has absolutely refused to relinquish the job until you have given your decision! And she will make you an excellent secretary.

"Will you be good enough to wire me your acceptance or refusal?

"Believe me,

"Yours very cordially,

"Jim Blankenburg,

"Vice President."

Barker looked thoughtful for a moment. Then he said to the girl:

"This is the most remarkable experience of my life. I never heard of Audrey Kearns before and I want you for life—I am sure of it. I'll send a message to Jim Blankenburg at 11.07 accepting this position and another to my mother if you will accept me."

"I will," promised Audrey Kearns demurely.

Barker took her over to the telegraph desk and she smiled fondly over his arm as he wrote:

"Jim Blankenburg, Cocoleo, Ill.

"Deep concern over mother's illness. Hope for the best. Re position offered. I accept, of course, but don't approve of lady secretaries. They get up and get married at critical time. Audrey agrees with this.

"Cleveland Barker."

To his mother he wired:

"Mrs John Barker, Sosobon, Ont.

"I've got a perfect match for that picture of yourself when you were twenty. Am joining the Cocoleo organization. Writing.

"Cleve."

Before he left the hotel that evening he received a telegram from Blankenburg.

"Congratulations. Am having jeweller make loop of hay wire set with bottle glass. Gave the news to mother and she is getting better.

"Jim Blankenburg."

"What the deuce does he mean by that hay wire and bottle glass stuff? Perhaps Audrey will know," he mused.

THE GATES OF ST. JOHN

BY A. U. ARLAND

EDITH MAYNARD was a girl of her day and generation. Instead of sitting down and waiting with meekly folded hands for someone to come to her assistance when she found herself practically alone in the world, and almost penniless, she put her grief aside and looked about her for the best possible way of extricating herself out of a tight corner.

She needed money, badly. Her thoughts began to drift to the Colonies. England seemed so terribly overfull.

She remembered Uncle Stephen Giddeons in South Africa. He had gone out years ago, before her day. He had mentioned in his last letter, of a date two years back, that he intended to go to St. John, settle down, and grow bananas. Then and there she put on her hat, went out and sent a business-like cable offering her services as his assistant and secretary. He would know of her mother's death by this time, and her circumstances, because she had dutifully notified him of both a few days after it had happened.

For eight long trying days she waited for an answer. Then it came: "Offer accepted".

Four weeks later she found herself standing alone in a vast, empty land of bronze-green hills, beside a broken-down post-car. The driver, who had gone off for a bullock team to tow the car into the nearest township, had told her it was native territory. Her skin began to creep as she remembered it, for, stark and clear against a primrose evening sky, a horse and its rider had popped up suddenly over the brow of a far-away hill. Supposing the horseman were a Kaffir! She watched anxiously. He had evidently not seen her, for he had not looked up once.

As he came nearer she saw that he was white, to her immense relief. Following quickly on this relief came a feeling of delight and surprise. The sun-browned handsome face was familiar to her! But for the life of her she thought. Then, "I must make when, she had seen him. "Why on earth doesn't he look up and see me!" she thought. Then "I must make him." She left the road and moved across the short grass with firmly planted feet.

"Excuse me," she said, in the curt voice the modern girl affects.

He was so surprised that he nearly fell off his horse, which had stopped, and was looking as surprised as his master. He saw a slim, pretty girl, with shining bobbed hair (she had taken her hat off) and straight-glancing blue eyes, standing before him. He dismounted.

"Spring broken or something," she went on, indicating the car. "I'm just wondering whether it would be better for me to stay where I am or go to meet the driver. It's so bluggy empty here."

"I would suggest that you wait here," he said courteously. Public school and Oxford, Edith noted men-

tally. But she did not recognize his voice as belonging to anyone she knew, much to her disappointment. "He might come across country, you know."

She talked on to keep him there. The expression in his dark eyes showed that he was interested in her, but he might think it was the proper thing for him to go. One never knows with men; they're so old-fashioned still. Not like *us*, she thought.

She told him her destination. "I'm joining my Uncle Stephen there. Mr. Stephen Giddeons."

"Old Stephen Giddeons!" She wondered what the queer fleeting expression in his eyes meant. "Mr. Giddeons, I mean," he corrected.

"Yes," she said, somewhat on the defensive. She had sensed distaste in his tone. But whether of her uncle, or of the thought of her going to him she could not tell. . . . .

There was a sudden sound of shouting and yelling. Winding round a corner of the long hill below them came a team of oxen, driven by natives.

He smiled down on her as though he wished to efface all memory of his tone in speaking of her uncle. It was the nicest smile she had ever seen in a man.

"Good evening." He raised his hat, and the next minute he was cantering away. Along the road she was to go, she was pleased to see. She was confident that she would see him again. She wanted to; she distinctly approved of him. But where had she seen him before?

. . . . . .

Some hours later, half-past two in the morning, to be precise, flying along under a resplendent moon, she sat trying to ignore a vague ache in her heart. Little idiot, she jeered. But that did not lessen the case.

She had sat out on the verandah with the store-keeper's wife in the small village where the post-car had been towed, while the driver put in new parts. She had asked questions about the white horseman whom they passed on the road, miles away from anywhere, it seemed. It was curious how the horseman she had met was keeping her silent company; curious, seeing that he was a stranger to her.

"Traders, I suppose," the woman had said. "You never see anyone else in Pondeland. And what a nice lot some of them are too!" She had gone into particulars. "But perhaps you saw a misisonary. There are a few about."

She tried hard to visualize the stranger as a missionary. No. In spite of her ache her lips dimpled at the thought. There had been several on board coming out. Bally parsons! . . . But her lips fell into sadness again. Dullards . . . . and worse. The war has taught her to look things squarely in the face; to admit to herself that certain things existed. . . . but . . . Her proud mind rebelled. He hadn't looked that kind of man either . . . Life was full of disillusionment.

II.

The sun was rising into the sweet dewy morning when they came round the bend in a steep road which ended at a wide jade-green river.

"The Gates of St. John!" the driver announced, like a showman, as he tooted impatiently for the punt to come and take the car across. A low line of white surf some distance down the river indicated the open Indian Ocean. There was just room for the river, and the road along which they were to go, between two towering cliffs. She forgot her melancholy in admiration. . . .

Her eyes were quick and bright again as the car drew up at the hotel. A man detached himself from the group on the verandah and came towards her. He was a big, sallow-skinned man with a long square jaw, and furtive eyes. He held his flat hat in his hand, but his manners were awkward, like a man who has got out of the habit of meeting people. She

felt no warmth at meeting him, but she held out her hand to him quite frankly.

"How do you do, Uncle Stephen?" It was a disappointment to find that he did not in the least remember her mother.

"Hope you've had a pleasant trip," he said. Then he turned to a stout, good-natured looking woman who was looking at her shrewdly.

"This is my niece, Miss Maynard, Mrs. Brown. Will you show her her room?"

Edith went with her thankfully. She liked her.

Towards one o'clock she met her uncle as she was coming away from the bathroom.

"How long are you going to be?" he asked, with an injured air. "I'd expected to get started to work this morning."

"Sorry, Uncle," she said briskly. "Had to have forty winks, you know."

Cantankerous! she thought. "I'll be down in ten minutes."

He was waiting for her when she came downstairs. Without any preliminary he started at once to explain what she was to do. She got the impression that he was eager to impress her with a sense of his business acumen. She would much rather that he had given her the impression that he was a gentleman. She supposed that he had deteriorated. The only thing that needed to matter though was the plantation.

"The natives loaf all day," he went on grumbling, "if they're not watched all the time. It'll mean that you'll have to go up every day. Will you be minding that?"

"Not a bit, Uncle!" she said briskly. It wasn't going to be quite as easy as she had expected.

"They've robbed me right and left!" he went on, in the tone of a man with a grievance. "I've paid men to look after them, but they were as bad. I thought I'd try a woman for a change."

She did not like him; but felt oddly sorry for him. He gave her the impression that every man's hand was against him, and loyalty to her own made it imperative that she should take sides with him.

It was decided that they go up the river to the plantation immediately after breakfast next morning. He had his own motor-launch.

She woke with a feeling that she was quite an important person in the business world. She laughed when Mrs. Brown came hurrying after her with a big stick, just as they were leaving the hotel to go down to the jetty.

"I believe I'd tackle a lion with it," she said, patting the big knob on the end of it.

"You won't find lions," said Mrs. Brown. "But the boys say the snakes are bad up the river just now, so it's just as well to be prepared."

Edith stepped down into the launch gaily. A Kaffir attended to the engine. Just as they came into view of the road leading down the hill along which she had come, the horseman she had seen the evening before rode down to the river's edge to wait for the punt. She acknowledged his greeting with a quick smile. Her uncle's harsh voice broke into her thoughts.

"How did you become acquainted with Bellington?"

She turned to him with a flash of resentment at his tone. There was an obscure suggestion of insult in it.

"I do not know Mr. Bellington," she said clearly and haughtily. "He passed our broken-down car the other evening. I stopped him to ask a question. As a courtesy I had to recognize him again."

"Take my advice and drop him. He's a thorough bad lot. Anyway, he's only a trader in charge of a station."

That "anyway" mitigated the unpleasantness of "the thorough bad lot." It made it sound like an exaggeration.

Uncle Stephen was fussily attentive to her when they reached the little private landing jetty, but she pretended not to see the proffered hand. She had a curious reluctance to his touching her. He looked hurt, so she set about admiring the view to humor him. After all he was her uncle, and probably intended to be kind in his own way.

It was a very fine view. At the back of them, almost sheer up from the green river rose a thickly wooded hill, on a little shelf of which, farther up, stood a dilapidated cottage.

"I was thinking of having the cottage repaired," he remarked, "and furnishing it nicely. We could live up here then."

"It would be very quiet," she said, with a suddenly heavy heart.

"You wouldn't notice the quietness after a bit," he assured her. "It would be much handier living close to our work."

"Yes," she said evenly. "I suppose it would." After all, it would be time enough to worry when the cottage was repaired.

He made no further remark, and turned to a narrow path which led up through a dense, tropical wood. It looked very much more extensive than it was, and Edith glanced into its gloomy green depths with a shudder. A person might easily be done to death there, and no one ever be the wiser. Then she laughed at herself for being foolish. Uncle Stephen was with her. She was quite sure that he would be careful to see that she ran into no danger. . . .

Before going to bed that night she sat at her window, staring out into the soft warm darkness, and listening to the gentle roar of the sea as it surged in over the bar. She thought of her future. She was going to enjoy her work, it was very interesting . . . and there was Mr. Ballington. The thought of him was very pleasant. But she wished that she could get rid of that irritating presentiment that something dreadful was going to happen to her! It had been coming over her in little waves all day. She wasn't giving way to it, one doesn't, but it was hanging about her like a vague, impalpable mist, something she could feel but not see . . . pressing itself forward in front of her hopes and dreams.

With a brisk little movement she shook herself and got up. She would read and forget it. She looked about for her book, then remembered that she had left it downstairs.

It was late, but the lights were still burning in the hall when she came down. She noticed a little group of men near the door, but she kept her eyes straight ahead. Having found her book she was recrossing the hall when a man detached himself from the group and came up to her. It was Mr. Ballington. She stopped .

"Good evening, Miss Maynard." So he had been interested enough in her to make inquiries! That was pleasant to know.

"Good evening," she said demurely.

"Were poor Tod and Harold Maynard your brothers? The name isn't a common one, and—"

"Now I remember!" She interrupted him excitedly. "You're in a football group my brothers were in. . . . 'Three removed from the peerage'," she quoted with an hysterial little laugh. Her lips were tremulous. "I couldn't place you at all." She held out her hand in her frank way. "They often talked about you."

She liked the firm grip of his lean, brown hand.

"Now that we're friends, Miss Maynard . . . In a way, that is. . . ." His eyes questioned her. She nodded her bright bobbed head. "I want to ask you if you'll believe that I'm not so black as I'm painted, will you?"

She wondered at the gravity of his tone, but she said heartily, "Rather! I did. Now I don't."

"Thanks." So she had heard something! "I rather want you to feel that you can trust me if ever you should need a . . ." He hesitated,

but concluded decisively enough, "a protector. I shall regard it as an honor if you will look on me as a brother."

"I've got Uncle Stephen," she said. He appeared to have forgotten him. "But thanks all the same. Awfully jolly to know there's a pal so handy." She moved to go. She had no intention of being caught with him by Uncle Stephen. Time enough to take a definite stand when their friendship had ripened. Being perfectly candid with herself, she was aware that she intended that it should ripen into something more. What he had or had not done in the past had nothing whatever to do with her. As a modern girl she ceded him that right. "Good-night . . . Mr. Ballington!"

. . . . . .

She was too happy, too excited about the possibilities of the future to notice that Uncle Stephen was looking at her more furtively than usual across the breakfast table. She was thinking. What a rumpus there's going to be when he finds out we're friends!

Nuffing, the Kaffir engineer, was not at the boat when they came down to the jetty, but he called to her impatiently to "come on". There was a queer look in his eyes which she missed.

"But who's going to run the engine, Uncle, if Nuffing isn't coming?" she asked as she stepped down into the boat.

"I am," he mumbled, as he stooped down over the engine. But she had forgotten him. She had just seen Mr. Ballington at the far end of the jetty shed. He smiled and waved his hat to her. She smiled at him as they cast off.

She continued to think of him all the way up the river. It wouldn't be a bad plan to dodge away, say down by the jetty, after dinner. The moon would be beautiful on the water. It wouldn't do to appear too eager, of course, but—

Her thoughts were brought back with a jerk. They were at their own little jetty. As she stepped up the painter of the boat slipped out of his hand. He stood there, looking after it, as it drifted out into mid-stream; the tide had turned.

"Uncle!" she cried in dismay. "We'll never be able to get back!" There was no path through the tangle of forest on that side of the river. The road ran parallel with it on the other side.

'It's all right," he said in a loud whisper. "We shan't want it."

She looked at him. She had known fear, but never as deadly and paralyzing as this. His finger was on his lip, and his eyes strayed vaguely. "They're always following me to try and find out my secrets. But I've always been able to diddle 'em, my girl!" His leer of triumph was awful to her.

He was insane! With the realization that it was only by keeping her wits calm could she save herself from him, some of the paralysis of fear left her. She gripped her stick with a thankful heart. It was a weapon, if the worst came to the worst. Keep cool and humor him in the meantime. Help would come soon. One person alone was in her mind. He would guess that there was something wrong as soon as the launch was sighted.

"Well," she said with the coolness of desperation. "We've managed to shake them off, anyway. . . We'd better get those bunches marked off for cutting, Uncle?" She knew the power of suggestion with the mentally weak from her experience with demented soldiers. She was shrinking unspeakably from the thought of going up through that dark bit of forest to the native compound, but she realized that once through it, she would have the protection of the natives.

He fell into step beside her.

"They think I'm the girl's uncle," he said slyly, giving her a little poke. "But don't you believe it. Stephen's bones are lying up on the West

Coast." He babbled on as though he had lost command of his tongue. "His people were toffs. I thought there'd be some pickings so I took his name."

The forest loomed up, gloomy and sinister and dark before her. They were passing the tumble-down cottage. "There's lots of wonderful stuff stowed away in there," he said mysteriously. "Golden crowns and things. I'm king here. This island is mine. And you're the queen!" He spoke as though it had just occurred to him. "Slaves!" he called ringingly. "Attend your Queen!" The forest echoed it back mockingly. "I shall carry the sword of State before you." He put his hand to his hip pocket and brought out a long, thin knife, such as Italian seamen carry. His eyes fell back and he ran his finger along it lovingly. "It loves human blood," he whispered confidentially.

Her blood ran cold. He had bared his teeth, and a new light had come into his wild eyes. Edith lost her nerve then. With a swift movement she struck him full across the eyes, then, fleet as the wind flew down the path to the river. Poised there for a second, she glanced back. With one hand to his eyes, and brandishing his knife with the other, he was tumbling down after her. She dived into the river.

With the rush and gurgle of swiftly running water in her eyes she heard his frantic shouting.

"Come back!" he called. She judged by the sound of it that he was sane again. "You'll be drowned!" The tide's running out."

But nothing on earth would make her go back there again. She struck out for the other side. If she could only get across to the road she was safe; there were some white people (the Brownings) about half a mile down the road where she could get shelter and protection. But beyond that she had no thought. . . The current in mid-stream was swift and strong, but she battled with it. A swirling eddy caught her and dragged her down. She came to the surface again, breathless and bruised. She drifted with the current for a little to regain her strength, then tried again to breast it. She struggled desperately; life was very sweet. But she felt her strength ebbing. . . A sudden silence seemed to come down over the world. The cruel green water was sucking her down . . . down . . . and she knew no more.

She woke from what seemed a long sleep to hear a voice in her ear. Her eyes opened. Old Nuffing was bending over her anxious-eyed. She was lying on solid earth under the shade of a great mango tree alongside the road.

III.

Old Nuffing had returned to the jetty from an errand to find that the launch had gone. Fearful of the punishment which he was sure awaited him, he had done the first thing which occurred to him in his panic. He borrowed a fellow native's horse, swung up into the saddle and raced up the road, his idea being to dismount at a point opposite the plantation jetty and swim across to the boat as it lay there. . . . He was pushing his way through the undergrowth which separated the river from the road, when he saw the boat swirling out into midstream. He saw Edith dive into the river. As swiftly and stealthily as a snake he slipped into it, swimming under the water until he came to the spot where she had disappeared. Like all natives he swam like a fish. . . .

"You all right now, Missie!" he said, grinning widely. "I go to get hat for Missie." She had left her toupee in the river.

She thanked him, then sighed as she proceeded to squeeze the water out of her bright hair. She was very disappointed. It should have been Mr. Ballington who had saved her from a watery grave, not a poor old Kaffir with dog-like eyes. Tears min-

gled with the river water. She felt very shaken, in spite of the fact that her life had been in danger once before from a madman. All she wanted at that moment was a strong man's protecting care. . . . The man who above all others should have been there failed her. She knew that she was unjust, but she began to feel resentful. He must have seen that there was something wrong when the boat went off without Nuffing; he had had his suspicions of that dreadful man. . . . She did not think that she could ever forgive him for not having come.

Her hair was beginning to curl at the ends like little drakes' tails when he came up, breathless and running. He slipped to his knees beside her, and caught her two little square hands in his impulsively.

"Thank God, you're safe! I've never put in such an awful half hour in all my life!"

"Really!" she said loftily, disengaging her hands. "That's why you're here now it's all over, I suppose."

He sat back on his heels. If she had been looking she would have seen that his eyes twinkled suddenly. He had been afraid of this very up-to-date young lady at first—girls had moved since he had been in England seven years ago—but her words and manner were precisely those of the capricious pre-war lady who cares enough to be piqued, and so unjust.

"My motor-cycle broke down three miles back," he said quietly. "I ran the rest of the way. I'd intended to motor up to Brownings, borrow their boat and pull over to your jetty. I'd heard rumors about Giddeon's queerness lately, and when you went off without Nuffing—"

To his intense surprise, and dismay, she suddenly hid her face in her arms and started to cry. In an inunlating rush the full realization of the position in which she had placed herself had come over her. She cried as though her heart were broken.

Well, Mr. Ballington had known her just three days, but he did the only thing possible under the circumstances: he proceeded to soothe her as one does a distressed child. He took the attitude that one takes with a little girl who is lost. He took charge of her. And, what's more, she allowed it.

"The doctor and his wife are friends of mine," he said firmly. "and I'm going to put you in their care until . . . . By the way, Miss Maynard, 'third from the peerage' is now in. I got the news the day I met you."

"C. . . . congrats.," she said tremulously. Then, with a sudden return of her old bright manner, she said: "If ever you dare to remind me that you saw me howling like a kid I'll . . . I'll never speak to you again!"

CANADA'S GREAT NORTHERN HERITAGE

BY ELIHU STEWART

CAPTAIN BUTLER, several years ago, prophesied that there would yet be a larger population north of the great Saskatchewan watershed than in the whole region south of it to the American boundary. This was thought by many at that time as very improbable; it was urged that, even admitting the wonderful fertility of the soil of the Mackenzie Basin, which contains in all between six hundred thousand and seven hundred thousand square miles, that the severity of the climate would be fatal to the growth of cereals: they overlooked the fact that during the period of growth, the great length of daylight and consequent heat from the sun would counterbalance to a degree the shorter length of the summer season. The fact is that for some three months during this season the average temperature is about the same as in the settled portions of the three Prairie Provinces.

The Mackenzie valley contains the longest stretches of unbroken navigation for flat bottomed steamers of all river systems in North America, excepting perhaps that of the Mississippi.

Starting at Hudson Hope on the upper Peace the distance to Fort Macpherson is more than two thousand miles, and in this whole distance the only barrier to a continuous passage by steamer is four miles at the Vermilion Chutes and sixteen miles between Fitzgerald and Fort Smith on Slave River. With canals at these two points a continued passage could be made without change for this whole distance. Again, steamers now run without difficulty from Fort McMurray on the Athabaska River to Fitzgerald, a distance of two hundred and eighty-five miles, partly over the same route as those from Vermilion. Further there is the whole coast of Lake Athabaska, upwards of five hundred miles, and Great Slave Lake with probably fourteen hundred miles of coast line, as well as Athabaska River with four hundred and forty miles on which steamers drawing two feet of water can run, with the exception of about sixty miles above McMurray. In the meantime, pending the building of canals, electric tramways could be constructed across the two first named portages at a very moderate cost, as the water powers at each point would be more than sufficient in the furnishing of power to electrify these routes.

In the years 1887 and 1888 a Committee of the Senate of Canada, at the instigation of Hon. Senator Schultz of Manitoba, was engaged in an inquiry into the commercial and agricultural value of the region north of the Saskatchewan watershed, and lying between the Rocky Mountains and Hudson Bay, a territory which they estimated as large as the whole

of France, Germany, Austria, Italy and Spain.

This Committee deserves great credit for their work. They succeeded in getting a mass of evidence from which I propose to quote briefly. Among others, James Anderson of the Hudson's Bay Company testified that he went to Fort Simpson in 1852. He said that the potatoes grown there then, in latitude about sixty-two degrees or say five hundred and fifty miles farther north than Edmonton, were quite as large as those grown in Ontario, and of just as good quality. A farm at Simpson produced very good native grass on which the cattle pastured all the summer. As far as he remembered, vegetation at Simpson was quite as early in the spring as in Ontario. As to native fruit he recollected often of eating the strawberries and gooseberries there. He rememberd the timber (Spruce, Poplar, and Birch) of good size growing about the Fort. As for the fur gathered at Simpson the following were the varieties, silver fox, beaver, marten, lynx, foxes of all kinds, fisher, otter, mink, rabbit, and black bear. There were musk rats, but the company did not bother about game animals, and numbers of moose were killed. Among the game birds they had gray and white partridges and any quantity of geese and ducks of all kinds.

There were splendid fish of all kinds in Slave Lake; and in the other lakes white fish and trout abounded. As for the climate, the ice generally moved out of the river in the middle of May. Winter there would be two feet of snow on the level. In mid-winter there were only two or three hours of daylight, and in midsummer you could hardly tell the difference between day and night. The long continuous daylight must have had a wonderful effect upon vegetation.

This witness gave an illustration of those who lived in the far north who were able to say in advance of actual cultivation as to the area where wheat would mature. It was ascertained that wherever the service berry grew and ripened wheat could be successfully grown. This berry, better known as the saskatoon in our Northwest and as the shadberry in the United States is similar to our huckleberry or blueberry, and is very palatable. It was largely used in the early days in the manufacture of pemmican. He said that in this way the people in the Northwest came to know certain facts regarding the agricultural capabilities of the country, so it became a common saying, afterwards borne out by actual wheat cultivation, that wherever the saskatoon berry was found in perfection, that district could be relied on for successful cultivation of wheat. The witness at this stage in his examination called on Professor John Macoun, the late well-known botanist, to say whether he was correct in his statement. Professor Macoun is reported to have replied in these words, "Yes, it is actually so". The witness said that by this means it was known that the Great Peace River district would grow wheat long before it had been sown in that region. He said it had since been confirmed and proved that all that region was what he might say half torrid. This fertility, he said, extended throughout the whole valley on the West side of the Mackenzie River. This, he affirmed, was proved by the experiments subsequently made at the different posts. Of course as the Arctic Circle was approached the capability of production decreased until within it, nothing but turnips and potatoes of a small size can be raised. He mentioned that the presence of the Chinook winds which are so prevalent along the east base of the Rockies has much to do with ameliorating the climate in that district.

The late Professor John Macoun gave important evidence before the

Committee. Professor Macoun was the first to give to the world authoritative information that our western plains were adapted for grain growing. At that time there was more skepticism regarding that region than there is to-day concerning the capabilities of the valley of the Athabaska, Peace, Liard, and Mackenzie proper. Professor Macoun was well qualified as a botanist to give a reliable opinion on the agricultural capabilities of the country. In the early seventies he explored the Athabaska and Peace Rivers. He stated that the good country for agriculture on the Peace commences at the Rocky Mountains Portage at Hudson Hope. From that point down, the country is suitable for agriculture the whole distance to the mouth. (Some six hundred miles). He says: "It is a fine level prairie country". On the north side there are no mountains to be seen and very little wood, but covered with berries, only the banks of the streams were wooded. It was of the same character as the North Saskatchewan, but with much taller grass. The soil is a black loam. Grain at Fort Vermilion was sown on May the eighth and twentieth, and was cut on the sixth of August. At Rocky Mountains Portage where the Peace issues from the Rocky Mountains (Latitude fifty-six degrees) he says he found a first-rate garden with vegetables far advanced on July twenty-first: new potatoes, onions, carrots, etc., were our bill of fare. Five days later at St. Johns vegetation was even farther advanced and all kinds of garden stuff were in the greatest profusion. Strawberries were fully ripe on July the sixth at Hudson Hope. At Dunvegan on August the sixth barley was almost fit to cut. At Battle River peas were getting ripe on August the sixth. From the Roman Catholic Mission near Chipewyan he found a field of wheat, sown on May the fifth, in the stook on August the twenty-sixth. He brought away some of this wheat which weighed sixty-eight pounds to the bushel, and a portion of it was sent to the World's Fair at Philadelphia in 1876, where it took the bronze medal. Professor Macoun stated that the whole of the country from Edmonton north-westerly to the Arctic Ocean in the Mackenzie valley is underlain by devonian or cretacious rocks and by the disintegration of these rocks, good soil is always produced.

I may here state that on a visit I made to the Upper Peace River in 1902, I brought back samples of wheat and other grain and every one who saw these remarked on the arge size of the berry, as compared with that grown in Ontario — this is another proof of the universal law that all fruits and grains produce more abundantly and in better quality as they approach their northern limit in this hemisphere. No doubt the same law holds good in the southern hemisphere as we approach the southern limit of production there.

Professor Macoun stated to the Committee that "he had just completed an examination of all the grasses of the Dominion and that he felt safe in saying that those of the Mackenzie basin are the ones best suited for pasturage of any known to stock men or farmers. The grasses referred to are those known as redtop and Kentucky blue grass, or, scientifically, poa pretensis and poa seratna, poa tenniflora and ceasia.

These four species are well known to American stockmen and are considered of the highest value. They are the commonest of the grasses in our northern forest region and along the foot hills of the Rocky Mountains. The wild pea or vetch grows all through the Peace River valley, but was particularly noticed on the plateau above Fort St. John in latitude fifty-six.

The professor gives these as illustrations of the wonderful luxuriance of the commoner plants on the high

plateau. He said that the vegetation throughout the whole Peace River valley is of the most luxuriant character, and that it seems more like that of the Tropics than a country drawing near the Arctic Circle.

He has much to say of the coal along the foothills of the Rockies, of the value of the timber there and of the abundance and good quality of the fish in the lakes and rivers.

As a concrete statement bearing on the climate of the valley of the Peace he quotes the following extracts from records kept by one Daniel Williams of Fort St. John on the upper Peace:

1872—Ice began to run in the river, November 8th.
River closed, November 28th.
First snow, October 28th.
1873—April 23rd. Ice moved out of river.
Planted potatoes April 25th.
First permanent snow, November 22nd.
River closed November 30th.
1874—River broke up April 19th.
First geese came April 21st.
Sowed barley and oats, April 22nd.
River cleared of upper ice from above the Rocky Mountain canon, May 26th.
Planted potatoes May 25th.
Potatoes not injured by frost until September 22nd. Then snow fell which covered them, but soon went off.
Ice commenced to run in river, October 30th.
River closed November 23rd.
Snowed all night, November 4th.
1875—Ice broke up in river, April 15th.
Warm rains from north-west, blue flies, and rain, February 18th.
Ice cleared out in front of Fort, April 16th.
Potatoes planted, May 8th, 9th, and 10th.
Barley and oats sown, May 7th.
Snow all gone before the middle of April.
This applies to both the river valley and the level country above, Difference in level, 746 feet.

Professor Macoun explained that in the Peace River country the snow passes off so easily that as soon as it is off the ground and a few inches of the soil thawed, the ground is ready for seeding, because the soil is friable and the snow of little depth.

The character of the month of September is almost identical with that of our best Septembers in Ottawa—a smoky atmosphere with occasional white frosts in the morning, but generally a calm atmosphere. In October the frosts get more severe toward the last of the month. About the 25th at Fort Chipewyan ice begins to form and the rivers and lakes soon close.

Many will be ready to admit all that has been said of the fertility of the soil in the valleys of the Athabaska, Peace, Liard, and other tributaries of the Mackenzie flowing east from the Rocky Mountains: they will give full credit to what has been said of the existence of valuable mineral products including also perhaps petroleum: of its wealth in the products of the forests and waters; even admitting that the climate may be all that has been reported of it, and without questioning the undoubted fact of its containing a vast system of inland water communication, but will ask of what use are all these if these waters lead only to an impassable ice barrier in the frozen ocean, and that there is no practicable land route to be found to connect this water system with seaboard.

The two most striking features in the topography of North America are the two great bodies of water penetrating into the continent from the east, the one consisting of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the great fresh water lakes finding their outlet by the St. Lawrence river; the other is an intrusion of the Atlantic (Hudson Bay) which pierces farther west than any of the great lakes. The west coast of this bay reaches a point some 100 miles farther west than Duluth, the most westerly point on Lake Superior, and more than 300 miles farther west than the City of Chicago.

It is true that the navigation of Hudson Bay is closed, owing to ice,

for about two months longer than that of the lakes, yet the former has the advantage, inasmuch as while it is open it affords unimpeded navigation to the largest crafts from the high seas.

Would that our great fresh water lakes had the same advantage.

Another thing that may surprise many is the distance between, say Liverpool and Montreal, on the one hand, and of Liverpool and the west coast of Hudson Bay on the other. By referring to a map of Canada recently issued by the Dominion Government, we find that the distance from Liverpool to Montreal is 2,760 miles via the Straits of Bell Isle, and that by Cape Race south of Newfoundland is 3,007 miles, while from Liverpool to Fort Churchill is 2,926 miles—that is, the distance from Liverpool to Churchill is only 166 miles farther than from Liverpool to Montreal by the shortest possible route, while by the longer route to Montreal, Churchill is nearer to Liverpool by eighty-one miles.

At present the inland water system referred to is tapped by two railways, the Edmonton, Dunvegan & British Columbia, and the Great Waterways Railway. The former connects Edmonton with the Upper Peace River at Peace River Crossing, the distance from Edmonton being 312 miles; the latter connects Edmonton with Fort McMurray on the Athabaska River, the distance between these points being 290 miles.

Very little consideration is required to show that these roads, though they may serve for light freight and passenger traffic, will be totally insufficient if this valley develops as it probably will in the near future. The fact is that this route lies in the wrong direction for large operations. When the rail journey by either of these is made to Edmonton, we are yet more than two thousand miles from the nearest Atlantic port, and about eight hundred miles from the nearest Pacific port, while, with a road from Fond du Lac on the east end of Lake Athabaska to Fort Churchill, a distance of about 450 miles, a good seaport is reached on tide water.

Other routes have been proposed. One of these is to follow up the valley of the Liard River from its confluence with the Mackenzie near Fort Simpson, to its source at the summit of the Rocky Mountains, and then westerly down the valley of the Stikine River to the Pacific. This route has at least three disadvantages as compared with the Athabaska-Churchill route. First, the distance is considerably greater; second, the gradients in passing over the Rocky Mountains are very much greater, Dease Lake at the summit being 2,660 feet above the sea, while Wollaston Lake on the height of land between Athabaska and Fort Churchill is only 1,300 feet; and third, perhaps more important than all the advantage that the latter has in the geographical position of its ocean terminus.

The mouth of the Stikine on an arm of the Pacific is in an unsettled wilderness seven or eight hundred miles northerly from Vancouver, and far removed from any of the great market ports of the world.

Another route is almost too fantastic for consideration—that is by a railway across the Rocky Mountains from Fort MacPherson to the head waters of the Porcupine River, a tributary of the Yukon, thence down these streams by boat to St. Michael's at the seaboard.

A glance at the map will show that the location of this railroad would be entirely beyond the Arctic circle, where less than a foot below the surface perpetual frost exists. I crossed on this route in the month of August, and below this distance was solid congealed earth. Building and operating a road under such conditions would be an experience that few engineers have met with.

But, besides this, the water transportation to St. Michael's, a distance

of about eleven hundred miles, has to be in crafts of shallow draft necessitating trans-shipment at this point to sea-going vessels. Again, St. Michael's is an Arctic port several thousand miles distant from any of the great seaports of the world.

If an outlet is sought by going up the Yukon to Whitehorse and from there via the White Pass Railway to Skagway, the distance is about the same as to St. Michael's. Skagway is also an isolated port, upwards of a thousand miles from Vancouver.

There remains one other outlet that has received some attention, namely, that from Great Slave Lake to Chesterfield Inlet on Hudson Bay. The distance between these points is not greater than that between Athabaska and Churchill, but the latter route is much shorter as an outlet for Athabaska and Peace River valleys, which, owing to their more southerly postion and greater area of fertile land, will in all probablity for many years lead all other districts of the Mackenzie basin in the production of articles of export. Again, Chesterfield Inlet is closed on account of ice for a period about twice as long as that of Fort Churchill.

Let us now consider in some detail the physical character of the proposed route. It must be borne in mind that the object is to obtain a route that will best meet the requirements of the whole Mackenzie basin; that such a route shall be as short as possible; that the physical character of the country shall afford the least possible difficulty in construction and operation, and that a safe and commodious harbor exist at its terminus on the seaboard.

In endeavoring to arrive at a conclusion on these matters I have consulted the views of various members of the Geological Survey of Canada, who have been engaged in exploratory work for that Department in this part of the country. I have also had the opinions of land surveyors, prospectors, agents of the Hudson's Bay Company, and others, and the almost unanimous opinion is that this is not only a feasible and practical railway route, but the only one that meets the required conditions. The distance would be about 450 miles, perhaps somewhat less.

There is no mountain barrier to be met with. In fact, Wollaston Lake, which is right at the height of land between Lake Athabaska and Hudson Bay, has — as I have stated — an elevation above sea level of only 1,300 feet, and only 610 feet above Lake Athabaska. This would give an average grade from the lake to the summit, a distance of about 175 miles, of only about three feet six inches in a mile, and between the summit and Fort Churchill 375 miles, of four feet to one mile, or two-fifths of one per cent. in the first case, and three-fifths of one per cent. in the second place.

As for the physical character of the country, various reports agree in stating that it consists of part of what the geologists call the great Cambraian peneplain extending north from the neighborhood of the Saskatchewan River to the barren lands.

This undulating plain is broken by low sand and rock ridges and numerous lakes. The valleys are generally covered with small spruce, poplar, birch, and banksian pine. Near the streams are belts of white spruce of large size, some of which attain a diameter of twelve to eighteen inches. Deposits of clay of considerable extent are met with in some localities.

The route that would probably be taken in building this railway would commence at some point on the easterly coast of Lake Athabaska, following up the Black or Stone River to the height of land, thence working over into the valley of the Seal River, thence down this valley to Fort Churchill.

A fair general idea of the character of the country will be obtained from the following report made on "The Terminal Moraine of the Seal-

Churchill Divide", by F. J. Alcock, of the Geological Survey of Canada:

"In the part of Seal River explored only one crop of bedrock was seen; everywhere else the country is covered with superficial deposits of boulders, gravel, sand, and clay. These deposits are in the form of sand plains, sand ridges and hills, and irregularly scattered material. The relief is nowhere great. A few hills and ridges stand out prominently, but aneroid readings for elevations on all the higher ones showed that none rises more than 200 or at most 225 feet above the level of the river, and the majority have an elevation considerably less than this.

"As already mentioned, the actual divide near Trout Lake between the Seal and the Churchill waters is a narrow ridge running in a north-east direction. To the south-west of the portage it maintains its ridge-like character for a distance of three miles and to the north-east for a distance of two miles. It then fades out into rolling sandy country in which there is but little system to the hills. This narrow ridge is not uniformly straight but has a somewhat serpentine outline. Its sides are steep, making an angle of about thirty degrees to the horizontal at the angle of repose of sand. Its crest is narrow, and though far from being uniformly level, affords excellent walking. Well-marked trails show that it is a favorite path of the northern caribou. It is composed of clay, sand, gravel and boulders, wholly unsorted. In places at the very top of the narrowest parts of the ridge are huge boulders some of which weigh tons. The characteristic type of rock is red granite.

"Where the ridge widens out into the broad, rolling, hilly country, there is no regular pattern or system to the hills. Depressions are numerous. Some of the hollows are perfectly dry, supporting a growth of moss; others are wet and swampy, and still others are occupied by lakes many of which have no outlets. Some of the larger lakes, however, are drained by streams which have cut narrow channels through the sand ridges, show very irregular profiles, and are all marked by rapids.

"The country east of Chipewyan Lake displays similar features. The shore of the lake is bordered by a sand plain. In places a steep cliff of sand cut by wave action forms the edges of the plain. The surface is either level or gently rolling. About half a mile from the lake, hills rising to a height of 200 feet have a general north-east trend, but there is no ridge as definitly pronounced as the one north of Little Sand Lake. The summits of the hills are either bare or support only a sparse growth of spruce and white birch. From a distance these hills with their light-colored ball tops stand out in sharp contrast to the rest of the sandy country with its spruce, jackpine, and birch forest.

"North-west of Seal River a similar type of topography obtains, with rolling sand plains and more or less well-defined ridges with a dominant north-east trend. Between the ridges are numerous lakes, some of which have outlets, but many of which have not. The streams crossing this sandy belt are marked by narrow valleys and irregular profiles shown by the presence of rapids."

I would like to ask any civil engineer experienced in railway construction where he will find more favorable conditions for an equal distance in any of the recently constructed railway lines in any part of Canada.

In the October number Mr. Stewart will consider "Fort Churchill as an Ocean Port".

FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I

Few men of his time in Canada stood on a level with Edward Blake and yet he has almost passed out of men's minds and memories. It was his fortune to hold office for only short periods. He never became Prime Minister. Long occupancy of office seems to be essential if one is to establish an enduring political reputation. It was not so with Burke but few Burkes have appeared in human history. After all not much of Fox has survived. Daniel Webster perhaps was as fortunate as Burke. Henry Clay still fills a luminous page in American history. But James G. Blaine with all his brilliant quality has fallen to a lower position than his inferiors who became President.

There was a time when Edward Blake even challenged the ascendancy of Sir John Macdonald. No more powerful speeches than his ever were delivered in the House of Commons. He was often singularly impressive on the platform. One recalls a debate at Ottawa on a motion to expel a Conservative member when Laurier as leader of the Opposition was forced by one of Blake's speeches to abandon in the face of Parliament a position to which he had committed himself and his party. One remembers also an occasion at Massey Hall in Toronto, after Laurier had returned in triumph from the Queen's Jubilee, when a few sentences spoken by Blake made all else that was said seem thin and watery. In the Imperial Parliament, however, Blake was comparatively ineffective where Laurier would almost have taken rank with Balfour. Shortly after Blake became a member of the British Parliament he was banquetted by the Eighty Club. In response to the toast of his health he read a speech too solemn and heavy for such an occasion. His first speech in the Imperial Parliament, which he also read from manuscript and which betrayed elaborate verbal preparation, produced no better impression. The ground thus lost he never recovered and he knew why. He knew, too, that most of the speeches to which he listened in that Parliament were as carefully prepared as his own and spoken from memory. Upon this he sometimes insisted with a touch of acrimony. He resented criticism of himself which was as fairly applicable to his fellow members. At best they were only more successful than Blake in concealing the degree of preparation and in producing an impression of spontaneity.

For many years in the Imperial Parliament, as in the Canadian House of Commons, there was an unwritten if not a specific law against reading speeches. Once a member from Nova Scotia was challenged when reading a speech and had to confess to the Speaker that he had "copious notes". He was allowed to continue but ever afterward was known as "Copious Notes". According to Lady Frances Balfour, Sir William Harcourt once attempted

to read a Budget speech in the British Parliament but was only permitted to continue on the plea that the speech contained many figures. In a contribution to *The Westminster Gazette,* Lady Frances deplores the habit of reading speeches which has become common in the Imperial Parliament. She thinks the practice destroys the attractiveness if not the effectiveness of Parliamentary speaking. She says:

"Mr. Lloyd George, who used to delight the House with his rapid and trenchant criticism from below the gangway, never looked at a paper. His was the most sparkling and amusing debating form. To-day, he reads slowly, line upon line, all his well-digested illustrations. Mr. Winston Churchill, whose memory used to play him no tricks, and who committed to memory with an ease a Scottish minister of the old school would have envied, also read word for word the other day his great speech on the Irish question. The difficulty now would be to find a Minister who does not read. Mr. Asquith in any set speech has long given himself over to the paper."

One did not need to be told that Mr. Asquith read his speeches. No man of his time has had greater power of clear and luminous statement. Goldwin Smith once said that no man ever spoke literature extemporaneously. Without exact verbal preparation the perfect form and finish of many of Mr. Asquith's speeches could not have been achieved. This is as true of Mr. Winston Churchill, who John Morley believes is one of the most powerful and effective speakers among the public men of England. In graceful, felicitous and sonorous oratory Lord Rosebery has eclipsed all men of his time but no one could be persuaded that he ever spoke extemporaneously. No doubt, save in very rare cases, there is loss in ease and effect when a speaker uses manuscript but it is not surprising that public men should desire to escape the prodigious labor of memorizing their addresses. There is hope, too, that as the prejudice against manuscript disappears many speakers will come to read as naturally and effectively as if they were speaking from memory. At any rate it is certain that in the future men will no more commit speeches to memory than they will write letters with their own hands when a stenographer and typewriter are available.

II

There never has been a great deal of extemporaneous speaking except perhaps in the rough and tumble of stump warfare. In day to day campaign speaking verbal preparation is often a disadvantage but even a great portion of speeches of this character are prepared word by word and sentence by sentence. Few men ever feel secure without diligent and laborious preparation. We have had no better speaker in Ontario than Sir George Ross, and few who gave a greater impression of spontaneity, and yet practically every sentence of most of his speeches was written, committed to memory and spoken with amazing fidelity to manuscript. When he was unprepared he was discursive and comparatively ineffective. Now and again, indeed, when he had to speak without verbal preparation he barely escaped a complete failure. It may be that Sir George Foster often speaks extemporaneously but it is just as true that he is often discursive and involved. His best speeches, however, are singularly impressive and powerful. Moreover, unlike many other speakers, he is as effective in Parliament as he is on the platform. Whatever may be his method of preparation he has been, perhaps, the most consistently persuasive and effective speaker of his time in Canada. The high excellence of Sir Richard Cartwright's speeches was achieved by labori-

ous verbal preparation. No one could have prepared more carefully than Sir Oliver Mowat and, as has been said, Edward Blake became almost a slave to manuscript. Few men have written the English language with such felicity as Goldwin Smith but every sentence that he spoke from the platform was drawn from the storehouse of memory. *The Ottawa Journal* a short time ago had an interesting and illuminating article on modern oratory and the changes in habit and method in the Canadian Parliament. The *Journal* said:

"We have no Lloyd George, no Lord Hugh Cecil, no Birkenhead, and, what is more, we have no Laurier. Ten years ago the reading of a speech in the Commons was unheard of. Mr. Fielding would deliver his budget with only a few resolutions before him; Sir George Foster would reply with hardly a single note; Sir Wilfrid would come to the House with a few words scrawled on an envelope and deliver a finished oration. So rare, indeed, was the habit of reading speeches that when Mr. Wilson, of Laval, who was unfamiliar with English, attempted to read his speech, a member rose to a point of order, and Mr. Wilson was compelled to drop his manuscript and sail eloquently away in his native language. Sir Robert Borden, curiously enough, was one of the first to begin reading his speeches. He was a fluent speaker, and an able debater, but he had a passion for precision, for the exact word, and whenever he had an important pronouncement to make he read every word of it. Sir Thomas White followed the example, and always read his budgets; and in recent years the habit has spread all over the House."

It is true that Sir Wilfrid Laurier never read from manuscript, and so far as we know never wrote any considerable section of his speeches. But it was his habit, in his study or in his office, to go over the ground again and again, to think out every phase of his subject, to find language for every argument which he meant to offer, and in fact to make the speech many times over before it was actually delivered in Parliament or from the platform. His method was not that of Ross or Blake or Cartwright but for any great occasion his preparation was as complete and perhaps not less laborious. But Sir Wilfrid, like Sir John Macdonald, had the great gift of personality, which gave a common sentence distinction and even a doubtful argument some of the authority of a final judgment. Sir Thomas White may have read his budget speeches but he seldom speaks from manuscript and seldom delivers an address which is not of admirable literary finish, of happy temper, and of exceptional breadth and substance. It is not the habit of Sir Clifford Sifton to strain at excessive verbal preparation. One imagines that he has no reverence for oratory and is suspicious of eloquence. But the Canadian Parliament has had no greater debater and probably no man of greater constructive genius or more acute intellect has appeared in the public life of Canada since Confederation.

III

All this leads naturally to Chauncey Depew's "Memories of Eighty Years", which was published a few weeks ago. Now nearly ninety years of age he has been a great figure on the American platform for two generations. As a literary achievement the book is not remarkable. He does not write well, nor are the few quotations which he gives from his own speeches at all striking in force or structure. He has been a great story teller and a great stump speaker. He seems to have spoken always for immediate effect and with the exaggerated emphasis and extravagance which great public meetings and excited political conventions require. But the book is profoundly interesting for all that it reveals of the character of American oratory, for the glimpses

which we get in its pages of many American statesmen, and for the light which it casts upon many crises in American history. He says:

"I have spoken in every national canvass, beginning with 1856. It has been an interesting experience to be on the same platform as an associate speaker with nearly every man in the country who had a national reputation. Most of them had but one speech, which was very long, elaborately prepared, and so divided into sections, each complete in itself, that the orator was equipped for an address of any length, from fifteen minutes to four hours; by selection or consolidation of these sections. Few of them would trust themselves to extemporaneous speaking. The most versatile and capable of those who could was James G. Blaine. He was always ready, courted interruptions, and was brilliantly effective. In a few sentences, he had captured his audience and held them enthralled. No public man in our country, except, perhaps, Henry Clay, had such devoted following."

Of Mr. Joseph Choate, sometime United States Ambassador to Great Britain and one of the great figures of the American Bar, Mr. Depew says:

"Choate asked at one time when I was almost nightly making speeches at some entertainment: 'How do you do it?' I told him I was risking whatever reputation I had on account of very limited preparation, that I did not let these speeches interfere at all with my business, but that they were all prepared after I had arrived home from my office late in the afternoon. Sometimes they came easy, and I reached the dinner in time; at other times they were more difficult, and I did not arrive till the speaking had begun. Then he said: 'I enjoy making these after-dinner addresses more than any other work. It is a perfect delight for me to speak to such an audience, but I have not the gift of quick and easy preparation. I accept comparatively few of the constant invitations I receive, because when I have to make such a speech I take a corner in the car in the morning going to my office, exclude all the intruding public with a newspaper and think all the way down. I continue the same process on my way home in the evening, and it takes about three days of this absorption and exclusiveness, with some time in the evenings to get an address with which I am satisfied.' The delicious humor of these efforts of Mr. Choate and the wonderful way in which he could expose a current delusion, or what he thought was one, and produce an impression not only on his audience but on the whole community, when his speech was printed in the newspapers, was a kind of effort which necessarily required preparation. In all the times I heard him, both at home and abroad, he never had a failure and sometimes made a sensation."

As interesting is his reference to Roscoe Conkling, also a great lawyer, for years a resolute and aggressive figure in the politics of New York State, a senator who aspired to be a president, a partisan who could neither unite Republicans nor conciliate Democrats and who finally by the violence of his enmities and the arrogance of his character brought his own career to confusion and failure.

"There used to be," Mr. Depew says: "a gentleman, an employee of the State committee, named Lawrence. He was a man of a good deal of receptive intelligence and worshipped the senator. Mr. Conkling discovered this quality and used Lawrence as a target or listening-post. I have often had Lawrence come to my office and say: 'I had a great night. The senator talked to me and made speeches to me until nearly morning.' Lawrence told me of another instance of Conkling's preparation for a great effort. When he was preparing the speech, which was to bring his friends who had been disappointed at the convention to the support of General Garfield, he summoned Lawrence for clerical work at his home. Lawrence said that the Senator would write or dictate, and then correct until he was satisfied with the effort, and that this took considerable time. When it was completed he would take long walks into the country, and in these walks recite the whole or part of his speech until he was perfect master of it. This speech took four hours in delivery in New York, and he held the audience throughout this long period. John Reed, one of the editors of The New York Times,told me that he sat on the stage near Conkling and had in his hands the proofs which had been set up in advance and which filled ten columns of his paper.

He said that the senator neither omitted nor interpolated a word from the beginning to the end. He would frequently refer apparently to notes on his cuffs, or little memoranda, not that he needed them, but it was the orator's always successful effort to create the impression that his speech is extemporaneous, and the audience much prefer a speech which they think is such."

Interesting too is Mr. Depew's account of a conversation with Mr. Raymond, of *The New York Times,* who seems to have been a friend of Daniel Webster. "Mr. Raymond told me this story of Mr. Webster's remarkable memory. Once he said to Mr. Webster: 'You never use notes and apparently have made no preparation, yet you are the only speaker I report whose speeches are perfect in structure, language, and rhetoric. How is this possible?' Webster replied: 'Is is my memory. I can prepare a speech, revise and correct it in my memory, and then deliver the corrected speech exactly as finished.' I have known most of the great orators of the world, but none had any approach to a faculty like this, though several could repeat after second reading the speech which they had prepared."

IV

Mr. Depew in his long career seems only once to have broken with the Republican party. He supported Horace Greeley against General Grant in the campaign which began so auspiciously for Greeley and ended in his utter humiliation and death under the shadow of domestic sorrow and financial ruin. Mr. Depew says:—"In the early part of his canvass Mr. Greeley made a tour of the country. There have been many such travels by presidential candidates, but none like this. His march was a triumphal procession, and his audiences enormous and most enthusiastic. The whole country marvelled at his intellectual versatility. He spoke every day, and often several times a day and each speech was absolutely new. There seemed to be no limit to his originality, his freshness, or the new angles from which to present the issues of the canvass. No candidate was ever so bitterly abused and so slandered."

Of Mr. Cleveland it is said:—"He had a peculiar style in his speeches and public documents. It was criticised as labored and that of an essayist. I asked him, after he had retired to private life, how he had acquired it. He said his father was a clergyman and he had been educated by him largely at home. His father was very particular about his composition and his English, so that he acquired a ministerial style. The result of this was that whenever any of the members of the local Bar died, he was called upon to write the obituary resolutions." Of Benjamin Harrison, whom Mr. Depew places far higher in the honor roll of American Presidents than do other less adjectival historians, it is said: — "On the platform as a public speaker he had few equals. He was most lucid and convincing, and had what few orators possess, which was of special use to him in campaigning and touring the country as President, the ability to make a fresh speech every day and each a good one. It was a talent of presenting questions from many angles, each of which illuminated his subject and captivated his audience. It was said of him by a senator who was his friend, and the remark is quoted by Senator Hoar, that if he spoke to an audience of ten thousand people, he would make every one of them his friend, but if he were introduced to each of them afterwards, each would depart his enemy. I think that his manner, which was so unfortunate, came from his early struggles to his triumphant success."

Of Robert G. Ingersoll, the famous agnostic, who is ranked as "one of the greatest orators of his generation", Mr. Depew writes:—"Colonel Ingersoll carried off the oratorical honors of that campaign (1876) in a series of speeches, covering the whole country. I say a series of speeches; he really had but one, which was the most effective campaign address I ever heard, but which he delivered over and over again, and every time with phenomenal success, a success the like of which I have never known. He delivered it to an immense audience in New York, and swept them off their feet. He repeated this triumph the next day at an open-air meeting in Wall Street, and again the next day at a great gathering in New Jersey. The newspapers printed the speech in full every day after its delivery, as if it had been a new and first utterance of the great orator. I spoke with him several times when he was one of the speakers after an important dinner. It was a rare treat to hear him. The effort apparently was impromptu, and that added to its effect upon his auditors. That it was thoroughly prepared I found by hearing it several times, always unchanged and always producing the same thrilling effect."

For such a celebrated story teller as Chauncey Depew there are fewer good stories in the book than one would expect to find. Probably he felt, as too many people do not, that even a story may grow old. One of the best is ascribed to Roosevelt:—"The President had one story which he told often and with much glee. While he was on the ranch the neighbors had caught a horse thief and hung him. They soon discovered that they had made a mistake and hung the wrong man. The most diplomatic among the ranchers was selected to take the body home and break the news gently to his wife. The cowboy ambassador asked the wife: 'Are you the wife of——? She answered, 'Yes'. 'Well," said the ambassador, 'you are mistaken. You are his widow. I have his body in the wagon. You need not feel bad about it, because we hung him thinking he was the horse thief. We soon found that he was innocent. The joke is on us.'"

When Mr. Depew was in the Senate Jeff Davis was there as the representative of the Populists of Arkansas. It is explained that Davis was "loudly, vociferously and clamorously a friend of the people". We have his type in Canada and they are as confident as was the Arkansas patriot that they alone stand between "the people" and the greedy, piratical and unholy financial and corporate interests. Mr. Depew says:

> "One day he attacked me, as I was sitting there listening to him, in a most vicious way, as the representative of big corporations, especially railroads, and one of the leading men in the worst city in the world, New York, and as the associate of bankers and capitalists. When he finished Senator Crane went over to his seat and told him that he had made a great mistake, warned him that he had gone so far that I might be dangerous to him personally, but in addition to that, with my ridicule and humor, I would make him the laughing-stock of the Senate and of the country. Jeff, greatly alarmed, waddled over to my seat and said: 'Senator Depew, I hope you did not take seriously what I said. I did not mean anything against you. I won't do it again, but I thought that you would not care, because it won't hurt you, and it does help me out in Arkansas.' I replied, 'Jeff, old man, if it helps you, do it as often as you like.' Needless to say, he did not repeat."

V

At the earnest persuasion of Mr. McKinley, in the campaign between McKinley and Bryan on the silver issue, Mr. Depew took the platform as the chief advocate of sound money and the chief spokesman for the Republican

party. He tried to convince McKinley that as President of the New York Central Railway and an associate of Wall Street he could not hope to speak with effect to farmers who were crying for cheaper money and better prices for their products. McKinley on the contrary insisted that Depew's very position would "draw the largest audiences and receive the greater attention". It turned out as McKinley predicted. If the masses of the people are so often misled by demagogic agitators it is because they go from platform to platform unchallenged and because those who have the knowledge necessary to combat and expose their mischievous teaching lack the will or the courage to do so. As a final extract from Mr. Depew's "Memories" this is singularly instructive and impressive:

"I recall one meeting in particular. There were thousands present, all farmers. In the midst of my speech one man arose and said; 'Chauncey Depew, we appreciate your coming here, and we are very anxious to hear you. Your speech is very charming and interesting, but I want to put this to you personally. We here are suffering from market conditions for the products of our farms. The prices are so low that we have difficulty in meeting the interest on our mortgages and paying our taxes, no matter how seriously we economize. Now you are the president of one of the greatest railroads in the country. It is reported that you are receiving a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year. You are here in a private car. Don't you think that the contrast between you and us makes it difficult for us poor farmers to give you the welcome which we would like?'

"I saw at once that I had lost my audience. I then ventured upon a statement of conditions which I have often tried and always successfully. I said; 'My friend, what you say about me is true. Now, as to my career, I was born and brought up in a village similar to the one which is near you here. My father gave me my education and nothing else with which to begin life. As a young lawyer I was looking for clients and not for office. I made up my mind that there were no opportunities offered in the village, but that the chances of success were in the service of corporations. The result is that I have accomplished what you have described. Now, my friend, I believe that you have a promising boy. I also believe that to your pride and satisfaction he is going through the neighboring college here, and that you intend on account of his brightness and ability to make him a lawyer. When he is admitted to the Bar, do you expect him to try to do what I have accomplished and make an independent position in life, or fail?'

"The farmer shouted: 'Chauncey, you are all right. Go ahead and keep it up!' "

No speaker can ever afford to shuffle or evade. Candor and courage always produce an effect. Inflammatory oratory and yellow journalism are twin brethren and there still is a great constituency to which both make a powerful appeal. But more and more only facts convince and only sincerity prevails. There are speeches which make an immense immediate impression while a few hours afterward not a word that was said is remembered. After all facts are better than eloquence and reasoning more enduring than ranting. Impromptu speeches generally are "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal". A great utterance only comes from laborious preparation and it is not of vital consequence whether it is read from manuscript of spoken from memory.

VI

War breeds extravagance in public expenditure. Even though much voluntary service is rendered so many new positions are created and so many new tasks are attempted by governments that the total cost of public administration is enormously increased. It is, too, difficult to get back to "business principles". The notion persists that the people can do nothing for themselves. Commissions are created and officials appointed to meddle in things which they should leave alone or which should be left to the regular

public departments. As compared with twenty-five years ago the cost of government in the Dominion and in all the Provinces is appalling. To an amazing extent the money is spent on new services and new officials. The people are paying for a multitude of things they could do better for themselves and in most cases getting poorer results.

One wonders how much the coal crisis will cost the municipalities and governments for official activities and abortive experiments. Through intelligent co-operation with coal dealers and mine owners probably far better results would be obtained at far less cost to the taxpayers. In crises when business experience and ability are most needed we turn to amateurs, and get the results we deserve. Whatever may be the advantages or disadvantages of "public ownership" it is certain that the system encourages extravagance and tends to swell taxation. Every new public bureau means more officials and more taxes. Every interference with private business increases the public burden and in few cases gives any compensating advantages. Too many governments and councils feel that they must do in peace all that they did in war and that nothing can be well done unless governments interfere. There was an old conviction that the less government the people had the better. The new view seems to be the more government the better. Who before the war would have thought that a compulsory Wheat Board was a proposal that could receive serious support. For years we have been agitating and legislating, often unwisely, against "monopolies and combines". Now those who have had most to say against combines deliberately set out to create with the sanction of governments an iron-bound combination to control what the free trade orators describe as "the food of the people". If the Board should be established and, as the Americans say, should "function", why should not all legislation against industrial combination be repealed.

VII

British statesmen are looking as never before for extension of trade and settlement in the outer Empire. The British Empire Settlement Fund provides £3,000,000 annually for assisted migration to the Dominions. Even the responsible leaders of British Labor have taken a new attitude towards emigration. They recognize that under the conditions which the war has created Great Britain has an excessive population and that years may elapse before the pre-war volume of British trade with Europe may be restored. A great foreign trade, however, is the very condition of existence for a multitude of the British people. This is why Mr. Lloyd George is so eager to re-establish the commercial equilibrium of Europe and even willing to make a trading connection with the Soviet Government of Russia.

Few of us perhaps have understood how great is the volume of British trade with the Dominions as compared with that with foreign countries. In a statement issued by the Empire Development Union it is stated that before the war Great Britiain's exports to the self-governing Dominions were more than double her exports to the markets of Central Europe and that in 1913 British exports to Russia, Germany and the United States with a total population of nearly 350,000,000, were £88,000,000, as compared with £91,0000,000 to Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa with a total population of less than 20,000,000. "Taking the last pre-war year as a basis of comparison," says the statement, "every Briton in these four Dominions overseas spent on an average eight times as much as every German on British goods, fifteen

times as much as every American, and forty-six times as much as every Russian." It is not surprising, therefore, that the political and commercial leaders of Great Britain should desire to transfer population to the Dominions or that new emphasis should be put upon Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's statement of 1903, "We have an Empire which with decent organization, and consolidation, might be absolutely self-sustaining. There is no article of your food, no raw material of your trade, no necessity of your lives, no luxury of your existence, which cannot be produced somewhere or other in the British Empire, if the British Empire holds together, and if we who have inherited it are worthy of our opportunities."

It is for the British peoples themselves to determine whether or not they will reciprocate the tariff preferences of the Dominions as it is for the Dominions to decide whether or not, as even Sir Wilfrid Laurier desired, the Dominions will give more favorable consideration to British manufactures in return for British preferential treatment of Canadian products. An industry in Canada is as valuable to the Empire as an industry in Great Britain and aside altogether from fiscal preferences it is possible by freer investment of British capital in the Dominions, by organized development of the resources of the oversea countries, by favorable transportation charges and by distribution of the surplus population of the Old Country throughout the Empire to expand British commerce, reduce the burdens and increase the prosperity of all the British communities. The Empire Development Union points out that preference within the Empire is now an integral part of the fiscal policy of the United Kingdom, of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa and that there are also preferences between the Dominions and between Canada and the West Indies. Whatever may be the future policy of the Dominions it is certain that in the Mother Country there is an acute realization of the value of inter-Imperial trade and a greater disposition than ever before to develop the oversea British countries alike in the interests of commerce and in the interests of Empire.

CANADA'S FIRST HISTORIAN

BY H. BEDFORD-JONES

Illustrations from contemporary prints

THE first history of Canada ever written, and in some respects the most valuable, remains to-day almost unknown and certainly unread, and is extremely difficult to obtain in any edition. The work is not excessively rare or valuable; it is merely wrapped in oblivion. It is the *"Histoire de l'Amerique Septentrionale"*.

Major de Bacqueville de la Potherie, a native of Guadeloupe, joined the fleet of d'Iberville in April of 1697, as royal commissioner. He took an active part in the final voyage of d'Iberville to Hudson Bay, and later from the internal evidence of his own work, spent some time in Canada with the express object of preparing his history.

He was thrown into intimate relations with the famous sons of Charles le Moyne. From them and from their friends, men acquainted at first hand with every detail of early Canadian history, men whose feet had swept the frontiers for years past, he learned avidly. At times, one can discern d'Iberville speaking in person. Nor was he content with this. The missionary Bobé says of him:

> He made friends with most of the principal chiefs of the tribes allied with New France, who came each year to Montreal to trade furs. He spared no pains, in all his talks with them, to learn their customs, laws and the particular happenings which had taken place among them.
>
> The Sieur Joliot instructed him of all he had seen and learned among these tribes. The Jesuit fathers, who were his friends, have been very useful to him. The Sieur Perrot, the principal actor in all happenings among these tribes during more than forty years, informed him deeply and with great exactitude of all he knew.
>
> M. de la Potherie confesses to me that all these persons were a tremendous help. He questioned them designedly, telling them of his purpose, and immediately put into writing all that the savages told him. I have read this manuscript with pleasure, finding here what I have not seen in Lahoutan, in Fr. Hennepin, or in all the others who have written of New France."

From the material thus laboriously garnered, de la Potherie produced a monumental work in four books. The first begins abruptly with the Hudson Bay expedition. The others take up the Iroquois, the tribes allied with New France, and the Abenakis. All the historical and ethnologic details are related closely and exactly. Further, all the French towns and settlements in Canada are described with some minuteness.

The manner of his relation is singular. With events upon which he had no first-hand information, our author deals briefly, attempting no elaboration. With events upon which he had full and accurate data, he actually lets his informants speak—tacitly, as it were. Through the involved account of Indian relations and councils, one can hear the voice of grizzled old Perrot; through the tale of Newfoundland and early Hudson Bay affairs, one listens to the chuckling and sprightly recital of d'Iberville.

Nor does de la Potherie lack a certain dry humor of his own, very de-

The *Pelican* in Hudson Strait

lightful to come upon unexpectedly; not a broad and obvious sense, but rapier-like in its keen accuracy. His comment upon the Chevalier de Montalembert, of the artillery, is succinct: "a gentleman extremely attached to his profession." Detailed to serve as interpreter between d'Iberville and Morrison, chaplain of Fort Nelson, while terms of surrender were being discussed, he says: "all my Latin was lost upon this clergyman who could scarce decline *musa*. Afterward, I was not surprised to learn that few of these Scotch clergy know the tongue."

This history is told by one who had a great part in it. Through all he says, through all those pictures so superbly brushed, we see his friend and dear companion, Pierre le Moyne. This man knew d'Iberville! We who call ourselves Canadians, whether by birth or blood or acquisition, have a most glorious figure at which to glance back across the years. New Orleans might somewhat adjust her vaunted boast that she is a child of France. Glance at the street names, glance at the titles of her founders, and what do we see? Memories, not of France, but of Canada. Names of men born in Canada, names of men holding Canadian seigneuries, names of men who fought in Hudson Bay for the Compagnie du Nord before Louisiana was a name! And chiefly those of d'Iberville and Bienville.

Dé la Potherie has never been translated, save in part. Miss E. H. Blair, in her work on the Indian tribes of the Upper Mississippi Valley, translated a portion of his second volume; that is all. Yet his volumes present a veritable treasury of Canadian history, most remarkable for its sources and accuracy, yet to most of us all obscure and unknown.

The exact date of his publication I do not know. The first edition of which any trace has been found, was issued in 1719, but an unavailing search of two years, both in the new world and the old, has failed to discover any copies except in late editions, and these very rarely. Agnes C. Laut, in her "Conquest of the Great Northwest", made use of the edition of 1792. George Bryce, in his "Remarkable History of the Hudson's Bay Company", quotes an edition of 1772. The illustrations used in this article appear in that of 1753, the earliest edition to which access

could be obtained, although the fourth of the work.

Many of the statements made by de la Potherie—in this edition—particularly in his account of the Hudson Bay raids, are rather at variance with accepted records, and in particular with the work of Miss Laut, just quoted. This is in no sense to be construed as an attack upon one of Canada's most conscientious and most valued authors, whose sources were many and whose work in and for Canadian history has no more respectful admirer than the present writer. French accounts would naturally differ from English accounts, and Miss Laut drew largely from original sources in Hudson's Bay House.

On the other hand, we must recognize that de la Potherie drew his tale from the lips of those concerned, and that through his pages recurs continually the steely *"Magna pars fui"* of the man himself. In touching upon certain mooted points, therefore, let it be assumed that this is done in no spirit of captious criticism, but in the effort to establish the real worth, and to point out the extraordinary oblivion, of Canada's first historian.

The details of d'Iberville's first raid on the Bay, that under Chevalier de Troyes, are vivid and evidently came from the mouth of d'Iberville himself; they are much at variance with accepted accounts, in certain matters. One interesting point is that of the lead cannon-balls used at the siege of Albany; another, that of d'Iberville's siege machine.

The capitulation of Albany offers more particular variance. Miss Laut states, from English sources, that Governor Sargeant was granted full honors of war; and that the English prisoners were dispersed to winter

The Wreck of the *Pelican*

An early Canadian Warrior

in the woods, or were compelled to act as beasts of burden to Quebec with their conquerors.

De la Potherie, quoting the exact articles, shows that no honors of war were granted; Sargeant and his son alone were allowed to carry swords. According to these articles, the "servants of the Company" were to be taken to Charlton Island, "there to await the English ships which will pass. And in case these ships do not arrive, the Sieur Chevalier de Troyes shall aid them with as good a ship as possible, to take them back to England."

To a casual reading, these conditions would appear to have been broken, for de la Potherie proceeds: "The governor and his suite were taken to Charlton Island, and the remainder of the English went to Moose," which was in French hands. And, later, "D'Iberville sent the English by sea to France." Evidently, however, the articles of capitulation applied only to the governor and his suite; the garrison were held as prisoners of war.

Miss Laut also states that immediately following the surrender, the Canadian force was without provisions or powder, and made "a wild scramble for home". De la Potherie's recital of the return states: "After things were put in order, he—Chevalier de Troyes—left for Montreal on August 10, 1686. D'Iberville sent the English by sea to France. Six months afterward, he came overland to Montreal, having left his brother Maricour to hold these places." Indeed, after de la Potherie's pages, it is hard to imagine d'Iberville indulging in any *sauve qui peut*. Our author observes: "I am not surprised at the way the Canadians have distinguished themselves in this land. One may say

rightly that it is necessary to be a Canadian, or to have the heart of a Canadian, in order to carry such an enterprise to its conclusion."

Again, Miss Laut does "the first Canadian" a grave injustice on page 244 of her work, cited above. D'Iberville did not sight the English fleet when the fog lifted, and was not "off like a bird", abandoning his comrades to their fate. De la Potherie most explicitly states that nothing was seen of the English fleet by those aboard the *Pelican*. Upon gaining Fort Nelson, "We were surprisd at not finding the *Polmier, Wasp* and *Profound* here ahead of us." When the English fleet arrived, d'Iberville took them for his own missing ships, until he was trapped and forced to fight them all. Nor had the *Violent* gone down amid the ice-floes in the strait, for she was apparently left at Placentia, having been badly damaged in the passage from France. If she had been "nipped", de la Potherie would have chronicled the fact.

Equally important is the disposition made of the English after the taking of Nelson. Miss Laut states, page 252, that "Grimmington had bargained for his ship, and he now sailed for England with the refugees, reaching the Thames on Oct. 26th. Bailey marched overland in the teeth of wintry blasts to Governor Knight at Albany. How Bailey reached England, I do not know. He must have gone overland with French coureurs to Quebec; for he could not have sailed through the straits after October, and he arrived in England by December."

De la Potherie clears this up in few words: "On Sept. 24th we left Fort Nelson, taking with us the English garrison and part of the crew of the *Hudson's Bay*. We reached Belle Isle November 8th." This clearly shows why and how Bailey reached England by December.

However, our author and royal commissioner clears up one problem only to present another. He does not mention Grimmington's ship, the *Dering*, leaving it to be inferred that she was captured with the fort. He does say this, however:

"I shipped all the beaver we found in the fort, in the *Albemarle*. Our pilots did not know the river, and we ran on a rock, the seams opening. The English had embarked with us. . . . some of us took to the water, others escaped ashore or remained aboard."

What was this *Albemarle?* She was not of the English Fleet. There is no other mention of her in the narrative, nor can I find any mention elsewhere, although her name must be somewhere noted. Perhaps she was the small ship used to convey furs to the *dêpot* on Charlton Island, as de la Potherie elsewhere informs us was the case.

That a work of this magnitude, covering every phase of early Canadian history with great exactitude, has never been translated into English, is almost incredible; particularly so, in view of de la Potherie's remarkable passion for obtaining all details at first hand, and his invaluable communication with direct sources.

His chapter dealing with d'Iberville's Newfoundland raids is epical, although his observations on the English settlers are not exactly flattering. In his Indian relations, one cannot too strongly insist upon the value of his work. Mr. John Thomas Lee, in his monograph on Jonathan Carver (State Hist. Society of Wisconsin, 1912) observes that "La Potherie . . is believed to have drawn freely and without credit from the lost writings of Nicholas Perrot". Yet we are explicitly informed, at least in the fourth edition of 1753 from which I draw, that "Perrot informed him deeply, and with the greatest exactitude, of all he knew". What need for the lost writings of Perrot, when we have Perrot's dictation?

I should like to know what is the matter with our historians and historical societies.

LITTLE SISTER ISHMAEL

BY ODETTE TCHERNINE

MOLLY RANE was hoydenish, slim and straight, and she had never known tidiness during the twenty-six years which she carried rather well. She might have looked worse; for Molly had had wear and tear since her early childhood when her uncle and aunt sent her out in the streets to beg and tell lies. Since then she had been a waitress; a mother's help; a lady-help as she bettered herself and tried to improve; a super in film studios; and a robin in "The Babes in the Wood". She was supposed to be good at impersonations, and she chased Fame down every likely side turning, and each time Fame slipped through her fingers.

She was still chasing after some mode of living when she met Nell Weston in a Bayswater boarding-house. The other boarders' feelings were very mixed regarding Molly Rane of the pale smiling face, long gray eyes and sleekly brushed dark hair which she had trained to a decided peak in the hope of attracting fame by mistake, if she could not do so by legitimate means. Molly and Nell both paid for bed and breakfast; but whereas Nell slaved as daily governess to three spoilt children, Molly's movements were spasmodic. For days she would hang about the boarding-house sewing feverishly, reading theatrical papers and telling her fortune at cards, or anyone else's who was contemptuously good-humored with her for the moment, just to while away an hour. Other times she never rested from morn till night and only crept home to her little cupboard of a room at late hours, very tired, and saying to herself, "What a life!" while she peeled off her one joyful vanity, a pair of red silk stockings, as she sat on the bed for the purpose of undressing without her shins barking themselves against the washstand.

Molly had plenty of admirers to the disgust of the boarding-house ladies, young and old who clustered round the "lounge" fire because men sat there, and who said that they were "surprised at Mrs. Cumings" (the landlady) for this that or the other impropriety. Then they would add "bad management" and glance up at the clock that always marked ten minutes to two, and wonder whether Molly or Grace or Florry had remembered about their hot water bottles.

But to return to Molly's admirers, she seemed to hold with the maxim that there was safety in numbers. They ranged from a youth whom Molly always laughed at and who had not yet passed the socks and ties crisis, to a theatrical looking man whom she disliked, but who might find her a job, and whose invitations for long motoring tours in a car that was not his own were always met with "Get along, and don't try all those monkey tricks with me!" So Molly went on finding only spasmodic work, and the boarders went on laughing at her or turning a cold shoulder whichever way they felt; and little tired

Nell Weston of the weary blue eyes was the only woman in the house who was kind and who treated Molly as if she were a human being of equal worth.

One day Nell fell ill, and Molly sent admirers to the right-about and spent her time running up and down stairs for whatever she fancied the girl might require. When Nell was better, Molly would wheedle boxes of chocolate from those same admirers for the purpose of giving them to her new friend.

"You shouldn't do it, you know," Nell explained, sitting up on her pillow, her face solemn between the two brown plaits that made her little Quaker face look even more Quakerish still.

"Shouldn't I just? Tell me another, duckie." And she popped a coffee cream in Nell's mouth. "Men!" Molly wrinkled her nose in derision. "I'd like to ruin the unholy old lot of 'em in chocolates. They're not worthy a tuppeny D!"

Nell smiled. Her knowledge of men was probably less extensive than Molly's. She might have known more about them; but the boarding-house type was not to her taste; and besides, there were too few of them to care whether she liked them or not. A little governess is of no more importance than a little gad-about, but they would more likely than not vote for the latter because she happened to be better fun and took nothing seriously—which was quite the right spirit in the ridiculous unequal game called Life.

But Nell lost her work through being ill, and Molly was not flourishing either; so, as they happened to be two of the loneliest girls on earth, they left the boarding-house, with its unsympathetic old ladies and weedy stray men, and went into lodgings together, because it is easier to starve in a bed-sitting-room than in a boarding-house. For some time they lived on buns, tea, cocoa minus milk, and an occasional sausage roll. Nell would have been heart-broken without Molly, and Molly might have gone entirely to the dogs without Nell. On the other hand, she might not; for Molly had unexpected traits in her character and, like Ishmael, her hand was against the whole world and the whole world against her. It is very lonely to be a modern Ishmael and from her loneliness and contempt had sprung the worship for Nell who was not of her kind, but who had never sneered at her or spoken a cruel word.

They both found work after a time, and Nell grew to look prettier and less of a ghost. She said it was because she took her meals at her post. She taught in a school, and her work was to train twenty youthful minds into a horror of split infinitives and knowledge enough to pull them through the English papers at exams.

Molly, jealously inquiring, gathered that the two other teachers, who took classics and mathematics, were sour, elderly, be-spectacled, and unlikely to become friends with Nell, and that the sciences were taken by a man supposed to be rather brilliant who hailed from one of the larger colleges.

Nell grew thoughtful and pre-occupied with trifles, such as the color of a new bow or the whereabouts of unexpected tucked away shops where you could buy artificial silk stockings that looked the real thing. Molly had initiated her in the shopping wilds of Soho, where pretty clothing was sometimes picked up for little more than the proverbial song; but Nell would turn up her little nose, for she could not shed her upper-middle-class ideas.

"I don't like it, Molly," she would apologize. "I always have a sort of feeling that some dreadful pretty lady has worn the things once, not been able to pay, and returned them—so there."

So Molly adapted herself to new ideals, dropped old acquaintances, who had been company, for all they had done her more harm than good; and went on adoring Nell, because she asked no questions and was a good friend. Nell was just as sweet as ever, but she seemed changed, and one day she asked Molly if she had ever been in love.

Molly sat back on her heels, then went on toasting a piece of bread over their gas fire, and nodded an affirmative.

"Why didn't you marry him?" asked Nell. Life for her was still in straight, up-and-down rules.

"He didn't ask me. I was awfully young and he was starting his career, and—oh, dash it! We weren't the same class. As if he'd have married me—I'd run away from uncle and aunt—the old rotters. What a little gutter-snipe they'd made of me," she glowered in the firelight. "I wonder a girl like you can stand to have me about. I'm not as bad as I was, but I'm no good really!" She turned the toast on the other side.

"Oh, you weren't meant to go into the rough and tumble. It's a shame. As for pluck, I sort of got it after he went. I wasn't going to let any other man play the same trick. . . That's why I never got on in my own silly work, Nell dear, for I just led them on and hated them like poison, and when they started their ugly tricks it was 'Bye-bye, meet you at blazes, I *don't* think, and not anywhere else'. You'd have hated anybody after *him*, ducky; and he did love me a little, and as for me, I'd have let him walk over me. I was a soft fool, I suppose."

Molly blew on the toast, for a corner had caught fire. She laid it on a plate and took up another slice.

"Butter's on the shelf," she went on. "Get it, there's a dear."

"Molly," began Nell, as she put a dish cover over the toast, "didn't he say he would marry you?"

"Silly ass! Of course not. I didn't expect it, either. The world seemed to crack up when he left me. I was a soft fool!" she reiterated; then looked up at Nell like a dog waiting to be beaten.

"D'you still love him?"

Molly wriggled her foot, lost her shoe, retrieved it with another wriggle, and moved her shoulders expressively.

"Oh, shut up, do! Who cares?"

"I think he must have been a bad man," said the Puritan in Nell.

"Bad? Don't you go saying things about him. The idea!"

"Poor old Molly. I suppose you'd never been taught the difference between right and wrong."

Molly caught at a straw.

"That's the stuff—you've got it! Oh, duckie, you're a wonder. Another girl as good as you would have told me to hop it as quick as I could."

And poor grateful Molly forgot that she had meant to put one or two questions regarding her friend's outbreak in personal adornments.

The inevitable happened. Nell came back to their diggings one evening with the sparkle of new-found happiness in her eyes, and another kind of sparkle on the third finger of her left hand. She was engaged to Edward Morrison. He was the best and kindest and handsomest man that ever graced the post of Science Master, and he had got on so well, and would gain yet more successes, for he was in the early thirties and his colleagues spoke highly of him, and he and Nell were going to be so happy and would darling old Molly forgive her for not speaking before? The days or weeks leading up to an engagement were so worrying and tiresome and lovely and mixed up!

Thus Nell rhapsodized, as if she were two instead of twenty-two. But then love is no respecter of years or wisdom, or commonsense. It plays pranks on the most unlikely people. Molly, sitting and listening like a

patient little Sphynx, smiled to herself and remembered how, when they lived in the boarding-house, she and Nell used to laugh at a certain hand-holding couple who were neither young nor handsome, but who were doubtless sublime unto each other.

"I have spoken so often about you, Molly dear. You must meet him. He's coming to-morrow, after work." Nell's voice broke upon her dream and she started up with congratulations and an apologetic smile.

"He wants me to marry him soon," Nell went on. She was combing her side hair before the tiny glass until it waved and crinkled and the lighter strands within it shone like burnt gold.

"He says I'm pretty. . . . Isn't it silly? Oh, Molly," and Nelly meandered on in divinely selfish joy. Everyone has the right to be selfish once or twice in life, only some take the habit and carry it into practice too often.

Molly cracked a walnut and ate it.

"Oh, don't, dear. Your teeth!" Nell spoke absent-mindedly, for she was staring at a tiny, almost invisible mark on her nose and hoping "Ted" had not noticed it, and hoping likewise that to-morrow would see it gone.

Molly cracked another nut, and this time she laughed.

"I think I shall take that touring job, after all," she said.

"Oh, Molly. But you weren't keen on the management."

"Who cares? They go abroad too. Might as well try my luck elsewhere than in this benighted village."

Molly had a way of making up her mind in one bound, so to speak. Nell admired her for it; but sometimes those impulses made her afraid.

"And I shan't see you again for years and years." There was genuine regret in Nell's voice.

"You've got somebody else to look after you now, and he'll do it better than me, and—and I know he'll hate me. He'll be everything that I'm not," Molly finished miserably, but Nell whirled her round the room, told her not to be a silly old donkey, and that she must be very nice to Ted to-morrow.

* * * *

The next day was a half-holiday, and the two girls spent the earlier part of the afternoon in repairing the wear and tear of the week, and making their tiny sitting-room bright with flowers, and a cheerful fire. Nell had found three cups that were almost alike, the first-floor lodger had lent her silver spoons and sugar tongs, and she had bought a tea-pot of the silver-lacquered china variety that very morning. On seeing it, Molly had slipped out to Westbourne Grove and returned with two gay cushions. Nell had hugged her; then they had dressed each other's hair and fastened each other's frocks; and now they sat on either side of the little gas fire, the kettle between them on the hob, Nell very happy and Molly the opposite. Nell was conscious of her friend's state of mind, and it gave her a twinge of conscience as though she were to blame, and somehow she found herself wishing that Molly had just got engaged as well. It would have been fun, and then Molly wouldn't have talked about joining touring companies that would take her to the other side of the world.

The bell rang three times—in lodgings, each lodger has his own special ring that calls him to the front door—and Nell ran downstairs.

Molly waited, and presently she heard mingled voices on the landing, the swish of Nell's skirt, a firm tread and a laugh.

"Go in—oh, don't be silly. Molly won't eat you." Nell almost pushed Morrison into the sitting-room, a merry smile on her lips. "Here he is, Molly—Ted—Molly, my friend—"

"Good Lord." The cry came from Molly, and the man and girl stared at each other. Nell stood behind her

fiancé, so she only saw the horror on her friend's face.

"What is it?" She started forward. But now Molly smiled and held out her hand to Morrison.

"Do excuse me," she began, "but you took me by surprise—awfully silly of me—you're rather like someone I used to know."

They shook hands, and Morrison watched the girl narrowly. Nell laughed and said that Molly had quite startled her. Molly joined in the laughter with zest, and even told Morrison to turn his face to the light.

"No! It was just at first—the likeness gave me quite a start. You're not like him really. Have you ever noticed how sometimes you could swear two people were one and the same until you see them together?" And in such gay and careless strains Molly rattled on, and Nell put down Morrison's silence to shyness; and she made him get up and help her with the tea things. Later on, when he left and she saw him downstairs, he held her in his arms and kissed her very hard, a queer look in his eyes.

"You do love me, don't you, Nell, and nothing would ever prevent you —darling?"

"Silly boy! What is he so cross about? I say, Teddy, how d'you like Molly?"

"Blow Molly!" cried the brilliant young man who would go far.

"Teddy, she's my friend. She's been as good as gold to me. I don't know what I'd have done without her when I was ill."

There followed more endearments of an incoherent nature. For a Science Master, Edward Morrison was rather chaotic in his love-making but Nell seemed well pleased, so there is nothing more to say.

"I'd like to get a special license and take you away now," said Morrison.

She laughed and saw him go, a restless and tortured being for reasons of his own.

Nell found Molly playing Demon Patience when she came upstairs. She did not stop, but went on fingering the cards, a slight tremor in her fingers, a pucker between her dark brows.

"Well, Molly? What do you think?" She sat down on the mat and twisted her ring round and round, making it gleam in the firelight. "Of course, poor Ted was shy, but when you know him better—I say, is he really like someone you knew? The man you told me about?"

"A bit." Molly shuffled the cards and threw them down. "Just at first it gave me a shock, but afterwards I saw he wasn't like really. His name was Harry and he painted sloppy pictures." And that was part a truth and part a lie, thought Molly, for "Harry" was the name right enough, but he had never touched a brush except once to re-varnish a cupboard. Molly remembered how they had laughed over the episode. Then she pulled herself up, but she could not put two thoughts together. She was living in a nightmare and she kept trying hard to tell herself that it was all a dream, that she would soon wake up. But Nell was still chattering away on the hearth-rug, her eyes frank as a child and innocent of any guile. Nell rose and began collecting the tea things.

"Don't bother, dear. You're tired and I can wash up alone," she said. "Here! Catch!" she dropped her ring in Molly's hand. "I don't want to drop it down the sink."

She could hear Nell singing softly to herself as she went about her work on the landing. She twisted the glittering jewel about and about, and it caught a thousand rays and held them captive in shafts of green and flame, and every other color.

That evening, Nell had to go out for a private lesson, and Molly was left alone. She tried to read a magazine, tried half-heartedly new ways of doing her hair, experimented with

a sample pot of face-cream, and when all things palled, told her fortune in a listless mechanical way born of long habit. But the pack seemed badly shuffled and the cards came out wrong; they gave Molly a gruesome feeling, and she shivered.

She went and stood by the window and there, walking up the ugly little front garden, was Edward Morrison. She saw him clearly, for there was a street lamp across the road.

He was coming back to tell Nell—to throw himself on her mercy. She remembered that he had a streak of a hard-and-fast conscience once upon a time. He would say everything, and Nell would hate her, and there would be misery all round, and she—Molly—God! how she would hate herself!

The three rings at the door sounded in her ears like a knell, and she stood shivering half-way between window and door, the love of the old days beating at her heart with the new agony of her friendship with Nell.

She let him in, and they repaired to the sitting-room without a word. They seemed to know exactly why they stood there.

"I never thought of anything like this when Nell spoke about you," she began, and her voice was lifeless. "You gave another name—as they all do when it's left-handed business."

"Yes. I—never connected Nell's friend Molly with you."

"Of course not. It's all quickly forgotten." Then she started up, her hands clasped. "What are you going to do? I love Nell—she's all I have. She's made a better girl of me."

He was watching her as they stood face to face, the table between them, on the cloth the hurriedly cast down pack of cards.

"That trash. You still play with it, Molly?"

"That trash made me frightened to-night, and I wish I were dead. . . . Why — Harry — why must it be my Nell? It's unfair. She thinks the world of me though she knows I have been a giddy fool. She's the one woman who's ever been good. I spoke about you, and I——"

Morrison gave a sharp intaking of his breath and she shrank away with a cry, and suddenly gave a shaken laugh.

"Before I knew she was engaged, that was. God! I thought you was—were going to strike me!"

"I don't strike women," said Morrison.

"There's many a man that would, for there's none they hate so much as the old love when they're getting on with the new."

"Be fair, Molly. We were both youngsters."

"You knew enough to give a false name."

"How long does Nell's lesson last?"

"Oh, there's time. You needn't think I want to trap you. We both want to thrash this out," she cried.

"I love Nell, don't you see?"

"So do I. She might not forgive if she knew you were the man who left me in the lurch. She's a prim little Puritan is my Nell, and she was the making of me." Molly shrugged her shoulders and gave an old and bitter smile. "It's queer to think of me changing my ways because of her—"

The man gazed at her as though he were trying to find out what had lured him in the old wild days, and there was shame, remorse and passionate anger in his face. Most truly man is not one man alone, for then would the world be a simplified place to live in. He shook his head.

"However did you become Nell's friend?" he mused.

Her eyes flashed. "That's right! Sneer at me now, when one word from me could turn everything upside-down."

"But you won't say it, Molly, for God's sake!"

"I don't know." She was walking up and down the room, her face as

white as death, her lips visibly unsteady.

"Then you don't care for Nell! All this talk about your love for her is a farce," he cried. "You'll spoil her chances of happiness. She'll throw me over for some silly idea. And I won't have it, d'you hear? I won't have her slaving away in that wretched school. Nell's made for better things—"

She sat at the table, her hands covering her face, and from between her fingers broke little shuddering sighs.

The front door banged and a light step sounded in the hall. Nell was coming upstairs, humming softly to herself. The man and girl started up.

"You little devil! You knew she was coming earlier," gasped Morrison.

"I didn't—I swear I didn't. Here! Put the gas out! Get behind the door. She'll think I've gone to bed and go straight to her room."

The footsteps came nearer and nearer. Nell had stopped humming, and now gave a tiny yawn as she neared the top of the staircase. She sounded tired. She came to a standstill outside the half-open door and her hand was on the handle; then she seemed to change her mind and went farther up to her own room. They heard the door shut and the key turn in the lock, and in silent accord they waited and listened to Nell walking about overhead. They stood behind the door like two criminals and waited until the last sound had died away and Nell had evidently got into bed. Then Molly went to the mantelpiece and lighted a candle. Her hands shook ever so slightly, but she seemed less unnerved than the man.

"And now you must go," she said, in a quiet voice. All resentment and indecision had died out of it.

"I'm no forrarder if I go now," pleaded Morrison. "I'd have you call Nell down this minute and tell her everything rather than go away and wonder whether you've told her, whether you haven't, whether you may at the very moment be breaking her very heart with our rotten little story."

Molly gathered her pack of cards together. She shuffled them softly in a regular heap and put them away; then she squared her shoulders and looked Morrison full in the face.

"I'm not going to say a word. I never was going to," she began. "I couldn't bear Nell to think badly of me and I'll go away. She'll never know, and I'll just remember that she was good to me though she knew I was not of her sort."

"Molly!" He took her hands. "You're a trump. Now, why did you kick up a fuss at first?"

"Don't know. My cussedness, I suppose. You won't ever mention anything either, will you, even in years and years? Nell's good opinion is the only good thing I've ever had. Hang it all, man.—You and I—it might have been you and another. She'd forgive you—all the good girls do—it's the other wrong girl whom they don't forgive."

Edward Morrison left the Bayswater lodging-house in a curious frame of mind. He had gained his ends, but he felt as though the tables had been turned upon him in some intangible way.

Alone in her room Molly lay fully dressed on her bed, her fashionably-dressed hair rumpled, and clenched in her hand the letter from the second-rate agency offering her a small part in a touring company. And Miss Ishmael was crying bitterly because she would have to pack her traps and leave the only woman who had ever been kind, and because she had never forgotten to love the man who had once called himself "Harry Kemp".

PICTURESQUE RAILWAY STATIONS

Now that the Grand Trunk Railway System has established the practice of beautifying railway stations, it is to be hoped that the new Railway Board will continue the practice throughout all the National lines, for there has been much favorable comment during the past summer on the improved appearance of the grounds surrounding the stations on the Grand Trunk Railway System. While it had been the practice at a few of the larger stations to have flower beds, there was no general plan dealing with the creation of garden effects at the smaller stations, until about two seasons ago.

Considerable progress has been made, and what were formerly waste places of land and often cinder beds have been transformed into green lawns, shrubberies, and flower beds. The officers and employees have co-operated in the work and the successful results obtained are due to their practical interest in the new departure.

The amount of ground available around the various stations was as a rule not extensive and nothing of an elaborate nature was attempted, the main object being to have some simple arrangement of lawn, shrubs and annual flowers in keeping with the general surroundings. In order to obtain results with a minimum of expense, the general contour of the land was not interfered with.

Considerable care was given to the collection of the shrubs and flowers, as they were required to grow under conditions not conducive to the best of plant health. The work has been carried out entirely by the track forces and station staffs of the railway, and the fact that a large portion of the upkeep has been done by the men in their own time shows how enthusiastically they have supported the plan.

The men in charge of the various stations were supplied with the plants, etc., and in the majority of cases they did their own arranging. The ultimate results of their work, as seen from the passing trains, being in every way satisfactory, and reflecting great credit on the men, who, before the Company took up the subject, had done little or no horticultural work. As there has been a marked awakening of interest in the improving of home surroundings, the work accomplished by the Grand Trunk men in beautifying the railway premises will serve as an inspiration to the citizens of many towns with regard to what can be done in a simple and inexpensive way in improving their own home grounds.

Floral setting of the G.T.R. station at Belleville, Ontario

The Railway Station Garden at Lindsay, Ontario

A picturesque view of the railway station at Barrie, Ontario

Window Decoration at railway station, Gananoque, Ontario

KANAKA FALLS

(A Reverie of Summer)

By JOHN NELSON

HERE, where two mountain streams,
Born in the same far valley,
(The issue, joint, of summer sun and snow)
Fall to a common channel, and like children, freed,
Laughing, go hand in hand, to seek the Sea,
Turn I for rest. From the canyon's walls
Hang, in rare artistry, the dainty maiden hair,
The flaming trillium, and mosses cool
And slender dogwood, whose blossoms fair
And fragile, the wanton pool gives back
In rippled radiance.

Upon the forest floor the dry bracken of a summer dead
Makes soft the earth, while violet, and wild geranium,
And frail anemone, yield to the heedless tread
Their grateful pressure.

About the gorge, from out whose gloomy depths,
Rises, in diapason deep, a liquid song,
Stand white boled cottonwoods, like surpliced choristers.
Green aisles, fragrant with odors such as never soothed
The sense of temple worshipper,
Stretch in alluring vistas into shady deeps,
And cool retreats, and transepts dim,
Spanned by a vault of blue.

To these green cloisters, like a hurrying workman,
Who, passing a chancel dim, turns for a space aside,
Drops at the door his kit, and entering in,
Muses awhile apart, I come. No need, like him,
By mumbled orisons, to fit the mind for worship;
Enough, that each arboreal spire heavenward points;
That incense deep rises from whorl and petal,
And a sweet choir, from their woodland seats
Pour on the jangled nerves, their soothing charm
Of gentle harmonies antiphonal.

For here is sanctuary. From the neighboring wood
Come all the gentle and the harmless things,
Feathered and furred, to revel or to sing.
Even the timid doe, from the safe covert of a sheltering copse,
Surveys me unafraid. Only the stealthy cougar,
Eager with blood-thirst, keen upon his prey,
Passes aloof, blind to its beauty,
Or, for a moment, gazes upon the quarry,
Secure, within the refuge of this verdant altar,
From his swift vengeance.

And, as in those long forgotten days,
When, heavy with slumber, my boyish head
Heedless of intoned chant, and lesson long,
Drowsed on my mother's breast,
So here, with senses drenched in this sweet calm,
I sink upon the bosom warm
Of the kind common Mother
Lulled by her music, swooning from deep content,
As on my spirit, vexed and worn, there steals
A dream of Peace.

1922

CANADA AND HER BIG NEIGHBOR

BY E. E. BRAITHWAITE

CANADA and the United States! In other words, the North American continent.

It is not so much that these two countries occupy the bulk of the continent. Far more important is it that in respect to their controlling ideas and ideals, their guiding principles, their influence, their world position, there is no other part of the continent at present that deserves mention in comparison with them.

This is the dominating portion of Anglo-Saxondom, too. There is no other part of the world which can compare with it in the population and area of English-speaking people. And there is such a similarity in the habits, the language, the political and civil institutions of the two countries. What a contrast in South America, in Europe, in Asia, in Africa, in all of which language, civilization, political divisions, and ideals of a widely differing nature exist side by side. There is no other area anywhere, therefore, which has our opportunity to influence the whole world.

The history and experience of the older United States will naturally be more or less of a guide to what may be expected to happen in the more youthful Canada.

In population we are running a century behind our neighbor, decade by decade. The figures for the United States for 1800, 1810, and 1820 were 5,308,483, 7,239,881, and 9,638,453 respectively, while the figures for Canada for 1901, 1911 and 1921 were 5,371,315, 7,206,643, and 8,788,483. Following this analogy the population of Canada should about double in the next twenty years and nearly double a second time the following twenty years.

But a much more rapid growth than this may be anticipated. Had not the high tide of immigration into Canada up to 1913 been checked by the war, the 1921 census would doubtless have been far in excess of that of 1820 for the United States. We also have already large cities in the central west and on the Pacific and a considerable peopling of the whole interior, all of which, together with our important transcontinental railroads, is so different from the American situation of last century. In 1820 the United States had only 234,266 west of the Mississippi River compared with 1,715,000 in our four western provinces in 1921. Even as late as 1840 they had only about half as many in their West as we have in ours now.

There are almost three million British-born people living in the United States, or nearly three per cent. of the whole population, 800,000 of these being Canadian-born. There must be, therefore, many millions of British and Canadian descent. For

several generations our exodus across the line was very great while it was quite small in the opposite direction; but, recently, the tide has been turning the other way.

The city-congestion problem of our neighbors has already begun to assume some importance with us. Montreal and Toronto have each five times as many people as New York had in 1820. One-tenth of the American people live in their three largest cities. Already one-eighth of ours are in our two largest. More than one-quarter of theirs are in cities above 100,000, of which there are sixty-eight, and one-half are in places above 2,500. Only forty-eight per cent. live in rural places (less than 2,500). The increase in their urban population during the last decade has been twenty-eight per cent. In the rural population it has been only three per cent. While in 1910 the rural population was seven million higher than the urban, in 1920 it was four million lower.

The final revision of the 1921 census, which makes our population 8,788,483, an increase of about twenty-two per cent. for the decade, shows an almost equal division between places with more than 500 and those with less than this number. In the last thirty years those inhabiting places of 500 or less have increased from 3,296,141 to 4,439,505, or only thirty-four per cent., while the population of larger places has grown from 1,537,098 to 4,348,978, or 183 per cent. Most of our rural gain in recent times has been in the western provinces, which show an increase in the last decade from 1,037,838 to 1,529,773, or forty-seven per cent., while in Ontario this gain has been only 2.6 per cent., and in Quebec one-half of one per cent. The urban gain in the same period for these last two provinces has been 28.5 and 36.3 per cent. respectively.

In the matter of wealth we are far below the present American standard, but from recent indications we shall reach this in much less time than we attain their present population status.

In the present state of world affairs it is difficult to speak accurately of national wealth. A few years ago the national wealth of the United States was estimated to be two hundred and fifty billions, having grown from seven billions since 1850, or a gain from $300 to $2,400 per capita. A recent estimate makes the national wealth of Canada more than double what the United States was as late as 1850.

The 1920 United States income tax returns showed three-quarters of a million persons more than the previous year with incomes of $1,000 to $2,000, and nearly a million more in the 2,000 to $3,000 class, there being large increases in all the classes up to $50,000. Beyond that amount there was a steady decrease, the number reporting an income of a million falling from sixty-five in 1919 to thirty-three in 1920. Canada reported two with incomes of a million in 1920. As far as actual wealth goes a recent estimate gives the United States 284 multi-millionaires, 550 worth a million and 13,834 worth half a million.

Canada's indebtedness in 1914 was nearly $5000,000,000, or forty per cent. of that of the United States, which then stood at about $1,200,000,000. It is now about $2,400,000,000, which is only ten per cent. of that of the United States at present. In her ambitious war programme the latter country increased her indebtedness more rapidly than Great Britain or France, or indeed than any of the Great Powers except Germany.

Since 1914 Canada's debt has grown in increasing amounts every year until last year, the annual increments running from $21,695,224 in 1914 up to $382,646,969, in 1919, and $674,337,591 in 1920. The net addition to the debt in 1921, however, was only $92,010,359, and it is to be hoped that it will now be gradually reduced.

While conditions are so unsettled it is also difficult to treat matters of trade and commerce except in the most general terms. It is very significant, however, that from 1900 to 1920 the export trade of Canada increased from $177,000,000 to $1,286,000,000. Though with so limited a population Canada is exceeded in exports only by the United States and Great Britain, and in imports by the United States, France and Italy.

More than half of Canada's total trade has been with the American Republic, though recent high tariff enactments are having their effect. It is interesting to note that while British exports to America in 1921 amounted to £44,000,000, those to Canada were nearly £20,000,000, the per capita average for Canada being five times that for her neighbor. Australia's per capita average was twenty times that of the United States, and New Zealand's thirty times.

The close relationship in trade between the two North American countries may be seen from the fact that during a recent month (April, 1922) the per capita purchases of Canada from the United States were higher than those of any other country, averaging $6.28, compared with $3.33 for Cuba, $1.59 for the United Kingdom, and $1.40 for Australia.

In respect to ideal international relations one of the best object lessons the world has ever had is that of these two peoples dwelling side by side for more than a century without breaking the peace, with no fortress or battleship in the whole 3,000-mile boundary line between them.

President Butler has said: "There have been more tempting occasions for misunderstanding and armed conflict between the British Empire and the United States than between the United States and all other nations of the earth combined." Viscount Bryce makes the significance of this all the greater by stating that the quarrels of kinsmen are proverbially bitter and the separation between these two peoples of kindred blood has taken place as the outcome of a long war which left angry feelings on both sides. Therefore, as Bryce says, to have reached an amicable settlement of all these vexed questions without once resorting to arms for a period of a hundred years, far longer than has been the case on any other frontier between civilized nations, is an event without parallel in all history.

Among the questions which threatened to break the peace between the two countries no less than three had to do with boundary lines.

The boundary dispute between Maine and New Brunswick assumed prominence just when Upper and Lower Canada were in the throes of civil war, at the beginning of the "roaring forties". In 1838 the case which had lain dormant for some time was opened up afresh on the occasion of a conflict between the Maine authorities and some British lumbermen operating on the Aroostook River. The militia were called out but no bloodshed resulted. However, it became increasingly clear that the dispute must be permanently settled. Fortunately, in 1841 Daniel Webster became American Secretary of State and Lord Aberdeen Foreign Secretary for Great Britain. Lord Ashburton, who was a real friend of the United States, was appointed to represent Great Britain. He arrived in Washington in April, 1842, and by the ninth of August the famous Webster-Ashburton Treaty had been signed. An acceptable compromise had been reached, but the treaty is of value more for illustrating the pacific method of settling difficulties than for its actual content.

It was also in the "roaring forties" that a more serious boundary dispute culminated on the other side of the continent, viz., in Oregon. The Americans had established a fur-trading post at Astoria at the mouth of the Columbia River. This was seized by

the British during the war of 1812, but was afterwards restored. A decade later the fur trade began to be extended beyond the Rockies, and soon there was a well organized trade established in the Oregon territory and a large influx of immigrants. In 1844 Polk was elected President on the platform of claiming this whole territory for the United States, the party slogan being, "Fifty-four Forty or Fight". The British Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel, publicly declared that Britain would maintain her rights there at all hazards. Subsequent negotiations were accompanied by misunderstandings on both sides and for a time negotiations were broken off altogether. Meanwhile there was a decided manifestation of warlike feeling in both countries which nearly led to open rupture. But finally the forty-ninth parallel was made the basis of settlement, reserving to the British Vancouver Island and the navigation of the Columbia River. A treaty to this effect was signed June 15th, 1846. Thus again was averted a threatened outbreak between the two nations.

The Alaskan boundary question came to a head following the discovery of gold on the Klondike in 1896, which brought a great number of people to the region. A joint commission which met at Quebec and at Washington in 1898 and 1899 found the treaties defining the boundaries to be very indefinite. It seemed almost impossibile to agree how to identify certain mountains "parallel to the coast", or the "coast" itself from which a given distance of ten leagues was to be measured. One contention would exclude Canada from the Pacific altogether except south of Alaska; the other would give her a seaport affording her the best access to the gold-fields. The dispute for a time was quite stubborn. But the method of arbitration again prevailed and a decision was reached October 20, 1903, favorable to America claims.

Among the other international problems of the century one of considerable importance had to do with the fishery question. By the Convention of 1918 it had been agreed that the United States would not fish "within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks or harbors" of British America, except in certain designated portions of Newfoundland and Labrador. The Americans claimed that this allowed them to enter any bay so long as they kept three miles from land. The British held, however, that the bay included everything inside of a line drawn from headland to headland. The fact that Canadians were as anxious to have free access to American markets as Americans were to obtain the privileges of inshore Canadian fishing greatly aided in finding a solution. The outcome was the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 which remained in force till 1866 and resulted in increasing the trade and fostering the cordial relations betwen the two countries.

Of a somewhat similar import were the seal troubles. To prevent what seemed to be unwarranted inroads upon seal life by the ships of various nations the American authorities in Alaska assumed fuller control of the situation, and during 1886, 1887 and 1889 seized several British vessels. Britain vigorously protested and the difficulty was not settled until 1892, when a treaty of arbitration was signed (February 29th). This was favorable to the British contention. The American government had to pay about $500,000 damages.

In the early part of the American civil war a crisis arose out of the seizure of Mason and Slidell, two British envoys, who were taken from the British mail steamer Trent and afterwards confined as prisoners of war. As the steamer was sailing between neutral ports a peremptory demand was made for the surrender of the prisoners and an apology for this affront to the British flag. Prepar-

ations for war actually began, but the United States took steps which satisfied the British authorities. As a result, however, there was a deepening hatred of Great Britain, while there poured forth a great stream of taunts and jibes from the British newspapers, the Canadian and Confederate press joining in the same.

At the close of the war a still more serious situation developed. Certain vessels had been making raids on the maritime commerce of the North. Previous to the war the English-speaking peoples had been coming into quite amicable relations with each other. But no war is really fought to end war, as we have recently discovered once more. On the contrary, war only breeds more war. The North, flushed by her victory, was now ready to settle other scores. Great Britain was held responsible for many of these maritime depredations. Fortunately, however, the matter finally settled down once more to a diplomatic contest, though a considerably prolonged one. A conclusion was reached in December, 1871, when a tribunal of five arbitrators from the United States, Great Britain, Italy, Switzerland and Brazil adjudged that in the case of the three Confederate cruisers, the *Alabama,* the *Florida,* and the *Shenandoah,* Great Britain had not preserved a strict neutrality, and an assessment of $15,500,000 damages was made.

A vehement outburst of feeling was shown by President Cleveland in 1895 in a hot message regarding the boundary line between Venezuela and British Guiana. But the British people had other troubles of their own and refused to take this seriously. At the same time and with one accord, statesmen, ministers, publicists and leaders of all kinds on both sides of the water emphatically expressed their conviction that there must not be hostilities between these two chief English-speaking countries, no matter what the occasion. And thus another possible source of war was passed.

This outline sketch of the past is also prophetic of the future. If we have passed peacefully through this last critical century, we shall do the same with all others. We must. No other course is thinkable. To do otherwise would be a clear indication of insanity. A war between the Anglo-Saxon peoples, in view of all that modern warfare means, would make life scarcely worth living and threaten the overthrow of civilization itself.

So much for our relationship to each other. And this opens up the question of our common and combined relationship to the world.

This is the important thing. The other is secondary. Whether we are politically one or not, if we emphasize the same highest ideals and press forward together to attain these, we shall fulfil our supreme mission. Lord Palmerston in 1841 made the following significant prophecy: "About the end of this century or the beginning of the next century the greatest war in the history of Europe will occur. . . It will be a conflict to the death between antagonistic ideals or policies of government, that is, between liberalism and absolutism. . . England's strength and her resources will be tried as never before in her history. She will be strained to the utmost limit to preserve her very existence as a free and independent nation. And if in that hour of her direst need she cannot reach forth her hand and bring help from her mighty daughter across the sea, then woe be to the hopes of the world for civil and religious liberty."

The world's greatest asset to-day is Anglo-Saxon leadership. For the active and peaceful co-operation of the United States and Great Britain the most essential thing is the same kind of co-operation between the United States and Canada. A war of tariffs or of any other nature will do one of two things, either suggest the desirability of our becoming one people, or,

instead of drawing us nearer together will drive us farther apart. In our present mood, when we have become more British than ever before, there can be no doubt which would be the result.

For us in Canada there is a unique opportunity. We cannot choose, as can our American friends, whether we shall be concerned with European affairs. We are part of a great Commonwealth which centres in Europe. Yet we can look at these from a distance and are not involved in them through any compulsion of the Mother Country. We have in this a certain advantage over the United States. At the same time we are more akin to the Americans in many of our habits of life, our personal affinities, our business methods, etc. We occupy, therefore, a peculiarly favorable place as an intermediary, and there is almost no limit to what we can accomplish together.

We are a young country, and now in our formative period. In a few decades we shall have not a few but many millions of people within our borders. Our vast tracts of some of the best land on earth, our tremendous resources which have only begun to be developed, and many other considerations make this no idle guess. It is not so much, however, that this will affect our own future merely, but that it will have a most important bearing on other nations as well. We must waken up to the fact that not a little in the world's progress and welfare depends upon what we do in Canada during the next few decades.

THE MEADOW LARK

By WILFRID EGGLESTON

WHEN happy May hath closed the verdant plain,
When summer winds are sighing in the eaves;
When violets are hiding in the leaves,
And prairie mallows skirt the dusty lane,
The meadow lark returns. Nothing of pain
May live while he is singing. No one grieves
As his melodious notes in song he weaves
A symphony of fields and waving grain.

May's lovely sky may cloud, and misty shades
Throw melancholy darkness on the moors:
From his ecstatic song no rapture fades.
Across the lonely plain his music pours,
And fills the vale and sounds throughout the glades,
And passes upward, e'en to heaven it soars.

OVERRULED

BY M. McDONNELL BODKIN

HAT beautiful brown eyes," exclaimed May Mornington. She and her mother were having afternoon tea with her remote cousin Jack Everdale, young, rich and good looking, who had just taken over Newberry, a handsome Georgian house in the neighborhood of the picturesque little town of Baltray, overlooking the famous golf links.

The beautiful brown eyes belonged to a silky retriever who gently and graciously accepted scraps of plum cake from the white hands of May.

"Give him a penny," suggested Jack.

"What for?"

"He'll show you."

She fished a penny out with difficulty from the meshes of a gold purse. The dog took it from her, gently and gracefully as he had accepted the plum cake, proceeded (that's the only word to describe the dignity of his progress) across the carpet to a corner of the room where stood an occasional table, then, gently rearing himself on his hind legs, he dropped the penny through the slit of a small flat moneybox.

May laughed aloud, a delightful, delighted laugh of surprise and admiration.

"Oh! the 'cute creature," she cried, "but why does he do that?"

"For his own wise reasons," her cousin replied soberly. "Paul has his own wise reasons for everything he does. When the humor takes him he brings the box in his mouth to me, the key in the lock, and I give him a penny and he goes into town and buys himself a cake; as you see he is partial to sweet things."

"His name is Paul."

"Paul Beck. I call him Paul Beck after a human detective because he is so good at finding things out. You can hide nothing from Paul."

"He is as beautiful as he is clever, I wish I had his wonderful brown eyes and silky hair."

"Blue eyes and golden hair are not to be despised," observed her cousin irrelevantly.

Placid, white-haired Mrs. Mornington suppressed a smile; she liked Jack Everdale. May changed the subject.

"Do you play golf?"

"I am ashamed to say I don't. I put it off too long with a silly contempt for the game."

"More fool you," retorted May. "It is the best game going. I am not too bad at tennis and hockey, but they are simply not in it with golf."

"I confess I repent. I have done penance for despising golf, I am devoured by the zeal of the convert. Within the last few days I have broken scores of clubs and ploughed up acres of land. My dear girl, I'm a perfect fanatic. How do the lines go?

> Golf is a mighty lord.
> And hath so humbled me as I confess
> There is no woe to his correction.

"Where did you find those lines?"

"In 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona'." I played Valentine once in private theatricals."

"Was golf the word he used?" asked May, with a sudden flash of those bright blue eyes to which her cousin had alluded.

Mrs. Mornington was at the other end of the room admiring the flowers and cupids on a beautiful carved mantelpiece.

"No," Jack softly replied, "golf was not the word he used. Shall I tell you the word?"

"Oh! I'm not in the least curious, let it be golf so far as I'm concerned. Shall we stroll down to the links?"

"I'll be delighted."

Baltray boasted, like half a dozen other places, that it possessed the handsomest club house, and most sporting golf links in the kingdom. Jack and May on their arrival found pleasurable excitement prevailing in the spacious smoking-room and reading-room of the club house. The president, Ralph Thornton, had just presented a splendid prize for a club competition to be held a fortnight from date. The prize, a huge loving cup of old Irish silver with elbow handles, stood on the centre table with a circle of admirers.

"Oh! isn't it lovely?" May exclaimed, "wouldn't it hold roses beautifully?"

"Or champagne cup," suggested her cousin.

"Don't be profane, sir, it was made for roses. I wish whoever wins would give it to me; Oh! good evening, Mr. Langan, who is going to win the cup?"

Nat Langan, slight and short, more like a girl than a man, with a turned up nose and very bright eyes, nodded towards the far end of the room where a group were talking loudly.

"Guy Bonner," he said, "worse luck it's a dead cert for him."

"But why worse luck?" asked Jack.

"My cousin, Mr. Everdale, doesn't know Mr. Bonner," May explained.

"If he did he wouldn't ask," said Langan. "Worse luck because the fellow is no sport, because he won't and can't play a fair game, cheats under cover of the rules, if you know what I mean. Yesterday he was playing with Willie Montgomery for a big bet, the bounder always likes something big on the game. Willie played the game of his life. At the eleventh hour he was dead in three and Bonner was on the edge in four; he knocked away his ball with his mashie. The ass Montgomery thought he was giving him the hole and picked up, then my bold Bonner played back, holed out in seven and claimed the hole. Coming to the eighteenth they were all flat. Willie was in the bunker guarding the green, and Bonner having played the odd was hopelessly in the rough, to the right, you know the place, Miss Mornington. Bonner stood on the edge of the bunker fingering that big diamond ring he wears. The ring slipped from his fingers into the bunker, and Montgomery picked it up and handed it to him; on that Bonner claimed the hole, touched something in the bunker, don't you know. There was no way out of it. By the rule Montgomery lost the hole, the match, and had to pay up. Beastly unfair, the chaps are ragging Bonner about it, but he doesn't care a hang.

The sound of a strident voice came to their ears from the far end of the room.

"Say what you like, you chaps, there is nothing like the rigor of the game. All's fair in love and golf. Rules are rules and a man's free to do what he likes so long as he keeps between the rules. If a chap breaks the rules, he must pay the penalty, I never do."

Someone said something they could not hear and Bonner retorted.

"Why not, if he's fool enough to let me. I play the game to win. I take every advantage I can and give nothing away. There are some fools think it mean to pot your opponent's

ball at billiards. I run it down every chance I get. I hate that silly talk about playing the game. Play to win, and work the rules for all you are worth, that's what I call playing the game. I'll take five to one in fivers I win that cup."

There were no layers and Jack had a good look at Bonner as he walked past the door, a big, fleshy man, muscular withal, smooth shaven and high colored, with pale blue eyes and sleek hay-colored hair.

May shivered with ostentatious disgust as he passed and puckered her lips into a rosebud.

"The wretch," she whispered, "he is the one man in the world I detest. I would give anything to have him beaten."

"What would you give?" Jack asked in the same tone. Nat Langan had departed.

"I said anything."

"Anything may mean everything or nothing—which?"

"Everything."

"All right I'll have a try; mind, if I win I hold you to your word."

"But you have only just begun, and he's scratch and just about as cute as a fox."

"I shall have a stroke a hole, there is one chance in a million."

"Oh! you are a sportsman," she cried and rewarded him with one bright warm glance of approval. "I just love a—" the word "sportsman" was on the tip of her tongue; she blushed and stumbled "I just love a good game," she added lamely.

"Well you can't expect a good game from an out-and-out duffer. You'll have to give me some tips, Miss Mornington, your handicap is in the small figures."

"Three."

"Splendid, it's like asking the University professor to teach the A.B.C., but if you will condescend."

"Oh! I'll condescend all right, but why not take lessons from the professional?"

"Well, you see I'm the dark horse, or ass as the case may prove, and I must train privately. When can you give me my first lesson? After breakfast to-morrow? I will take the car in for you at nine."

"It's barely three miles, I can walk quite easily."

"And I can drive still more easily. I will be at your door nine sharp, so that's arranged."

May, in a neat golfing costume, with a pale blue silk jumper that clung to her figure, was waiting in the hall of the pretty cottage by the river side when he drove up next morning and was rewarded with a huge bunch of roses, white and red.

"Lovely," she cried, and buried her face in the fragrant cushion, "if I only had the silver bowl to put them in, perhaps if I were very nice to Mr. Bonner——"

"I should murder him," interrupted Jack, "you should have the guilt of blood more or less innocent on your soul. Put your trust in Providence and in your most humble servant. I shall win that bowl or perish in the attempt."

Somebody has declared that under certain conditions a mixed lonesome is the pleasantest form of golf—somebody was right, Jack Everdale, anyhow, was of that opinion.

May coached him assiduously, morning and evening for a fortnight with only Paul Beck for a chaperon. Jack insisted that he was a dark horse and that Paul was a dog of discretion who could be trusted not to give away the secrets of the stable.

At the end of the fortnight, which came all too soon for his taste, Jack had decidedly improved. His cricket, he had been three years in the Oxford eleven, helped him to get a long straight wholly unorthodox shot with his cleek, but his short approach and putting were erratic to the verge of lunacy.

The great day arrived, blue and bright as ever came out of heaven,

and not merely the club, but the town was agog with excitement and gaily dressed crowds trailed after the players. The competition match play ran continuously from Monday to Saturday when the final was to be played.

Guy Bonner had won all his matches with consummate ease, and Jack Everdale, more by good luck than by good management, had stumbled into the final. Excitement reached its climax when the scratch player and the twenty-five handicap duffer *im par congressus Achilli* came to the first tee for the final round. A match between Goliath and David.

The weather which had behaved well all the week surpassed itself on that eventful Saturday. The sky was cloudless, but a light breeze from the west mollified the heat. The scratch man, playing on the top of his form, took the first three holes right off the reel with strokes to spare at every hole. It looked like a walk over, eight up and ten to play. Then good luck came to help bad play and Jack fluked two holes in succession. After that it was a ding dong game, each hole won by a put. Coming to the seventeenth Bonner was one up, two to play. He tried an extra long shot with his brassy, got the bunker guarding the green two inches from the top and Jack, who was doing great things with his cheek, won the hole. That made it all flat!

Everyone who has ever played on the Baltray links remembers the eighteenth hole, a three-stroke bogey, close on two hundred yards from tee to pin. No bunker guards the green, but round hillocks stand sentinels at the opening, which is not half a dozen yards across. The excitement was intense. May Mornington's heart fluttered like a frightened bird, she could almost hear it beat. The players themselves were the coolest of the company. Jack Everdale took no sand; with unflurried fingers he set the ball lightly on the close green velvet of the teeing ground, measured the distance with his eyes and swung his cleek. Smack! The ball, softly topped, went low and hard, straight as the crow flies. Straighter than ever crow flew, it sped through the centre of the narrow portal, rolled slowly along the green and stopped at the very brink of the hole.

A wild exultant shout went up from the crowd, for Jack was the popular favorite, the match seemed over and won; he had a stroke at the hole, Bonner must hole out in one even to half the match, and one-stroke holes don't come when they are wanted.

But Bonner appeared wholly unperturbed. It was plain he didn't know he was beaten as he waited with expressionless face for the shout to die away; a confident smile, a rather malicious smile on his thick lips, he picked a driving iron from his bag and made his own tee very carefully, without troubling his caddie. He was long about the stroke, waggling deliberately while the crowd watched with amusement what seemed a wholly futile performance. Twice he paused, almost in the act of swinging, to wave the spectators further from the tee. It happened Jack's caddie, his face beaming with triumph, was standing a little behind him, and Bonner beckoned the boy into line. Then he swung, broke off in the middle of his swing, turned half round and with a touch of his iron, lobbed the ball lightly against the legs of Jack's caddie.

"My hole and match," he said to his dumbfounded opponent, dropped the club into the bag and walked off towards the clubhouse. For a moment the amazed crowd did not realize what had happened. Then it broke upon them—the rule which provides that if your opponent's caddie or bag, is struck by your ball, you win the hole and the inglorious victor was pursued with shouts of obliquity to the sanctuary of the clubhouse.

"Oh! Jack, I'm so disappointed, just as I had made sure you had won."

They were by their two selves in a punt on one of the quiet shady reaches of the river. Jack Everdale didn't look disappointed, perhaps he enjoyed being consoled.

"It was too mean for words," she went on. "I didn't think I could hate him worse, but I do. Will Mr. Thornton give him the cup?"

"He can't help himself, little girl, rules are rules."

"It was such a treasure of a bowl, I hate to think of his having it."

"I remember you said you would give 'anything which meant everything' for that bowl."

"Do you think I'd take it from that cad if he offered it on his knees?"

"Not him, me."

"But you've lost it."

"I may get it again."

"Do you mean steal it?"

"No, win it, at golf according to the rules. I have talked the matter over with Paul Beck and he is most encouraging. I told you he was the deuce at finding things out. I believe he has found a way to win that cup."

"Don't talk nonsense, Jack?"

"Does the bargain still hold?"

"Just as you please, you have no chance."

"Oh! I please very much indeed; mind, I shall keep you to your word."

Then they talked nonsense, very pleasant nonsense, for a full hour before he rowed her home in the dusk.

They no longer played golf together, indeed May in her indignation, threatened to break her clubs, but every morning for a week at an unearthly hour, Jack, unknown to his cousin, was on the links in company with the faithful Paul Beck.

One afternoon at the end of the week, while he was having afternoon tea with his cousin in the clubhouse, he saw Guy Bonner in the distance, and to May's surprise and indignation crossed the room to speak to him.

"Good evening, Mr. Bonner," he said politely, but without offering his hand, "I was anxious to have a word with you."

Bonner grinned maliciously.

As you like, old chap. About that match of ours? I'm afraid it was a bit of a disappointment to you, a very close thing. You were quite near pulling it off."

"I would like to have another match with you."

"You have too long a handicap."

"I mean level."

For once Guy Bonner was surprised. He stared, his pale blue eyes opened wide. Twenty-five handicap play scratch level, the thing was absurd. The chap was making game of him.

"I don't play for the fun of the thing," he said. "I always want something on the game."

"So do I."

"Something worth while."

"Agreed, I'll play you level, fifty guineas against the bowl you won so handsomely."

Bonner continued to stare. The man was plainly in earnest, fool or mad. The thing was a dead cert of course, but he did not jump at it; he meant to make the most he could out of his chance. "The bowl is worth more than fifty guineas."

"I will stake a hundred against it," retorted Jack, without a moment's hesitation.

A group had gathered round the two men, listening in amazement. Nat Langan interposed.

"Don't be a fool, Everdale, you wouldn't have one chance in a million."

"Don't you butt in," growled Bonner. "It's no affair of yours. Everdale is old enough to know his own mind. Besides the bet is already made, you chaps are witnesses, he can't back out of it."

"Quite so," replied Jack. "I'm much obliged to you, Langan, but as Mr. Bonner justly says, the bet is

made and neither side can very well back out."

"Strict rules," stipulated Bonner, who was still puzzled to find an explanation of his opponent's lunacy.

"As strict as they make them," retorted Jack, "that is the one thing I must insist on."

Bonner thought for a moment, the thing seemed too good to be true. He must leave no loophole.

"I should like a stake holder," he said at last, "if you don't mind. There's old Thornton, he don't like me, but he knows the rules and he's as straight as a die. I vote we make him stake holder and umpire."

"Agreed," replied Jack, sweetly as ever. "I would have suggested it myself, but I was afraid I might hurt your feelings. It might look as if I didn't quite trust your honor. You hand the bowl over to Mr. Thornton, and I put a hundred pounds five into it, the winner to take both, we start after lunch the day after to-morrow. A bargain?"

"A bargain," Bonner answered, and Jack walked back to where May waited impatiently.

"Are you mad?" she asked when he told her the terms of the wager.

"I am but mad north, north-west. When the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw. Come and see me win the cup, May. Paul Beck assures me I can't lose, and I put my trust in Paul."

Guy Bonner was first on the tee. He felt the hundred guineas was waiting for him and was impatient to handle it.

Five minutes later Jack strolled leisurely down from the club house to the tee, swinging his long cleek, the faithful Paul Beck at his heels.

"Where's your caddie?" asked Bonner brusquely, his temper roughened by the long wait.

"I have no caddie," Jack answered with a sweet smile, "you see caddies are sometimes awkward, get in the way of your opponent's drive."

"Your bag then, you are not going to play the round with one club, I assume?"

"With one single solitary cleek, to play and to win."

"I'll bet you another hundred you don't win," exclaimed Bonner. Dealing with a madman he was determined to profit to the utmost by his madness.

"I don't want to bet on a certainty," replied Jack, "I mean to beat the record of the links."

"What do you hope to go the round in?"

"Eighteen," was the astounding reply, delivered in a matter of fact tone of voice. Clearly, clearly the man was mad, yet he appeared otherwise perfectly sane.

"Afraid to bet," sneered Bonner provokingly.

"If you put it that way, I can't refuse you," replied Jack sweetly as ever, "but remember I warned you. One hundred pounds I beat you, a hundred pounds I beat the record, and a hundred that I do the round in eighteen?"

"Done," cried Bonner impetuously, then, after a pause, "ready money down."

"My car is at the club house, we can send in our cheques to the bank and lodge the notes with Mr. Thornton before we start."

"Righto! I'm agreeable."

The party adjourned to the clubhouse, the cheques were written and dispatched. Jack showed no outward and visible symptoms of madness, his air of quiet confidence utterly bewildered the company. Paul Beck at his side, his benevolent brown eyes fixed on his master, seemed to share his secret and his confidence, but there was no use questioning the discreet Paul.

"Won't you tell me, Jack," whispered May, public attention being diverted for a moment by the arrival of the messenger with the notes. "If you are not mad, what does it all

mean? I'm simply dying with curiosity."

"In five minutes more, my dear girl," he whispered back, "you will know without telling. I don't want to spoil what I trust will be a pleasant surprise."

Again they took their places at the tee. Before Bonner had his driver in his hand, Paul Beck, at an imperceptible sign from his master, scampered down the course, pulled up suddenly and waited with ears cocked in the centre of a putting green a hundred yards away.

"Call off your dog," commanded Bonner, "he puts me out."

"Anything in the rules against dogs on the course, Mr. Thornton?" Jack asked sweetly.

"Not a word."

"I might hit him," growled Bonner.

"He'll see to that," replied Jack, "play away, Paul can take care of himself."

Bonner drove a long straight ball clearing the bunker a hundred and fifty yards off, leaving himself an easy approach to the green.

"Good shot," cried Jack politely. With an easy half swing of his cleek he drove the ball a hundred or so yards down the course. Then a strange thing happened. Paul Beck, who had waited placidly while Bonner played, seemed galvanized into sudden motion, he darted at his master's ball, caught it on the hop, raced with it in his mouth down the course towards the green, took the bunker in a flying leap and dropped the ball into the hole.

The mystery of the mad match and bets was out at last. May, quivering with delight, threw Jack a look that was worth more to him than cup or coin. A great bellow of cheers and laughter went up from the spectators. "My hole, I think," said Jack very quietly when the tumult had subsided.

"Your hole," replied Mr. Thornton with a grim smile, "one up. Seventeen to play."

"It's a confounded trick," Bonner broke out savagely.

"Rules are rules," said Mr. Thornton, "as I think I have heard you remark more than once. There is nothing in the rules against the intervention of your opponent's dog, any more than hitting your opponent's caddie. It is called a rub of the green by which the player profits or suffers. I declare that Mr. Everdale has won the hole."

Again the applause broke out.

"It's a trick," splutters Bonner, "the match is off, I won't play any more."

"Then Mr. Everdale wins the match, the cup and a hundred guineas The other bets remain to be decided. Mr. Langan you are a member of the committee, will you kindly mark Mr. Everdale's card. An eighteen hole record will be a unique distinction for the Baltray links."

That evening when Jack Everdale dined with Mrs. Mornington a huge silver loving cup with elbow handles, full of roses red and white, stood in the centre of the table. After dinner Mrs. Mornington had letters to write —and was compelled to leave the young people alone. When they adjourned to the balcony overlooking the river, which the moonlight splashed with silver, there was a long silence.

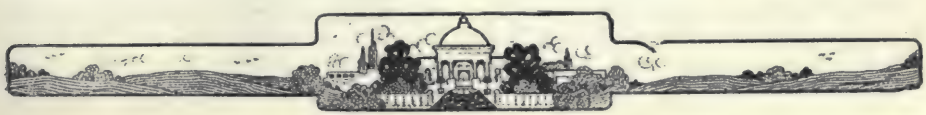
"I am glad you won," said May at last, almost in a whisper.

"Have I won?" he asked, his arm stealing round her waist.

"Of course you have," she answered innocently, "it's a lovely bowl."

"And the three hundred pounds will buy a very nice ring for somebody, with a trifle over for a silver collar for Paul."

That's the end of the story.



YOU NEVER DID, DID YOU?

BY AUGUSTA BERKELEY

WE were on our wedding trip and had a compartment on one of the southern bound trains nearing Santa Barbara. Being tired of the monotony of brown hills and sand heaps, she leaned her head on my shoulder, and repeated the time-old question:

"You never loved anyone before me, did you, Reginald?"

"Never!" I affirmed, with, I thought, a good appearance and truthfulness.

"Not that summer when you went so much with Maud Hastings?" she asked.

"Certainly not," I replied, dim recollection of moonlight walks and evenings spent on shady verandahs, floating before me, but I resolutely put them aside.

"Nor Ida Hopkins?"

Here I repressed a smile of satisfaction.

"No," shaking my head solemnly.

"Horrid fat thing," sniffed Sophy contemptuously. I thought of Ida's engaging plumpness, and wisely agreed with her.

"Nor Sarah Tilley, or Mima Hodges or that pert Babs Lonsdale?"

I grinned when I thought of Babs; she certainly was good fun. I smoothed out my features and assumed a look of profound melancholy.

"You certainly credit me with a great many affairs of the heart."

"Then you know that you. . . ."

"Yes, I know," restlessly removing her head from my shoulder and looking at me with keen eyes.

Now Sophy's eyes are deep fathomless wells of light; beautiful eyes, with long lashes that stir your soul and probe to the depth of your being. I realized that it would not be good for a man to meet them at the breakfast-table after a night spent at poker, say—and a shiver of apprehension ran down my spine. I pulled myself together, those days are over—I thought virtuously—nevertheless—Sophy again looked at me.

"Well," she said.

Yes, the truth must come out . . . but it was twenty years ago. Surely one would overlook pecadillos committed after such a length of time. I looked meditatively at the ceiling.

"We used to meet every evening in the back orchard at the hour when the governess was instilling irregular verbs into the minds of the younger children and the windows of the house did not overlook our trysting place. I was eighteen and she — seventeen. It was during the long vacation and I became quite an expert in scaling the fence which separated the orchard from the vicarage grounds, where my father lived. I paused for breath."

"How exciting," thrilled Sophy.

"Don't be sarcastic," I growled, "or I will not tell you any more."

"Oh! go on, please do."

"We were madly in love; vowed eternal fidelity, — broke the proverbial shilling; she putting her part on a bangle bracelet and mine decorating my watch chain. Oh! happy, happy days," I said reminiscently, "but they could not last."

"You were found out?"

"Alas, yes. One evening coming over the garden wall I found Edith in the apple-tree and I foolishly, as I found out afterwards to my cost, removed the ladder—She took a flying leap into my arms, and then—"

"Her mother appeared," said Sophy.

"Yes, Oh! it was terrible."

"Mama acted in just the same way."

"Sophy."

She blushed deeply.

"Oh! Sophy, and you never told me."

She blushed still more deeply and wriggling closer to me, twisted a button on my coat.

"Out with it Sophy," I said sternly, laying a detaining hand on my button.

"It was before I met you—and you know there were others."

"Yes," I remarked.

"Others."

"Go on," I said impatiently.

"Well then—several who thought—who professed, that they loved you. I was one of them."

"Oh! it was before you, . . ."

"I never lived before—I saw you. I only existed."

"Stupid!" said Sophy—then went on hurriedly.

"He was a midshipman—and of course Mama pronounced him ineligible. . . . I was to take Jane to the waxworks and we met him at the door. He went in with us—and somehow we lost Jane."

"Jane's are so easily lost," I murmured.

"Instead of looking at things—and for her—we sat on a settee under the stair and talked. . . . We were so unhappy—his ship was to sail the next week . . ."

"And then?"

"Mama came in with some friend and found Jane wandering disconsolately about—she declaring it had been for hours—though we thought it was only a few minutes."

"Naturally," I remarked grimly.

"Then, there was an awful scene—I felt sorry for myself, but still more for him."

"He has my sympathy," I said coldly.

"Oh! do go on about Edith."

Evidently a desire to change the subject. I complied more cheerfully now that I had a companion in guilt.

"She was sent to boarding-school the next day, and I have never seen her since."

"And you?"

"I thought of different ways of committing suicide, but as each one seemed more unpleasant than the last,—I did not."

"So I see," said Sophy dryly. "Was she pretty?"

"Pretty!" here I waxed enthusiastic, (I owed her one for the midshipman)—"She was a peach." Her lips trembled, which I was glad to see. Midshipman indeed!

"I went back to college and for a long time kept her photo in a silver frame on my table—the fellows used to call her 'Legs'—because her dress was short, but it was longer than yours."

I glanced at my wife's liberal display of silk stockings; here I was spared the pain of the repartee which I felt was coming, by the entrance of the porter, who gathered up our traps. As we alighted, a motor drove up and a stout lady with glasses, and a double chin, laboriously got out, followed by four stolid children. As she looked at me her fat face wreathed in smiles, as she held out a much beringed hand.

"I cannot be mistaken. It is you, Reginald."

I stared incredulously.

"Don't you remember Edith Wyley?"

I smiled fatuously.

"Oh, yes,—yes,—certainly, — How do you do?" and I shook hands vigorously.

"And is this your wife?"

"Yes—er—my wife, Mrs.—er!" I blubbered.

"Mrs. Willoughby-Jones," she replied and then went on: "I have not a moment to spare—but do you go to the 'Porter'? We are stopping there."

Then patronizingly to Sophy, she said:

"Your husband and I were once very great friends," and playfully shaking a finger at me, she departed.

I looked at Sophy, who, I am very sorry to say, smiled triumphantly.

"Pereunt et imputantur." I reflected and shuddered. It is needless to say that we did not go to the 'Porter'.

REQUIEM

By ISABEL CRAWFORD

HE sleeps beneath Provencal skies,
Where alien flowers are springing,
Nor heeds the tender lullabies,
The Southern larks are singing.

Of pointed Douglas fir he dreams
And peaks of snowy splendor,
Of lilting, laughing, leaping streams
And dawnings gray and tender;

Of rushing rapids ridged with foam,
And chinooks warmly vagrant;
The dear, familiar sounds of home—
And lilacs white and fragrant.

O nightingales sing soft, sing low!
Your liquid notes enthralling
Shall speak to him as long ago
Did meadow larks, clear calling!

FLOWER GIRL IN QUEBEC MARKET

From the Photograph by
Edith S. Watson

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FROM BUSS TO BLUENOSE

BY C. H. J. SNIDER

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

THANKS to the model-maker's patient art, it is possible to trace through three centuries the "genealogical tree" of those sea-queens, the Atlantic fishing schooners, whose annual championship races have become as thrilling as the contests for the America Cup. Most interesting is it to follow the process by which human skill has met the problems of local conditions, often baffled, ever triumphing.

Hardy Basques, Bretons, Portuguese and Englishmen captured cod on the great feeding grounds of the Banks of Newfoundland long before there were any American colonies; perhaps, indeed, before Cabot made his voyage to the New Found Land of 1497. The ships they used were the ships they had used in the home fisheries; and buoyancy was the one merit these "cogs" and "busses" possessed. That kept them on top in a seaway and enabled them to come home—sometime—but headwinds defied them and time meant nothing to them. They were slow under all conditions, and although Fletcher of Rye had mastered the art of working to windward in the fifteenth century, as understood in the early days of the "New Found Land" fishery, it was of very narrow application.

Auxiliary propellors drive some of the fishermen to windward and through calms now. The gasoline engine is of great assistance in making catches such as mackerel, where the fish have to be surrounded with a net. But sailpower is still the main reliance, and for many fishermen the only reliance, for going and coming; and they have brought the use of sailpower to the highest point of development for commercial purposes it has ever reached. The famous clipper ships of last century had longer day's runs than the Atlantic fishermen of to-day; but this was due to the fact that their runs were made under peculiarly favorable circumstances, in

No. 1
The *Sparrowhawk,* 1626

latitudes where unvarying winds made the use of the square rig profitable. The modern fishing schooner is smaller than the old clipper. She is faster for her size and in the conditions in which she sails.

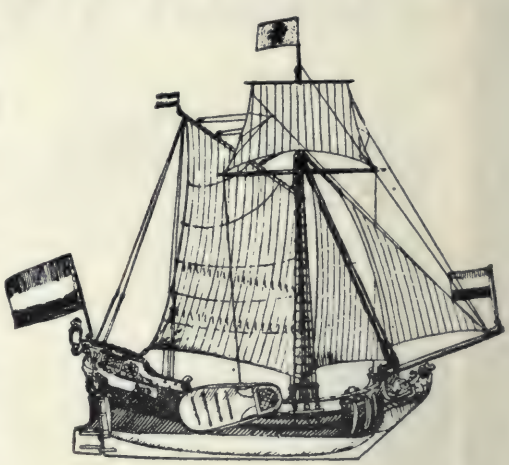
Gloucester is one of the great centres of the American fishing industry. Lunenburg is a great Canadian centre. Thomas McManus of Boston has designed many of the American schooners. Yacht designers, such as B. B. Crowninshield and W. Starling Burgess, have done their share. In Canada the firm of Smith and Rhuland has been designing and building fishermen for generations at Lunenburg. W. J. Roue of Halifax, who leaped into fame with Bluenose, was the first naval architect, as distinct from a shipbuilder, to turn out a Canadian fisherman.

No. 2.
The *Nonsuch,* 1668

By carefully going over authetic models of the small craft of several countries and centuries the growth of the present day champions is explained. Eliminating the superfluous, the following are the main links in the chain of development:

"Buss" of the Pilgrim Fathers, 1626.
(*See illustration No.* 1)

Probably the earliest example of a seagoing fisherman on this side of the Atlantic is that preserved for us in the model in the Smithsonian Insti-

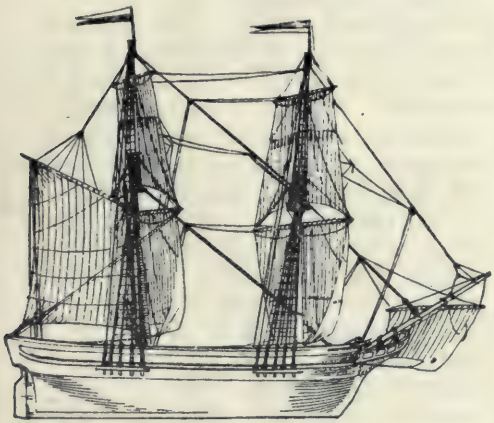


No. 3.
William III's Dutch Yacht, 1688

tute, Washington, of the smack *Sparrowhawk,* wrecked on Cape Cod in 1626. The model shows a decked boat with outboard rudder, open bulwarks and high quarters to protect the helmsman and make her run safely in a high sea and lie-to easily. The rig is a square mainsail that could be braced nearly fore-and-aft, and a jib set flying on the bowsprit. The mainsail could be reduced by unlacing the bonnet or lower strip, and further reducing by reefing. This smack, similar to the fishing busses of the North Sea and English channel in Tudor and Stuart times, flew the red St. George's cross on a white field, which was the original of the present White Ensign of the British Navy.

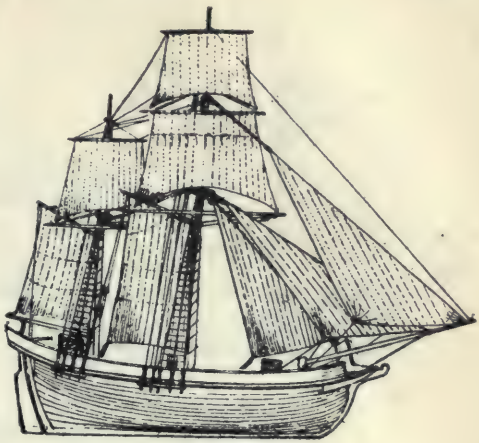
The "Ketch" of the time of the Hudson's Bay Company, 1668. (*See illustration No.* 2).

The ketch rig, two masts, with the after mast the smaller of the two, became a favorite with English-speaking fishermen. The square mainsail of the buss made such a vessel very clumsy in working to windward. The first ketches attempted an improvement on this by combining square sails with lateen ones, triangular sails set fore-and-aft. The combination probably originated in the Mediterranean. The model of the ketch shown in that of the Hudson's Bay Company's vessel *Nonsuch,* which sailed



No. 4.
"Snow" of 1690, Smithsonian Institute

from England for America in 1668. She was about sixty feet over all, and forty-five on the keel. The ketch rig, with variations, predominated in the fisheries on both sides of the Atlantic for half a century after the *Nonsuch's* day. It is still a favorite in the North Sea, Irish Sea and English Channel, although it has shed its square topsails and topgallantsails, and the mainmast, although well inboard, is no longer amidships. On this side of the Atlantic it has been almost entirely superseded by the schooner. The model of the *Nonsuch,* from which this drawing was made, was

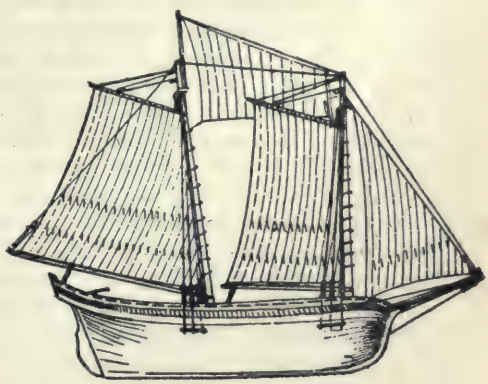


No. 5.
A ketch-rigged "Pink", 1713

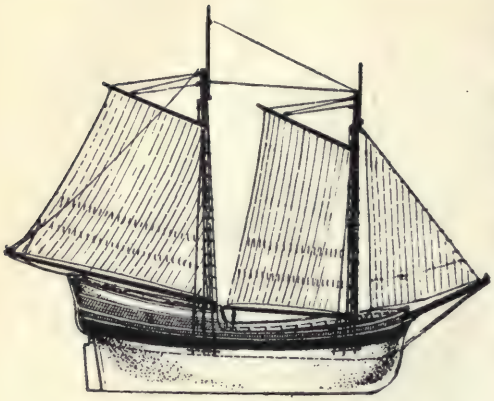
shown in the Hudson Bay Company's recent historical exhibit.

A Royal Cutter of 1688
(*See illustration No.* 3)

No fishing vessel was this, with her gilded stern mouldings and figurehead and her high poop-lanterns, but the royal yacht in which William of Orange, Stadtholder of the Netherlands, crossed to receive the English crown. She is shown in contemporary paintings, in Hampton Court, and a Dutch model of her, believed to have been made before 1690, is to be seen in London. The model is of interest in the development of sailing rigs as showing an early example of a fore-and-after. The mainsail loose-footed,



No. 6.
The First "Scooner', 1713



No. 7.
A "Heeltapper", 1770

and shaped like a Thames barge's sail, had a standing gaff, and brailed to the mast. There was a staysail and a jib, set flying, and a curious little square topsail. The flags on the model, including the curious little one on the tip of the gaff, are Dutch. While the model shows the development of the fore-and-aft rig, which is an essential with all fishermen except whalers, it has no bearing on hull development, being shoal draft, with lee-boards to give lateral resistance. A deep sea fisherman with lee-boards would be about as awkward as a fencer with boxing-gloves.

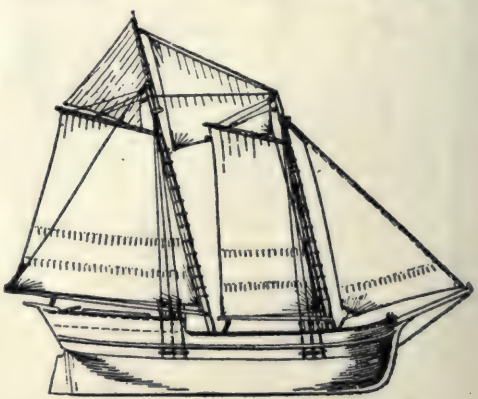
The "Snow" of 1690
(*See illustration No.* 4)

The square rig for fishermen died hard. For generations the ketch disputed sway with small vessels rigged as busses and larger ones rigged as snows, an early variety of the brig. The word, by the way, was pronounced to rhyme with "cow". The earlier snows had no jibs or fore-and-aft headsails. Some had lateen mizzens, set on small masts astern, others, like the example in the Smithsonian Institute, had a fore-and-aft mainsail, loose-footed, in addition to their square mainsail. The rig survived a long time among trading vessels, although fishermen abandoned it in the eighteenth century. Commodore Æmilius Jarvis, the well-known yachtsman, saw a snow as late as 1876 in the London docks. She was a French vessel, and was then said to be a century old.

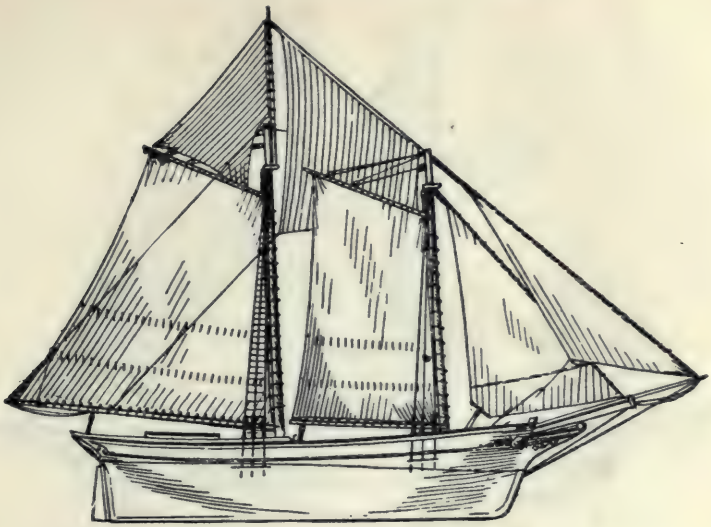
It may be a mere coincidence, but the red-and-white and blue-and-white swallow-tailed flags which adorn the mastheads of the Smithsonian snow strongly suggest the brightly colored pennants flown to-day at the very tips of the topmasts of Grand Bankers, and called "highs" or highflyers by the fishermen.

The Ketch-Rigged Pink of 1713
(*See illustration No.* 5)

One of the most interesting of the early models in the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, is that of a fishing vessel of 1713. The hull is an early example of the pink, a word which is a variation of the modern "pinch". It describes the shape of the stern of the vessel, which was an ancestor of the still-surviving pinky of New England and Nova Scotia. While the modern pinky has a stern narrowed to the width of a single plank, this one of 1713 had a heart-shaped transom-stern, with the rudder head protected by the sweep of the bulwarks being carried aft and upward to a point. She had also a curious billet-head, with trailboards, and the stem carried up in a bold curve. Her ketch rig had square topsails on the main and mizzen masts,



No. 8.
"Square-end" or "Squareheel", 1830



No. 9.

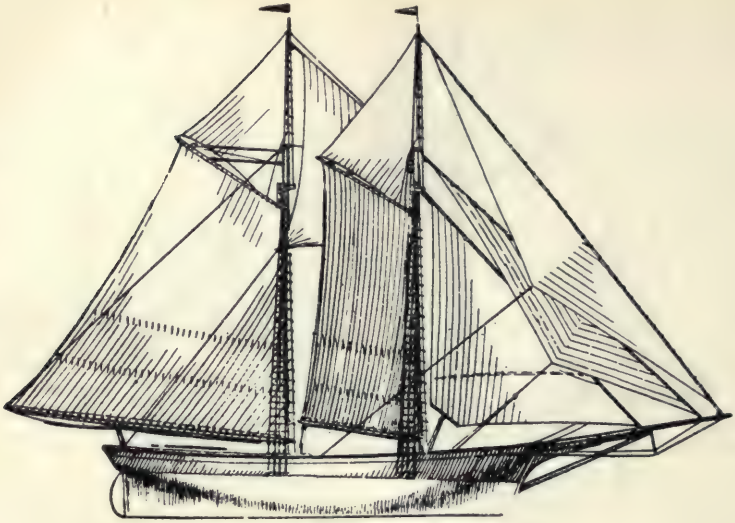
The "Sharpshooter" of 1850

and a main topgallantsail; but gaff-and-boom mainsail and mizzen, although very rudimentary, had replaced the lateen sails of the original rig. The headsails were still not very efficient, and the forward triangle is to modern eyes appallingly large. This ketch-pink measured about fifty-five feet over all. Her mainsail was loosefooted, without any boom. Her mizzen was loose-footed but had a boom. Both sails brailed to the mast. While she would sail closer to the wind than the buss, lateen-ketch, or snow, she would do well if she would go within six points.

The "Scooner" of 1713

(*See illustration No.* 6)

We now come to the parting of the ways in the development of fisherman-rigs. On the far side of the Atlantic they went on with the cutter and the ketch, particularly the latter. On this side we developed the schooner. Capt. Andrew Robinson is generally credited with originating the rig; perhaps fancifully, for the story of his naming it is not convincing. It appears that at Gloucester, Mass., in 1713, he launched a little vessel of different design from all her contemporaries. "Look how she scoons!" exclaimed a bystander, using the New England word for skips or skims, as the new vessel took the water. "A scooner let her be," answered Capt. Robinson, who had been puzzling for a name for the new type. Such is the story. If true it would explain the development of a new hull model, rather than a new rig. The fundamental difference between the old ketch and the new schooner—the "h" came in somehow, as though the Dutch had had a hand in it—was that in the new vessel the fore and aft sails were the principal ones, and the mainmast was moved a little farther aft and given a sail as large as the old mainsail and mizzen combined. The abnormally large fore triangle was broken up by stepping a foremast, almost as large as the mainmast, which carried a foresail and jib. It is not known whether Capt. Robinson's "scooner" was a pink in model, or whether she had a square stern. As the fishing pinky is certainly of very early date, possibly the first schooner rig was tried



No. 10.
A Mackerel Clipper of 1870

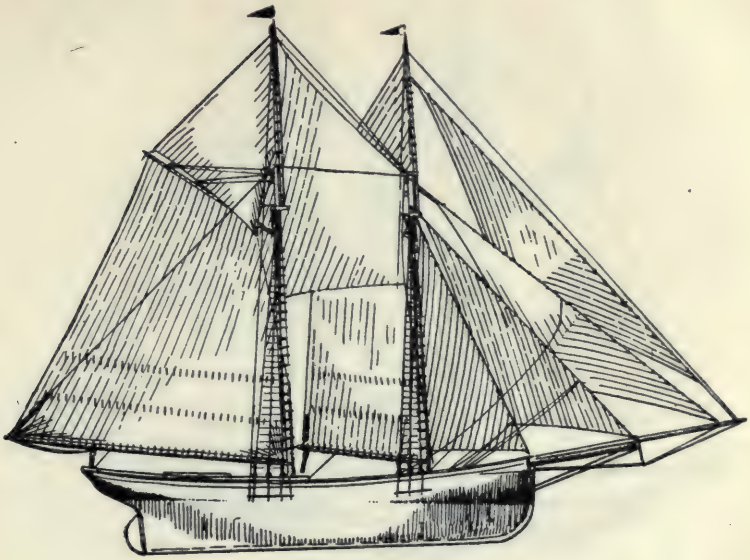
out in that shape of hull. The model from which the drawing was made is that of an early New England fishing pinky in the Smithsonian Institute.

The "Heeltapper" of 1770
(*See illustration No.* 7)

Presuming the pink or pinky to have been the first schooner-rigged craft, an early rival rose in the square-sterned "heel-tapper", similarly rigged with single headsail and foremast in the front of her, but built up high aft, with living quarters for the crew. The theory of the early seamen, noticeable in the model of the *Sparrowhawk,* was that a vessel was more seaworthy if given no bulwarks at all, or open bulwarks amidships, so that a boarding sea would pour off as fast as it came. Hence the high curved stern of some models, and the built up quarters of others. The crew had to have some spot from which they could not be washed. "The heel-tappers" were going strong at the time of the American Revolution and later. Apropos of the pinkies, it should be remarked that while the ancient pink runs back into the seventeenth century, the pinky is traced by some to a variation of the Chebacco-boat of 1800, a two-masted little vessel, with no bowsprit and a foremast away up forward. These survive to this day in the "jakes" of New Brunswick. The model of the heeltapper from which this drawing was made is in the Smithsonian Institute. It is gorgeously colored—yellow below, black to the sheerplank, then a band of red, a white rail, green quarters, white quarter bulwarks, and prominent white transom-frames. It is noticeable that all these early schooner models show booms for the foresails, although loose-footed foresails were used as late as the time of the *America.* The fishermen, too, abandoned square topsails in their schooners long before coasters did.

"The Square-End" of 1830
(*See illustration No.* 8)

For the first half of the nineteenth century, as the models of fishing vessels in the elaborate collection in the Smithsonian Institute show, little attention was paid to speed. The vessels were modelled after the fashion of coasters and cargo carriers

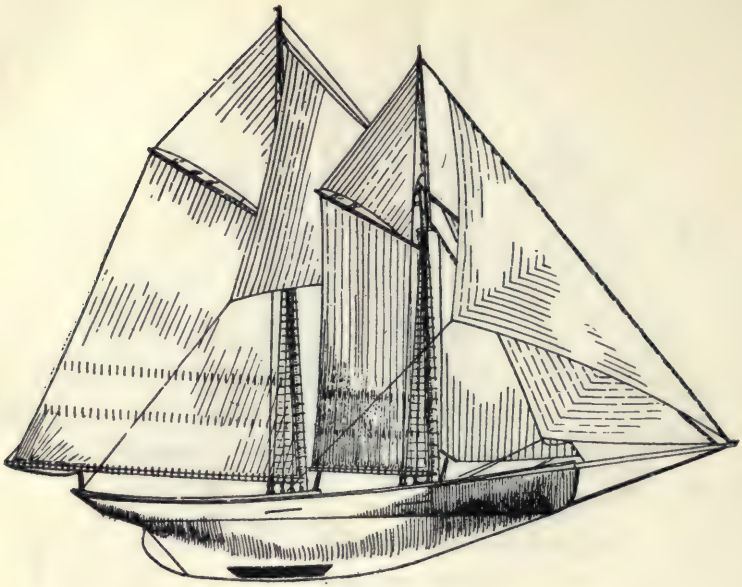


No. 11.
The First "Plumbstem", 1885

overcanvased. The foretopmast and answered all requirements if they were able to stay afloat in any weather the Atlantic could put up. The raised quarterdeck of the "heeltapper" remained a pronounced feature as late as 1830. The model of a "square-end" of that date shows the first gaff-topsail. Such sails may have been carried earlier in fishermen, for they were in use in the privateer schooners of 1812; but so far as the models go, this is the gaff-topsail's first appearance. It might be noted that the quadrilateral maintopmost staysail, which many yachtsmen call a "fisherman", appears on the earliest examples of schooners. It may have been the earliest and only top-hamper. The "square-end" of 1830 was very full in stern and bow, and almost straight-sided. She had sharply raked spars, an adaptation by the fishermen of the style established by fast-sailing privateers and war schooners.

The "Sharpshooter" of 1850
(*See illustration No.* 9)

The development of the clipper-ship, with her long graceful lines, had a marked effect on the fishing schooner. Clipper-ships made money not through large cargoes but by fast passages for which high freights were paid. Fishermen began to apply the theory. The earlier fast fishing vessels inclined to the cod-head and mackerel-tail idea of the Baltimore clippers, the stem being carried out in a long pointed knee, and considerable decoration being applied to the tailboards and stern mouldings. These vessels were known as "sharpshooters". They were sharper in appearance than in reality. The so-called "clipper bow", with its concave profile, was often the result not of hollow forward waterlines but of a graceful stem-head, carried out under the bowsprit. Fishermen were long of the opinion that full bows meant safety, and it is said that it was difficult to find men to go to sea in the *Romp,* in 1847, because her bows were more like a wedge and less like an apple. She, however, disproved the theory of the danger of a sharp bow by making the voyage



No. 12.
First "Spoonbow" and outside ballast, 1898

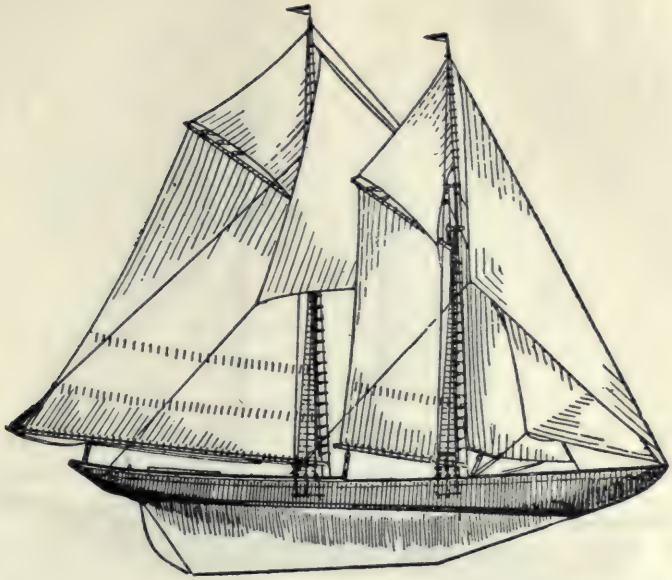
around Cape Horn. The "sharpshooter" type was the first fishing schooner with divided headsails, a small jibboom enabling her at the same time to carry a jib in addition to her staysail.

The "Clipper" of 1870
(*See illustration No.* 10)

Further development of the fisherman on speed lines followed rapidly. This model of a mackerel clipper of 1870, by which time the term clipper had been adopted as a distinct type of fishing schooner, shows the influence of the clipper-ship, which was then in her glory, and of the schooner yacht, which had come in with the *America* and was about to blossom into the *Madeline*. This clipper fisherman shows a tremendous departure from the round-bodied ancestors of a hundred years before. She is sharp and not very deep, after the fashion of contemporary racing yachts; and she is heavily sparred and perhaps overcanvased. The foretopmast appeared for the first time, in the *Flying Fox,* 1860; and the foremast grew as tall as the mainmast. The mainboom is a tremendous affair; and the fore staysail, from the bowsprit end inboard, is as huge, in proportion, as that of the old *Nonsuch* ketch. A jibboom has been added, and beyond the large staysail the clipper schooner sports what was then called a "standing jib" and "flying jib". Fishermen to-day call such sails the jib and the balloon. They do not call the outer jib of all a jibtopsail, like yachtsmen. The clipper of 1870 showed, in the monkey-rail from the main-rigging aft, traces of the high-quarterdeck of the old heel-tapper, and her maindeck was raised from amidships aft in a distinct step or break. Fishing schooners of 1922 retain this trace of the high poop of the original *Sparrowhawk* of 1626.

The "Plumbstem" of 1885
(*See illustration No.* 11)

The schooner *Grampus* was the first fisherman with a plumb stem. She came out in 1885. The design was also called a "pilot-boat bow", without good reason, the bow-profile of pilot



No. 13.

The "Knockabout" of 1902

boats being by no means a fixed quantity. The success of plumb stem yachts, such as English cutters challenging for the American Cup and American sloops like the *Mayflower* defending that trophy, probably influenced the design of the *Grampus*. The straight stem made her bowsprit look very long, and the division of her headsail into four triangles emphasized the amount of nosepole.

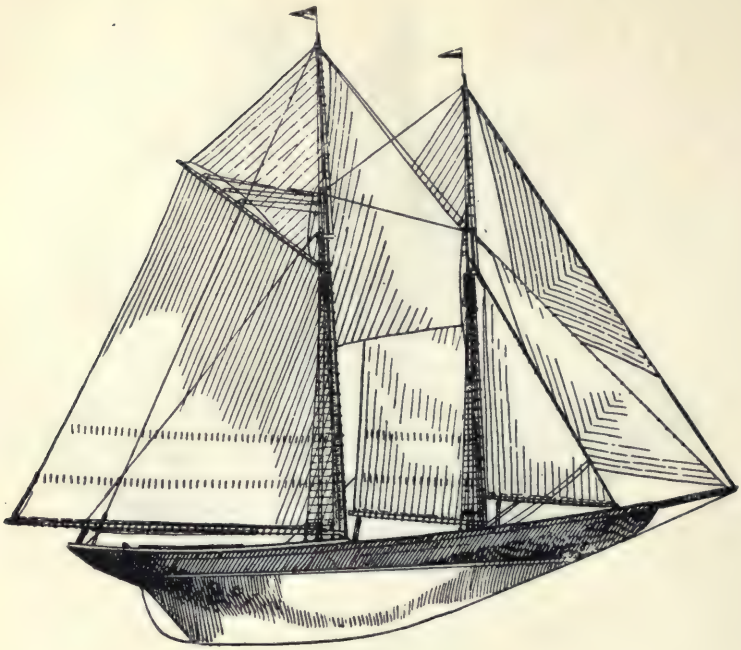
The *Grampus* is the first fisherman to show a fore staysail between the foremast and stemhead. Hitherto this sail had gone out to the bowsprit end. Fishermen call it the "stem staysail" or jumbo, the latter having a boom on the foot. With the fishermen "staysail" by itself means only one sail—the maintopmast staysail.

The "Spoon Bow" of 1898
(*See illustration No.* 12)

The "clipper" or concave bow-profile, long accepted as an indication of speed in vessels of all kinds, gave way before the advancing popularity of the spoon-bow in the design of the schooner *Massasoit*, in 1898, the first fisherman to carry outside ballast. Spoon-bows were being tried on yachts with success and the fishermen followed suit, although there is little difference in speed from mere profiles. Some very slow packets have had handsome clipper bows, and some very fast ones have had straight-up-and-down noses. A much more radical departure in the design of *Massasoit* was the placing of ballast outside, and the cutting away of the long forefoot and deep "gripe" which were formerly considered necessary to enable a vessel to hang on going to windward or to stay put when hove-to. *Massasoit* disproved this. In her sail plan the long nosepole or jibboom, which made its appearance with the "sharpshooter", was replaced by the earlier bowsprit. The jibtopsail or "balloon" grew to generous proportions. Fishermen are still, however, shy of outside ballast.

The "Knockabout" of 1902
(*See illustration No.* 13.)

The spoon bow, accepted with some hesitation by fishermen, proved very



No. 14.

Model of *Bluenose,* winner of International Championship in 1921

popular and one of the uses to which it was put was to eliminate the bowsprit altogether. More men used to be lost from fishermen's bowsprits than from dories. By carrying out the stem in the schooner *Helen B. Thomas* room was provided for three headsails, a jumbo on a forestay setting up on the deck, a jib on the jibstay setting up on the stem, and a "balloon" outside of that. This is the knockabout rig, as the term is used by fishermen, and several vessels have followed the fashion set by the *Thomas* in 1902. Yachtsmen are, of course, familiar with the style in small yachts, but as a rule they use a single headsail. The *Thomas* was not particularly fast under the knockabout rig, and some vessels which adopted it later added short bowsprits and found that the increased amount of space for headsails paid. One such is the *Independence,* a Nova Scotia candidate for international honors in 1921. The *Alcala,* another Nova Scotia candidate that year, retained her knockabout rig. Both were beaten by the *Bluenose,* with the bowsprit rig.

The Racing Fisherman of 1922
(*See illustration No.* 14)

We now come to the finest product of all time, the racing fisherman of the present day. The model shown is that of the *Bluenose,* winner of the Atlantic championship last year and still in the ring. With the exception of her somewhat shortened after overhang and the height of her bulwarks caused by the break in her deck, and deep waist, she might well be a foreign going yacht. Her underbody is rather full, it is true, for this particular schooner carries cargoes to the West Indies in winter, and was built for that. Her great mainsail, with its eighty-foot boom, her moderate headsail and narrow foresail are all very yachty in appearance. The same can he said of the barred *Mayflower,* and the same could be said of

the unfortunate *Puritan*, lost before she got a chance to try for the championship.

It is a far cry from the forty-foot buss of the Pilgrim Fathers to the hundred and forty-foot fishermen racing off Gloucester this October; and the most satisfactory part of it is that the lot of the toiler of the deep has improved as much as their vessels. The Atlantic fishermen are the aristocrats of sailordom. Their ships will do fourteen knots with started sheets and the crews have ice-cream and cke for desert three nights a week.

CRESCENDO

By MARY A. KILBOURNE

ALL the little breezes run down the ragged hill,
Bend the black-eyed susans to their wanton will,
All the grasses shiver, all the aspens quake,
All the waters quiver, all the sedges shake.

Through the bowing golden-rod, down the rows of corn,
By the heaps of cloth-of-gold that the fields have worn,
Rustling go the little winds, tangling in the swarm,
All the clouds of tiny gnats dancing for the storm.

Sighing through the woodlands where the flowers lie curled,
Flashing, flutt'ring white leaves in a glooming world,
Sobbing through the tree-tops, moaning down the stream,
The big winds drive the scowling clouds on the sun's last beam.

Whistling down the forest, whirling down the hill,
Ruffling up the ripples on every little rill,
Bending all the creaking trunks, thund'ring o'er the plain,
Hear the mighty tempest driving on the rain!

GREAT FRIENDSHIPS

BY H. M. RIDLEY

I.—WILLIAM COWPER AND MRS. UNWIN

A YOUNG man, wandering alone beneath the trees outside a country church, was addressed by a younger man, who noticed him with interest during the Sundays that he had attended divine service. He had marked his piety, had observed that he seemed lonely, and he had made up his mind that he would seek an opportunity of making his acquaintance. The opportunity came on a quiet Sabbath morning — just at a time when William Cowper was beginning to find the pressure of solitude more than he could bear. His new-found friend was William Unwin, the son of a clergyman, who took pupils, and he at once introduced him to the other members of his family—his father, his mother, and his sister. To the wife and mother, Mrs. Unwin, a woman much younger than her husband, the stranger was immediately drawn, and between them a friendship was begun that was to last, without intermission, for twenty-six years.

Who was this lonely stranger who had come into the lives of the Unwin family? Thy knew little about him. He lived with his two servants—one of whom, an outcast boy, was a *protégé*, in lodgings in the quiet little town of Huntingdon beside the sleepy Ouse. From the assemblies, card-parties, races and bowling-green that made up the social life of the country town, he turned aside, and such companions as he affected consisted of his devoted servants and "odd scrambling fellows like himself"—an eccentric vegetarian and a non-resident parson, who walked sixteen miles on a Sunday to read daily prayers at the Huntingdon church. But with characteristic ingenuousness, Cowper, soon after the meeting with Mrs. Unwin, confided in her all his past life. He had come to Huntingdon after his release from a private asylum where he had been obliged to seek refuge during the first dread outbreak of the malady that was to be with him, at intervals, throughout his life. At thirty-five years of age he had lost practically everything in the way of worldly advantage. Friends had gone. The little patrimony that had been left him by his father had dwindled away. Of his family there remained to him only his brother, John Cowper. He was dependent for his fortune upon a small income that had been made up for him by his relatives. These were calamities enough, but the events that had preceded them had not been propitious. He had been thrust into a profession—that of law—for which he had no real aptitude, and life in his lonely chambers in the Temple had served to accentuate his peculiarities. Between him and his father, the rector of Berkhamstead, where he had been born in November, 1731, there existed no bond of real understanding. His mother, who might have understood him, he had lost when he was only six years of age. She was a Donne of the race of the

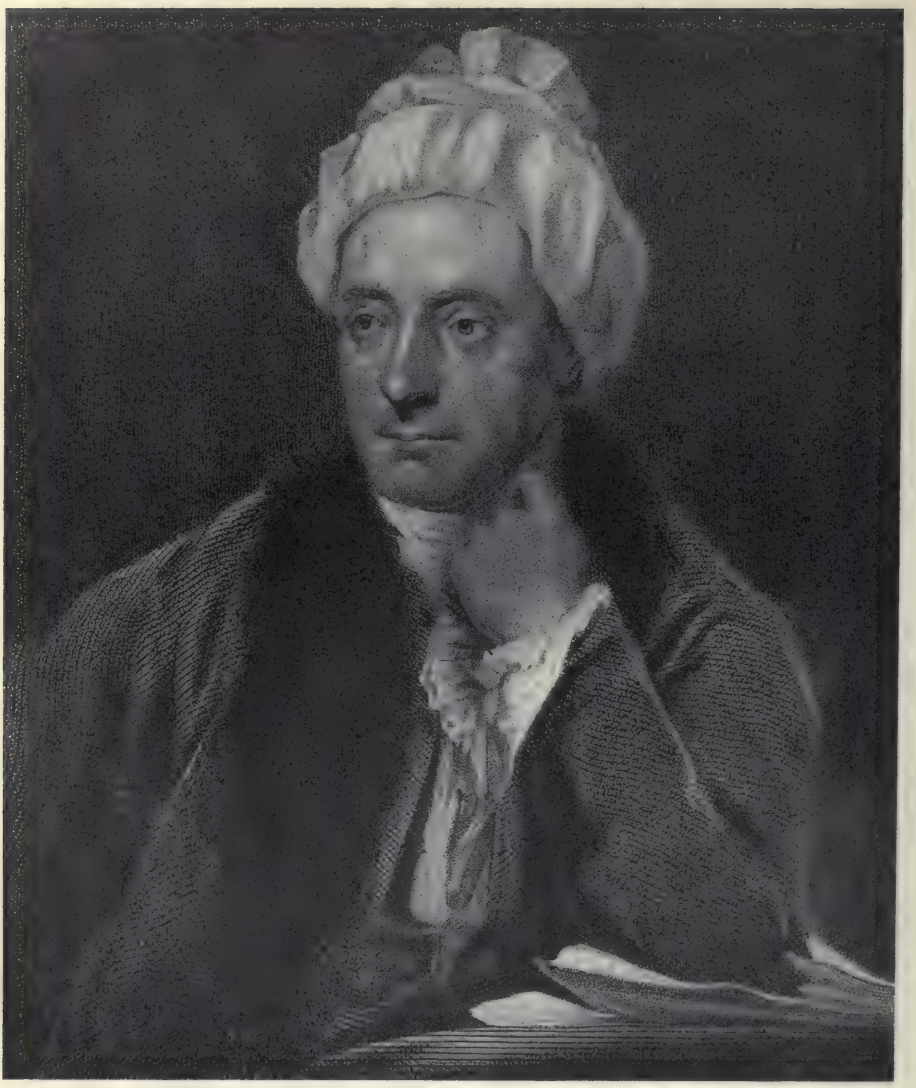
poet, a descendant of Henry III, and in him there was far more of the poetic temperament of the Donnes than of the legal bent of the Cowpers. With a super-sensitive nature that stood sorely in need of the amenities of a home environment, he had been forced to undergo the rough and tumble of the boarding and public school life, and these experiences had been followed by his initiation into an uncongenial profession.

Surely there never was a being who stood more in need of friendship than this shy and solitary stranger who had been born in an age that was singularly adverse to his temperament. His exquisite sensibility, his utter inability to cope with the world, awakened in Mrs. Unwin those protective instincts that are so strong in the woman of the maternal type. For many years, it may be said, that she literally shielded him from "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" beneath her maternal wing. Her good common-sense, her clear judgment, and cheerful disposition made up a temperament that was the antithesis of his own. In her strength he found a refuge that through the years never failed him. Although she was only seven years his senior, from the first he characterized the relationship with her as filial, of a "filial one".

All the members of the Unwin family were attracted to Cowper, and the son William regarded him as a brother. When a vacancy occurred in the household the Unwins invited him to become a member of the family, and in the domestic circle his life was redeemed from loneliness and recurrent insanity. Beneath the vivifying sun of congenial society the charm of this frail being emerged like the silver lining of a dark cloud. It is a mistake to think of his temperament as being a wholly gloomy one. With a soul so delicately poised that it could be plunged into the blackest depths of despondency, he united a faculty that could lift him into ecstacies of joy in simple living. He could take pleasure, as Goldwin Smith points out, in all the little incidents of a quiet life—"an ink-glass, a flatting mill, a halibut served up for dinner, the killing of a snake in the garden, the arrival of a friend wet after a journey, a cat shut up in a drawer." But he was singularly dependent for his felicities upon friendship. All the happiness that came to him in life came through his friends—and especially his women friends. And of those friends the strongest and best was Mrs. Unwin, the woman whom he called "Mary".

"Mary! I want a lyre with other strings,
Such aid from heaven as some have feigned they drew,
An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new
And undebased by praise of meaner things,
That, ere through age or woe I shed my wings,
I may record thy worth with honor due,
In verse as musical as thou art true,
And that immortalizes whom it sings.
But thou hast little need. There is a book
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,
A chronicle of actions just and bright;
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine,
And since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine."

But after Cowper had been with the Unwins two years a sad event happened. The father, Mr. Unwin, was killed by a fall from his horse, and the happy family was broken up. And now we come to the delicate point of the exact relationship of Cowper and Mrs. Unwin. He called her his mother, but she was only



William Cowper

seven years his senior, and evil tongues were not slow to attribute to their perfectly innocent connection unworthy motives. But these two who understood each other and had become attached to each other in a sacred companionship, rose above the consideration of the estimates of those who were not in a position to judge them. They resolved to become companions for life.

"I shall still by God's leave continue with Mrs. Unwin, whose behaviour to me has always been that of a mother to a son," wrote Cowper to a friend. And in this instance, at least, he, who was so habitually weak, was firm in his resolve. The pair chose as their dwelling-place Olney, in Buckinghamshire on the Ouse, to which they were attracted by the presence of Rev. John Newton, a powerful leader and preacher of the Evangelistic revival that was then

Mrs. Unwin, in her twenty-sixth year

in full sway. It is certain that the best people, who were witnesses of the life led by these friends, saw nothing in the least unnatural in their relationhsip. Mrs. Unwin's only daughter, who was married to an Evangelical clergyman, had a high opinion of the character of Cowper. With her brother William Unwin, a religious and highly moral man, Cowper had a very strong friendship. The saintly Rev. John Newton and his wife, who were the next-door neighbors of Mrs. Unwin and Cowper, were their constant companions.

At Olney, Cowper, inspired by the strong religious feeling that was stimulated by John Newton, wrote some of those hymns that have become a heritage of the church—"O for a closer walk with God!", "God moves in a mysterious way", "There is a fountain filled with blood". But the

dark malady which always hung over his life could not be entirely dispelled even by religion and love, and it returned again at Olney. For sixteen months Mrs. Unwin tended him with a love that never failed, and she did it alone because he could not bear any one else around him. When he recovered, in her search for a cheerful occupation for him, she struck upon the writing of poetry on a larger scale than he had as yet undertaken, and it was at her instigation that Cowper, when he was nearly fifty years of age, began the career that was to bring him fame. In a little greenhouse, amid the fragrance and beauty of flowers, he wrote many of the poems with which we are familiar:—"Table Talk", "The Task", "The Solitude of Alexander Selkirk", "To Mary", "John Gilpin".

When Cowper was sixty years old he and Mrs. Unwin moved to Weston, and it was here that he once more went mad. He attempted to hang himself in the library that he had called "neat, warm, and silent", and was only prevented from doing so by the entry of Mrs. Unwin, who cut him down. But she was old now, and the strain of what she had been through had begun to tell upon her. Nevertheless she was with him alone during the six months that his malady lasted. It was when he recovered that he wrote of this woman, whose devotion has surely been unsurpassed in the annals of friendship, that "her frail bark is still held together, 'though shattered by being tossed and agitated so long at the side of mine". It was soon after this that Mrs. Unwin had a fall on a gravel walk covered with ice, and from this fall she never properly recovered. One day in December, as she sat by the fire, Cowper, who was working quietly at a desk nearby, was startled to her her call, "Oh, Mr. Cowper, don't let me fall!" What pathos in this appeal from the strong-minded woman whose strength had been his refuge! It was the beginning of the end for her. Paralysis set in, and her mind began to fail. How poignant is the pathos, in this relation, of the lines that Cowper addresses

To Mary:

"Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow:—
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

"Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary!

"For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!"

When this woman, who had been the strong sustaining force in his life, died—when the affection that had never failed him was removed from his life—it is not difficult to understand the melancholy that settled down permanently upon the soul of Cowper. He did not, however, long survive her. In the church at East Dereham, Norfolk, there are two tombs that mark the last resting-place of the friends who sleep side by side. She died in 1796 and four years later on the morning of April 25th, 1800, Cowper passed very peacefully away, wearing upon his face, it is said, an expression of "glad surprise".

"Francis Thompson and Alice Meynell" is the title of the November contribution to this series. Both Thompson and Meynell have a place in the front rank of contemporary English poets.

THE DREAMER

From the Drawing by
Elsie N. Galloway

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OCT 7 1922
CHURCH

CANADIANIZATION OF THE FOREIGN-BORN

BY GEORGE ELMORE REAMAN

UNTIL recently we have thought if there was a proper method for the selection of immigrants, that their absorption into our national life would take care of itself. One reason for this is the fact that we did not fully grasp the change in the type of immigrant that was coming to us.

There have been two types of immigration to Canada—before 1882 and since that date. If one were to draw a line from north-east Europe to south-west Europe a division would be made between the two immigrations — above the line being the immigration up to 1882 and below being the immigration since. The first immigration consisted of Teutonic peoples, and the latter of Romance, Slavonic, and Oriental. As might be expected, the first type of immigrant soon adapted himself to Canadian life and conditions and so we did not worry about our Canadianization problems. It is only recently that we have appreciated the fact of the change in type of immigrant.

The realization of the lack of assimilation was forced upon us during the war period when we learned that there were whole colonies of "foreigners" who could not speak the English language and whose sympathies were not necessarily the same as ours. We then allowed ourselves to get panicky and were stampeded into doing foolish things. Since the war we have been trying to understand the situation and the more we have studied it the less sure we are of what we should do. The Churches have never had any other definite policy towards the new-Canadians than to preach the Gospel, but this has not proved very effective because of the complexity of the situation. Men going on Home Mission fields have had no special training for their work, and if a man has had success it is because he could adapt himself to the situation, not because he was specially trained for his work. However, when he left no cognizance was taken of his methods and the one who followed had to learn by his own experience and even if he did make good much valuable time was lost and perhaps costly mistakes made.

In Ontario we have played the part of ostriches in that we have ceased to see our own problem and have bewailed the situation in the West when, if there is one place in Canada where the problem is being dealt with satisfactorily, it is in Western Canada. In Eastern Canada we have persisted in treating the foreigner as a child in that we have used Public School primers to teach him English. We also have gone on the fallacy that because a person speaks English it necessarily should follow that he can teach it to non-Anglo-Saxons. The limit is about reached when we accede

to the requests of the Chinese that every Chinaman shall be privately tutored by a Canadian woman. Moreover, social workers everywhere have had this problem of teaching foreigners English thrust upon them, when they have had no adequate textbooks or methods for the work. What is more, our night schools have been held in public schools and the teachers have not had proper linguistic training, and so very indifferent results have been obtained. Everywhere there seems uncertainty as to how to teach and the best methods to use.

In Toronto, during the past winter, with an adult foreign population of perhaps fifty thousand, fewer than one thousand have been reached by schools, churches, or social organizations, and the most of these by the night schools, where they are getting nothing more than a smattering of English.

We try to get around this situation by saying that it is the second generation which really matters and that not very much can be accomplished by working with adults, and that the second generation is being Canadianized in our schools. On the surface this looks to be common sense, but unfortunately things are not always what they seem. It is true that the children are taught Canadian ways of living in our schools, but what opportunity have the children for carrying them out at home? What is more, they learn English whilst their parents do not, and the children seem to move in a world apart from the parents. The result of all this is that the children tend to despise their parents and the former take on superior airs and imagine because they speak English and dress after the Canadian fashion that they are Canadians, whilst their parents are old-fashioned and count for little. This breaks up the parental influence, and our court records prove that the second generation much more frequently offends than the first generation. In Canada we consider the home the bulwark of our nation, but if the foreign home ceases to function as such there is a very vital weakness in almost one-eighth of our population. This is a situation which perennially exists because adults and their children continue to come to this country, and it is not as if we could wait until the first generation should pass away, and with them the difficulty, because a new first generation is continually coming on the scene. This makes the problem a perennial one and shows that we have a continuous fight going on bebetween the old and the new civilizations.

So much for the problem: what is its solution? If we grant that the first generation need Canadianization, what do we mean by that term and how is it to be brought about?

We may define *Canadianization* as *the process of the absorption of the foreign-born into our national life, and the acquisition on the part of the foreigner himself of a knowledge of and appreciation for our language, our laws, our institutions and our ideals.* Such a definition has two phases to it: one for the native Canadian, and one for the new-comer. It may be stated in another way: What have we that the foreigner has not that we want him to have, and what has he that we do not possess which we desire to acquire?

The last part of our definition speaks of what we have that the foreigner does not possess, namely—our language, our laws, our institutions, and our ideals. How is he to obtain these?

We have suggested above that the present facilities for Canadianization are inadequate. We should also state that previous federal governments have considered their task ended when the newcomers were landed in Canada. Now we must insist that the federal authorities take a more active part and see that the new-

comer has the facilities for becoming a Canadian. Attached to the Department of Interior and working under the Deputy-Minister of Immigration and Colonisation should be a Director of Canadianization. The federal Government should assist the provinces in the work by distributing grants on the basis of the number of foreigners in each province, but such grants should be equalled by similar amounts from each province. The grant would be administered by the Minister of Education in each province. The Minister of Education should designate certain voluntary province-wide organizations which would have the privilege of electing one member each to form a Canadianization Advisory Council, this Council to make nominations for the position of Director of Canadianization, but appointment to be made by the Minister of Education. The great advantage of such a council is the prevention of departmentalization — new ideas can be infused constantly and yet the Director has the final word, thus preventing a lack of cohesion in the Educational System of the province. Since the work is educational primarily, it should be under the control of the Department of Education.

Upon the Provincial Director of Canadianization must rest the responsibility for a constructive provincial programme, and for carrying it out. He must first of all develop Teacher-Training Classes for this work; then organize classes of foreigners for these teachers. In doing this he must work out a proper methodology and carefully build up his curriculum and subject matter. He must not only determine when the foreigner is educated sufficiently to become an intelligent citizen of Canada, but also assist in his formal admission to citizenship.

Along with this more or less technical side of his work the Director must seek the assistance and co-operation of others. It will be impossible for him to look after the details of classes and be responsible for the socializing side of Canadianization. In a similar fashion to the Minister of Education he must seek assistance from voluntary bodies interested in such work. He should appoint a local Canadianization Council representative of local activities which would advise and consult with the Local Board of Education in the appointment of a Local Director of Canadianization where the situation warranted it. The Local Director would be responsible to the Local Board of Education but he would always have the assistance of the Local Canadianization Council. He would also seek the co-operation of the Racial Organizations, because in their development lies one of the strongest agencies towards Canadianization, and yet little recognition up to the present has been given to these agencies.

So much for the facilities of Canadianization as they apply to the first step in the process—the acquisition of English. There are three more steps in the process—laws, institutions, and ideals—and up to the present practically nothing has been done to bring a knowledge of them to our would-be Canadian, largely because we are a little hazy on some of these ourselves and the last we seldom stop to analyze.

We Canadians are not analytical and consequently we are not critical of ourselves, but if we ever stop to consider ourselves we rather come to the conclusion that we are a little above the average. This is the attitude we have taken towards the foreigner. We never think that perhaps he has some cultural heritage for us and yet this is rather supercilious because if we would but stop to consider, we would find that he comes from a civilization much older than our own and that there must have been something in his civilization to

make it exist through so many centuries. Do we ever stop to consider that the process of nation-building is one of give and take and that very little will ever be accomplished by amalgamation—the blending of races as compared with assimilation—the blending of civilizations? If we were entering into partnership with anyone we would assuredly find out what our own assets and liabilities were and also those of our proposed partner. How much more ought we to know our assets and liabilities as a nation as well as those of the peoples who come to us.

This brings us to a study of Canadian ideals. Most people if you ask them what Canadian Ideals are, will tell you that they are religious toleration, free education, and the like, but these so-called ideals, which I prefer to consider as expressions of an ideal, are equally desired in England and the United States, and yet we feel ourselves quite distinct from England and the United States, so that we must have a motivating impulse which is distinct from that of the mother country or of our friends across the line. Perhaps we can determine this by way of comparison:

Let us compare England, Canada and the United States as to dynamic. Since the three have a common basis in English democracy we have a common starting point. The watchword of English democracy has always been equal justice for all. In Canada and the United States this democracy found life untrammelled by precedent and we have equal opportunity for all being stressed. This has been worked out in a governmental way by representative government in the three countries but with the addition of responsible government in England and Canada, which means that the executive body is responsible to the legislative body and is selected from it. Compare this with the United States system where the executive body is responsible to the President alone, and not to the legislative body. Frequently they do not belong to the legislative body.

Coming to the individual I submit that the ideal of the Englishman is *poise*. This means that the true Englishman's ambition is to meet every situation and meet it adequately. To do this he must be mentally, morally and physically poised. It is a tradition of the sea that in case a ship founders it is women and children first and any man who would go ahead of these is considered beneath contempt. How frequently men have gone down to their death with a song on their lips. Furthermore, England as a nation has always been expected to keep her head in any international crisis. It was true in 1814 and it was true in 1914. Hence I say that *poise* sums up, as well as one word can sum up, the ruling passion of the English nation.

What of Canada? Our forefathers came from Britain, hence they came bringing the same ideal. But yet conditions were different in pioneer Canada. Anyone coming to Canada in the early days had to make good—the elements had to be endured and nature conquered. It was the survival of the fittest and man must conquer or be conquered. It is not to be wondered at that Canada bred a new ideal in this British stock—she demanded that anyone who came to her shores make good — be self-determined and so with the old ideal of poise came to be associated another —that of self-determination. Hence I say that the ideal of the true Canadian of to-day is *poise plus self-determination*. Let me illustrate: Jack is just as good as his master in Canada so long as he keeps his head and does not try to lord it over us. We pay homage to anyone who does well but just as soon as he loses his perspective we immediately discount whatever he may have done and remember his humble parentage. But so long as he does not make himself

obnoxious we will never remember his parentage or early station in life; or if we do, it is for his credit. We want everyone to make the most of himself, but having done so we demand that he keep his poise.

What is the ruling passion of the American? One cannot appreciate ideals of the United States unless one takes into consideration their history. When they cut loose from England it meant that they had no background —no past, everything lay ahead. They must make good, the pride in their nature demanded it. All intercourse with Britain naturally ceased and in a new land of unparalleled wealth and opportunity the ruling passion became self-determination. One has only to look at the enormous number of wealthy men to know that the great motivating impulse for the individual has been to make good. This does not say that the American has no poise but it does say that his ambition is to make good. There is not that conservative attitude towards change which one finds in Canada and to a still greater degree in England. So I say that the ideal of the United States is *self-determination.* This explains why Canada can interpret the United States to England, and vice versa. We have part of the ideals of each.

Let us see how this delineation assists us in dealing with the Canadianization of the foreigner. We said that it was necessary for us to know what we have what the foreigner does not possess. Anyone who comes to this country may become self-determined but in many cases what is lacking is that poise. Those of us who have had to do with the foreigner when he has been made even a school trustee know how he tends to lose himself in his perspective. He is not to be blamed for this but the situation is to be explained. He comes from a society which has never known democracy and he comes out here where the lid is literally off and he doesn't know what to do with power and authority. Poise, therefore, is the concrete ideal which we must give the foreigner.

But we said the matter was one of give and take. What has he for us? In the first place he has a stick-to-it-iveness, a persistency and an anxiety to do things well. Handicraft work we know nothing of and yet these people bring a complete knowledge of many handicrafts. Culture too they bring in the form of literature, folk music, and folk dances, all of which we are lacking in. A neighborliness and a desire to bear one another's burdens is characteristic of many of them. Thus we see that they have no small contribution to make to our national life.

To recapitulate, we said the foreigners must secure a knowledge of and appreciation for our language, our laws, our institutions, and our ideals. We have written of the way in which the schools might teach our language and our laws, i.e., by having proper direction and adequate methods and textbooks. But a knowledge of our institutions and ideals is not so easily taught. These are spiritual things and this is where the church and social organizations have their function to fulfil. Many of these people come from countries where the Bible is a closed book and so have not this heritage. Many have had unfortunate experiences with churches and social organizations in their own land, and so look askance at overtures from such in this country. Again, we try to interest them in our mission chapels, whereas they have always been accustomed to worship — when they did worship — in ornate cathedrals. These are some of the aspects of the situation frequently ignored.

We have defined our ideals and stated definitely what we believed the foreigner should be taught concerning them, but *how* is the next question. The answer is: social workers

and Home Mission workers must be specially trained for this work. This is now being done in the United States for the former, and the latter must soon follow. We cannot well make these people decent Christians without making them decent citizens. Supposing a foreigner accepts Christianity one night, and the next morning, through lack of knowledge of our ways of living, is fined by our courts, what state of mind is he likely to be in? Furthermore, the parents must be encouraged to broaden out into our ways of living and thinking so that they may understand the teaching which their children receive in school. Thus, I say, those training for Home Mission fields must have special training. This training should have anthropology, instead of theology, as a background except in so far as it is necessary to know their church beliefs. A complete study should be made of the foreigners' cultural backgrounds and the students should be given pedagogical training in order to fit them for what teaching they may give the foreigners. Those who are now on mission fields recommend actual experience under supervision in mission work during college training, together with adequate pedagogical training and experience. All training should be with the purpose of giving an approach to these newcomers and then what to do after the situation is understood.

To sum up, then, we find that the present training of our teachers, preachers, and social workers is inadequate and should be changed to treat with the situation intelligently. The process of Canadianization is one of give and take and we must assist the older people to broaden out into our ways of living and thinking in order that they may understand their children and continue the necessary parental control. If we have an intelligent appreciation of our problem and use common sense methods the process of the assimilation of the foreigner will be hastened materially, for it is one of assimilation—the blending of civilizations — and we need not have any fear for the nationhood of Canada.

Abraham Lincoln's attitude to the slavewoman might be very well our attitude to the foreign-born: "I protest against the counterfeit logic which says that since I do not want a negro woman for my slave I must necessarily want her for my wife. I may want her for neither. I may simply let her alone. In some respects she is certainly not my equal. But in her natural right to eat the bread which she has earned by the sweat of her brow, she is my equal and the equal of any man."

THINGS BIG AND LITTLE

BY JOHN WADDELL

LARGE and small are relative terms, the big and the little are matters of comparison. The ant is small as compared with the elephant but large as compared with the bacillus which lives upon it, often to the destruction of the host. The bacillus again is large compared with the atoms that make up its structure. The atom, once considered to be the smallest subdivision of matter, has of late years been shown to be of a complex character a kind of solar system in miniature.

Small and large being relative terms, it is convenient to make ourselves, our earth, and our ordinary life, habits and mode of locomotion, a standard of comparison. The earth, one hundred years ago, before the days of steamboats and railway trains, motor cars and aeroplanes, to say nothing of the telegraph and telephone with wires or without, was relatively much larger than it is today. Around the world in eighty days would be no extraordinary feat now as it was when Jules Verne wrote his famous romance of that title. Around the world in forty days would doubtless tax the ordinary methods of travel, but an aeroplane flying continuously at the moderate speed of sixty miles an hour would cover the twenty-five thousand miles of the equator in less than eighteen days.

Coming into the earth's atmosphere from the outside, are the so-called shooting stars or meteors. They seldom reach the earth but are volatilized in the upper regions of the atmosphere owing to heat caused by friction against the air. Many of the meteors weigh only a fraction of an ounce, but their velocity relatively to the earth is from ten to forty miles a second and it is calculated that from ten to forty millions of them fall into the atmosphere every day. Here we have large and small in conjunction, small size with large numbers and great velocity.

Occasionally a body of larger size encounters the earth's atmosphere and may fall to the ground before being completely volatilized; one of the very largest known may be seen at the entrance to the Museum of Natural History in New York. It weighs a number of tons, the majority weigh a few pounds. Two or three are observed each year on an average, and since so much of the earth is uninhabited it is estimated that the annual number is about a hundred.

Leaving out the meteors, the body closest to the earth is the moon. If there is a man in the moon, the earth would appear to him fourteen times as large as the moon does to us, while the size of the sun would be practically the same to the inhabitants of each world. So an eclipse of the sun to a denizen of the moon is longer than our eclipse of the sun, because the sun is covered by a larger body. What to us is an eclipse of the moon, is to the earth an eclipse of the sun, the moon being in the shadow of the earth. Since the sun at a total eclipse

appears to be covered entirely by the moon the latter must be to our eye larger than the former. It is not much larger, for total eclipses last only a few minutes.

Some people say that the moon appears to them as large as a soup-plate, others that it is as large as a cart-wheel. These sizes are usually given as the moon is rising and the difference in apparent size to different people is mainly due to their estimate of the distance of the horizon; if we consider that a house is four miles away our estimate of its size is greater than if we think it is only two miles away. Unless one's arm is very long, a Canadian silver five-cent piece held at full arm's length between the fingers and thumb will more than cover the moon's disc.

The distance of the moon is about ten times the circumference of the earth and an areoplane going at the rate already assumed would take nearly six months for the trip. Radiophone messages, which travel with the velocity of light, would take a little more than a second to cover the distance.

A couple of years ago the newspapers were informing the world that the planet Mars was at its least distance from the earth, only some twenty-five million miles, and it was suggested that signals should be sent. Since the earth and Mars take different lengths of time to go round the sun, they are sometimes on opposite sides of the sun and sometimes on the same side. In the latter case they are comparatively near. The shortest distance is approximately a hundred times as great as that of the moon, and radiophone messages would take about two minutes for transmission. Some of the wildest visionaries suggested than an aeroplane flight might be attempted. Were such a flight possible a young man leaving the earth when twenty-five years old would arrive in Mars at the mature age of seventy-five and could hardly hope to return to the earth.

Mars has a diameter a little more than half that of the earth. Venus is nearly as large as the earth; Jupiter, the largest of the planets, has a diameter ten times that of the earth and its volume is more than a thousand times that of the world we inhabit, while the sun is nearly a thousand times the size of Jupiter. Jupiter and Venus are our brightest planets. Somewhat more than three years ago they were in the same part of the sky *apparently* very close together and nearly equal in brightness. Venus was bright because near to us and near to the sun, Juipter was bright because of the large surface, from which it reflected the sun's light falling upon it.

The sun is so far distant that it takes light eight minutes to travel from it to us. Neptune, the most distant planet of which we have any knowledge, is so far away that four hours are necessary to bring its light to our eyes.

But vast as is the solar system it is small compared with the immensity of space. If the distance of the earth from the sun is taken as unity the nearest fixed star is at a distance of 200,000, that is, if the distance of the sun were represented by an inch, the distance of the nearest fixed star would be more than three miles. If a sphere were described around the sun with a radius 200,000 times its distance from the earth it would contain nothing but the solar system, a little cluster near the centre, the size of the earth compared to the size of the sphere being like a grain of sand not so large as one of the o's in this sentence compared with the whole earth. A sphere with a radius five times as long, that is a million times the distance of the earth from the sun would contain only twenty of the stars, of which it is estimated there are 100,000,000 or more. How vast must be the system which includes so many; and beyond this system of stars there are countless others; nebulae, which are suns made

or in the making. And light which takes only a little more than a second to reach us from the moon and takes eight minutes from the sun requires eight thousand years or more to reach us from the limit of our cluster of stars, and probably a thousand times as long from the outlying nebulae.

We know that many of the stars which we see are larger than the sun. Two or three years ago it was calculated that the star Betelgeuse, in the constellation of Orion, conspicuous in winter evenings in the southern half of the sky, has a diameter three hundred times that of our sun. Its surface would be 300 multiplied by 300 or 90,000 times as great as that of our sun and if at the same distance from the earth as the sun is, would cover about two-thirds of the sky. Its volume is 27,000,000 that of the sun. Betelgeuse is not the brightest of the stars. There are half a dozen or more brighter ones, but their brightness may be due to their being nearer. So far as we know Betelgeuse is the largest of the stars.

The elements of which the stars are composed are known from the character of the light given out by them as examined by an instrument called a spectroscope attached to a telescope. Some of the stars are of a complex structure, as our sun, which contains much the same elements as form our earth.

In 1868 a substance was found in the sun not known to exist on the earth. It was called helium from the Greek name for the sun. It was discovered in very small quantity in our atmosphere in 1894. It is a gas very light, only twice as heavy as hydrogen and not quite one-seventh as heavy as air. It has recently been found in considerable quantity in some gas wells and because of its non-inflammability and its lightness it is proposed for use in airships. The only drawback is that even where most abundant the supply is not large and so the cost is great.

Helium may be considered as the connecting link between the very big and the very little; for many of the stars contain a large amount of helium and are often called helium stars. These are thought to be among the hottest of the stars. On the other hand helium is made up of atoms which are nearly the smallest in size and the simplest in structure.

But in considering the little, it may be more natural to pass from what is with difficulty seen by the naked eye to smaller and smaller objects. One of the letters on this page may be considered small, the dot that forms the closing of the sentence is still smaller and might be taken as a standard. If a little black fly, the irritating midget, is ordinarily considered small, how much smaller must be the quantity of poison that causes the irritation?

Bacteria are very small plants, some of them useful as, for instance, those that cause the proper ripening of cheese, or those that clustered together in large numbers form modules on the roots of clover and other members of the pea family, and from the nitrogen of the air produce fertilizer for grain and other crops. It has been long known that clover is of great value in a series of crop rotation; it is within the memory of most readers that the cause of this value has been recognized.

The harmful bacteria are more frequently written and spoken about and the majority of people have heard that there are bacteria that cause disease. Diptheria, typhoid fever, tuberculosis, and leprosy as well as that most widely spread of diseases, influenza, are produced by bacteria, each disease having its own peculiar species. The older members of the medical profession will remember that in the healing of wounds they were taught to hail with joy the appearance of a "creamy laudable pus". Pus of some kind was to be expected and the "laudable pus" did not cause

suppuration such as some other kinds of pus did. Pus of different kinds is formed of different kinds of bacteria, and while some may be more harmful than others we now try by the use of antiseptics to avoid the presence of any pus, laudable or otherwise; and the use of the word laudable in this sense has been dropped from the surgeons' vocabulary.

Many bacteria are only one ten-thousandth of an inch in diameter some are much smaller still. The little dot at the end of the sentence is large as compared with these. They can of course be seen only with the help of a good microscope.

Metallic gold can be obtained in suspension in water in such fine particles that though gold is one of the heaviest of substances it remains suspended for years, not settling to the bottom of the liquid one ten-millionth of an inch in diameter or about one-thousandth that of the average bacteria. The gold is said to be in a colloidal state, and the color is due to the effect of the very small particles upon the light. The particles cannot be seen with a microscope but with an ultra-microscope; just as we cannot ordinarily see the motes in the air but we may see them dancing in a sunbeam. When an ultra-microscope is used a beam of intense light is made to fall upon the colloidal liquid, and the effect upon the fine particles is made visible by a microscope. If there were no particles the path of the light would not be visible.

A colloid would pass through ordinary blotting paper because the pores of blotting paper are comparatively large but would not readily go through parchment whose pores are very small indeed.

Until within a few years very little was heard about colloids, but now the applications of colloid chemistry are almost innumerable. Lubrication, dyeing, tanning, coloring of glass, setting of cement, manufacture of soap and of rubber, photography, metallurgy, most operations in cooking and in the digestion and assimilation of food have to do with colloids.

Of late years we have heard a good deal about vitamines. These are substances found in small quantity in a number, perhaps in most, of the things we eat, but absent from some, and if there are no vitamines in the food various diseases are caused. The scurvy formerly so much dreaded by sailors was caused by the absence of the needed vitamine in the corned beef, pickled pork, and hard tack which were the main staples. Green vegetables contain the required vitamine. Beri-beri is a common disease among the people of Japan who eat a great deal of polished rice. Experiments have been made upon rats fed with polished rice. They have been brought to the verge of death and then restored to vigorous life by the addition to their food of less than a teaspoonful of milk a day. The amount of vitamine in this quantity of milk is infinitesimal. Yeast has a great vogue at present because of the vitamines it contains, but in two hundred pounds of yeast the valuable vitamine is not more than one-twelfth of an ounce. A dose of one fifteen-thousandth of an ounce of this extract has cured paralyzed pigeons within a few hours.

About a hundred years ago, Dalton, a native of Manchester, gave to the world his theory that all matter is composed of atoms. All the atoms of any given element—gold, silver, oxygen, hydrogen, etc., were considered to be exactly alike and all substances made up of combinations of atoms. The atom was supposed to be very small, invisible with the most powerful microscope, and not to be broken up in any way. The theory of atoms explained a number of the facts observed; but a number of chemists and physicists considered that as their existence had not been proved, it would be more scientific to make no assumption regarding them. During

the last twenty-five years, however, much work has been done and it is possible to see and to record the effect produced by the action of a single atom.

The investigations may be considered to have begun with the discovery of the Roentgen or X-rays, the last name making use of the algebraic X in the sense of the unknown, since for a number of years the character of these rays was a puzzle to physicists. X-rays cause many substances to glow with a peculiar light called florescence; and Becquerel thought that their photographic effect might be due to the florescence and that substance showing florescence in ordinary light might have the same effect. It was found that the photographic action was not connected with florescence but in the investigations which Madame Curie carried on, at Becquerel's suggestion, radium was discovered. Radium forms only a very small proportion of the ores in which it is found, only about one part in ten million, and there is little hope of its being found to a much greater extent because radium decomposes spontaneously and had there been a pound of it any place at the beginning of the Christian era there would be only half a pound now.

This decomposition is a wonderful thing; we have no means of hastening it or delaying it, the amount of the decomposition depends upon the amount of the substance. In a little less than two thousand years, any quantity of radium would be diminished to one half; one ton would become half a ton, one ounce would become half an ounce, one grain would become half a grain.

The mode of decomposition of radium is very peculiar. In decomposing it sends out particles with a tremendous velocity. Some of these particles have a positive charge of electricity and will go through paper and thin sheets of metal or of glass. They leave the radium with a velocity of about ten thousand miles a second. When it is remembered that the greatest velocity of any *material* body known before the discovery of radium was that of shooting stars at about fifty miles a second, except for the eruptions in the sun, where the velocities are sometimes ten times as great, it will be understood that scientists could not but realize that they were confronted by phenomena of a very extraordinary nature. When these particles have their positive charge neutralized by an equal charge of negative electricity they form atoms of helium which weigh four times as much as an atom of hydrogen.

Radium sends out other particles with a negative charge of electricity. These particles are only a little more than one two-thousandth as heavy as the hydrogen atom. They have a velocity ranging between thirty thousand and one hundred and seventy thousand miles a second and they can go through thicker sheets of glass or metal than any of the heavier particles can.

It has been said already that radium sends out these two kinds of particles. This is what the first experiments seemed to show, but it has been pretty certainly proved that only the positive particles come from radium itself and indeed only a fraction of these. An atom of radium loses one of the positively charged particles (usually called *alpha* particles) and becomes changed into something else which again loses another alpha particle and becomes changed. There are seven or eight successive changes in some of which an alpha particle is lost and in some of which a *beta* particle (the negatively charged particle of every small weight) is given off. The substances produced last for different lengths of time, some for several years, some for a few days, some for minutes and one for only about a millionth of a second.

The number of alpha particles given off by radium and its products

of decomposition have been ascertained by a very ingenious method in which one out of a known number of millions is made to fall upon a screen where it produces a little flash of light. These flashes come slowly enough to allow of their being counted. An almost, if not quite, invisible amount of radium compound is used, but millions of alpha particles are given off ever second; and it can be calculated that an ounce of radium would send out 4,000,000,000,000 particles in a second. The alpha particles become helium atoms, and the volume of the gas obtained from a known number of helium atoms can be measured. If the helium is at the ordinary temperature and at atmospheric pressure there are 600,000,000,000,000,000,000 atoms in a cubic inch. The greatest vacuum that can be produced would still contain in a cubic inch from ten to twenty times as many atoms as there are human beings in the world. It is evident that the six hundred million, million, million atoms spoken of above do not touch each other for they can be compressed into a much smaller volume and therefore the helium atom must be very small.

It was said that the alpha particles can go through thin sheets of glass or metal. In doing so it is proved that they go through many atoms, right *through* the atoms, not threading their way amongst them as a person might force his way through a crowd. The alpha particle goes straight through, turning neither to the right nor to the left. This is true for nearly all of the alpha particles, but occasionally one is turned aside and sometimes driven almost directly back. So it appears that atoms can be penetrated in most parts but not in all. There is an impenetrable centre or nucleus. It can be proved that round this nucleus are other small particles often called electrons. The nucleus is complex; elements which like radium disintegrate, giving off alpha or beta particles, send them out from the nucleus. The nucleus is exceedingly small; the alpha and beta particles are very closely packed.

The atom forms, a kind of solar system, the parts bearing somewhat the same relation in size to the whole of the atom that the sun and planets bear to the system to which they belong.

It can be now seen how one atom may go through another. The alpha particles moving very rapidly pass through the vacant parts of an atom just as a comet might come into the solar system and escape again into space.

By the time the alpha particle has changed into the helium atom it is going comparatively slowly and so the helium atom cannot pass through other atoms. No atoms as usually dealt with by the chemist have sufficient velocity to pass through other atoms, and it is only in very late years that we have obtained knowledge of the possibility of penetrating the atom in anyway.

When beta particles escape from an element they set up waves in the ether, in much the same way as a fish jumping in water sets up waves. The ether waves are called *gamma* rays and are similar to X-rays except that they are shorter, being small even in comparison with the size of the atom. They are similar also to light waves, except that the latter though small in the ordinary sense are much larger than X-rays. The wave pulses used in the radiophone are of a similar nature but very long indeed in comparison, being several miles in length. Marconi thought he had detected waves, ninety-three miles in length, which he considered might have been sent from the planet Mars.

Here we have another example of the big and the little but the subject is of too great importance to be discussed at the end of an article.

LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE*

BY EDWARD SAPIR

LANGUAGES are more to us than systems of thought transference. They are invisible garments that drape themselves about our spirit and give a predetermined form to all its symbolic expression. When the expression is of unusual significance we call it literature. Art is so personal an expression that we do not like to feel that it is bound to predetermined form of any sort. The possibilities of individual expression are infinite, language in particular is the most fluid of mediums. Yet some limitation there must be to this freedom, some resistance of the medium. In great art there is the illusion of absolute freedom. The formal restraints imposed by the material—paint, black and white, marble, piano tones, or whatever it may be—are not perceived; it is as though there were a limitless margin of elbow-room between the artist's fullest utilization of form and the most that the material is innately capable of. The artist has intuitively surrendered to the inescapable tyranny of the material, made its brute nature fuse easily with his conception.† The material "disappears" precisely because there is nothing in the artist's conception to indicate that any other material exists. For the time being, he, and we with him, move in the artistic medium as a fish moves in the water, oblivious of the existence of an alien atmosphere. No sooner, however, does the artist transgress the law of his medium than we realize with a start that there is a medium to obey.

Language is the medium of literature as marble or bronze or clay are the materials of the sculptor. Since every language has its distinctive peculiarities, the innate formal limitations—and possibilities—of one literature are never quite the same as those of another. The literature fashioned out of the form and substance of a language has the color and the texture of its matrix. The literary artist may never be conscious of just how he is hindered or helped or otherwise guided by the matrix, but when it is a question of translating his work into another language, the nature of the original matrix manifests itself at once. All his effects have been calculated, or intuitively felt, with reference to the formal "genius" of his own language; they cannot be carried over without loss or modifica-

*A chapter of the book entitled "Language, an Introduction to the Study of Speech." New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

†This "intuitive surrender" has nothing to do with subservience to artistic convention. More than one revolt in modern art has been dominated by the desire to get out of the material just what it is really capable of. The impressionist wants light and color because paint can give him just these; "literature" in painting, the sentimental suggestion of a "story", is offensive to him because he does not want the virtue of his particular form to be dimmed by shadows from another medium. Similarly, the poet, as never before, insists that words mean just what they really mean.

tion. Croce* is therefore perfectly right in saying that a work of literary art can never be translated. Nevertheless literature does get itself translated, sometimes with astonishing adequacy. This brings up the question whether in the art of literature there are not intertwined two distinct kinds or levels of art—a generalized, non-linguistic art, which can be transferred without loss into an alien linguistic medium, and a specifically linguistis art that is not transferable.† I believe the distinction is entirely valid, though we never get the two levels pure in practice. Literature moves in language as a medium, but that medium comprises two layers, the latent content of language—our intuitive record of experience—and the particular conformation of a given language—the specific how of our record of experience. Literature that draws its sustenance mainly—never entirely—from the lower level, say a play of Shakespeare's, is translatable without too great a loss of character. If it moves in the upper rather than in the lower level—a fair example is a lyric of Swinburne's—it is as good as untranslatable. Both types of literary expression may be great or mediocre.

There is really no mystery in the distinction. It can be clarified a little by comparing literature with science. A scientific truth is impersonal, in its essence it is untinctured by the particular linguistic medium in which it finds expression. It can as readily deliver its message in Chinese‡ as in English. Nevertheless it must have some expression, and that expression must needs be a linguistic one. Indeed the apprehension of the scientific truth is itself a linguistic process, for thought is nothing but language denuded of its outward garb. The proper medium of scientific expression is therefore a generalized language that may be defined as a symbolic algebra of which all known languages are translations. One can adequately translate scientific literature because the original scientific expression is itself a translation. Literary expression is personal and concrete, but this does not mean that its significance is altogether bound up with the accidental qualities of the medium. A truly deep symbolism, for instance, does not depend on the verbal associations of a particular language but rests securely on an intuitive basis that underlies all linguistic expression. The artist's "intuition", to use Croce's term, is immediately fashioned out of a generalized human experience—thought and feeling—of which his own individual experience is a highly personalized selection. The thought relations in this deeper level have no specific linguistic vesture; the rhythms are free, not bound, in the first instance, to the traditional rhythms of the artist's language. Certain artists whose spirit moves largely in the non-linguistic (better, in the generalized linguistic) layer even find a certain difficulty in getting themselves expressed in the rigidly set terms of their accepted idiom. One feels that they are unconsciously striving for a

*See Benedetto Croce, "Aesthetic".

†The question of the transferability of art productions seems to me to be of genuine theoretic interest. For all that we speak of the sacrosanct uniqueness of a given art work, we know very well, though we do not always admit it, that not all productions are equally intractable to transference. A Chopin étude is inviolate; it moves altogether in the world of piano tone. A Bach fugue is transferable into another set of musical timbres without serious loss of aesthetic significance. Chopin plays with the language of the piano as though no other language existed (the medium "disappears"), Bach speaks the language of the piano as a handy means of giving outward expression to a conception wrought in the generalized language of tone.

‡Provided, of course, Chinese is careful to provide itself with the necessary scientific vocabulary. Like any other language, it can do so without difficulty if the need arises.

generalized art language, a literary algebra, that is related to the sum of all known languages as a perfect mathematical symbolism is related to all the roundabout reports of mathematical relations that normal speech is capable of conveying. Their art expression is frequently strained, it sounds at times like a translation from an unknown original—which, indeed, is precisely what it is. These artists—Whitmans and Brownings—impress us rather by the greatness of their spirit than the felicity of their art. Their relative failure is of the greatest diagnostic value as an index of the pervasive presence in literature of a larger, more intuitive linguistic medium than any language.

Nevertheless, human expression being what it is, the greatest—or shall we say the most satisfying—literary artists, the Shakespeares and Heines, are those who have known subconsciously to fit or trim the deeper intuition to the provincial accents of their daily speech. In them there is no effect of strain. Their personal "intuition" appears as a completed synthesis of the absolute art of intuition and the innate, specialized art of the linguistic medium. With Heine, for instance, one is under the illusion that the universe speaks German. The material "disappears".

Every language is itself a collective art of expression. There is concealed in it a particular set of aesthetic factors—phonetic, rhythmic, symbolic, morphological—which it does not completely share with any other language. These factors may either merge their potencies with those of that unknown, absolute language to which I have referred—this is the method of Shakespeare and Heine—or they may weave a private, technical art fabric of their own, the innate art of the language intensified or sublimated. The latter type, the more technically "literary" art of Swinburne and of hosts of delicate "minor" poets, is too fragile for endurance. It is built out of spiritualized material, not out of spirit. The successes of the Swinburnes are as valuable for diagnostic purposes as the semi-failures of the Brownings. They show to what extent literary art may lean on the collective art of the language itself. The more technical practitioners may so over-individualize this collective art as to make it almost unendurable. One is not always thankful to have one's flesh and blood frozen to ivory.

An artist must utilize the native aesthetic resources of his speech. He may be thankful if the given palette of colors is rich, if the springboard is light. But he deserves no special credit for felicities that are the language's own. We must take for granted this language with all its qualities of flexibility or rigidity and see the artist's work in relation to it. A cathedral on the lowlands is higher than a stick on Mont Blanc. In other words, we must not commit the folly of admiring a French sonnet because the vowels are more sonorous than our own or of condemning Nietzsche's prose because it harbors in its texture combinations of consonants that would affright on English soil. To so judge literature would be tantamount to loving "Tristan und Isolde" because one is fond of the timber of horns. There are certain things that one language can do supremely well which it would be almost vain for another to attempt. Generally there are compensations. The vocalism of English is an inherently drabber thing than the vowel scale of French, yet English compensates for this drawback by its greater rhythmical alertness. It is even doubtful if the innate sonority of a phonetic system counts for as much, as aesthetic determinant, as the relations between the sounds, the total gamut of their similarities and contrasts. As long as the artist has the wherewithal to lay out his sequences and rhythms, it matters little what are

the sensuous qualities of the elements of his material.

The phonetic groundwork of a language, however, is only one of the features that gives its literature a certain direction. Far more important are its morphological peculiarities. It makes a great deal of difference for the development of style if the language can or cannot create compound words, if its structure is synthetic or analytic, if the words of its sentences have considerable freedom of position or are compelled to fall into a rigidly determined sequence. The major characteristics of style, in so far as style is a technical matter of the building and placing of words, are given by the language itself, quite as inescapably, indeed, as the general acoustic effect of verse is given by the sounds and natural accents of the language. These necessary fundamentals of style are hardly felt by the artist to constrain his individuality of expression. They rather point the way to those stylistic developments that most suit the natural bent of the language. It is not in the least likely that a truly great style can seriously oppose itself to the basic form patterns of the language. It not only incorporates them, it builds on them. The merit of such a style as W. H. Hudson's or George Moore's* is that it does with ease and economy what the language is always trying to do. Carlylese, though individual and vigorous, is yet not style; it is a Teutonic mannerism. Nor is the prose of Milton and his contemporaries strictly English; it is semi-Latin done into magnificent English words.

It is strange how long it has taken the European literatures to learn that style is not an absolute, a something that is to be imposed on the language from Greek or Latin models, but merely the language itself, running in its natural grooves, and with enough of an individual accent to allow the artist's personality to be felt as a presence, not as an acrobat. We understand more clearly now that what is effective and beautiful in one language is a vice in another. Latin and Eskimo, with their highly inflected forms, lend themselves to an elaborately periodic structure that would be boring in English. English allows, even demands, a looseness that would be insipid in Chinese. And Chinese, with its unmodified words and rigid sequences, has a compactness of phrase, a terse parallelism, and a silent suggestiveness that would be too tart, too mathematical, for the English genius. While we cannot assimilate the luxurious periods of Latin nor the pointilliste style of the Chinese classics, we can enter sympathetically into the spirit of these alien techniques.

I believe that any English poet of to-day would be thankful for the concision that a Chinese poetaster attains without effort. Here is an example:†

‡Wu-river stream mouth evening sun sink,
North look Liao—Tung, not see home.
Steam whistle several noise, sky-earth boundless,
Float float one reed out Middle-Kingdom.§

These twenty-eight syllables may be clumsily interpreted: "At the mouth of the Yangtsze river, as the sun is about to sink, I look north toward Liao-Tung but do not see my home. The steam-whistle shrills several times on the boundless expanse where meet sky and earth. The steamer, floating gently like a hollow reed, sails out of the Middle King-

*Aside from individual peculiarities of diction, the selection and evaluation of particular words as such.

†Not by any means a great poem, merely a bit of occasional verse written by a young Chinese friend of mine when he left Shanghai for Canada.

‡The old name of the country about the mouth of the Yangtsze.

§A province of Manchuria.

dom."* But we must not envy Chinese its terseness unduly. Our more sprawling mode of expression is capable of its own beauties, and the more compact luxuriance of Latin style has its loveliness too. There are almost as many natural ideals of literary style as there are languages. Most of these are merely potential, awaiting the hand of artists who will never come. And yet in the recorded texts of primitive tradition and song there are many passages of unique vigor and beauty. The structure of the language often forces an assemblage of concepts that impresses us as a stylistic discovery. Single Algonkin words are like tiny imagist poems. We must be careful not to exaggerate a freshness of content that is at least half due to our freshness of approach, but the possibility is indicated none the less of utterly alien literary styles, each distinctive with its disclosure of the search of the human spirit for beautiful form.

Probably nothing better illustrates the formal dependence of literature on language than the prosodic aspect of poetry. Quantitative verse was entirely natural to the Greeks, not merely because poetry grew up in connection with the chant and the dance,† but because alternations of long and short syllables were keenly live facts in the daily economy of the language. The tonal accents, which were only secondaroily stressed phenomena, helped to give the syllable its quantitative individuality. When the Greek meters were carried over into Latin verse, there was comparatively little strain, for Latin too was characterized by an acute awareness of quantitative distinctions. However, the Latin accent was more markedly stressed than that of Greek. Probably, therefore, the purely quantitative meters modelled after the Greek were felt as a shade more artificial than in the language of their origin. The attempt to cast English verse into Latin and Greek moulds has never been successful. The dynamic basis of English is not quantity‡ but stress, the alternation of accented and unaccented syllables. This fact gives English verse an entirely different slant and has determined the development of its poetic forms, is still responsible for the evolution of new forms. Neither stress nor syllabic weight is a very keen psychologic factor in the dynamics of French. The syllable has great inherent sonority and does not fluctuate significantly as to quantity and stress. Quantitative or accentual metrics would be as artificial in French as stress metrics in classical Greek or quantitative or purely syllabic metrics in English. French prosody was compelled to develop on the basis of unit syllable-groups. Assonance, later rhyme, could not but prove a welcome, an all but necessary, means of articulating or sectioning the somewhat spineless flow of sonorous syllables. English was hospitable to the French suggestion of rhyme, but did not seriously need it in its rhythmic economy. Hence rhyme has always been strictly subordinated to stress as a somewhat decorative feature and has been frequently dispensed with. It is no psychologic accident that rhyme came later into English than in French and is leaving it sooner.§

*i. e. China.

†Poetry everywhere is inseparable in its origins from the singing voice and the measure of the dance. Yet accentual and syllabic types of verse, rather than quantitative verse, seem to be the prevailing forms.

‡Quantitative distinctions exist as an objective fact. They have not the same inner, psychological value that they had in Greek.

§Verhaeren was no slave to the Alexandrine, yet he remarked to Symons, *à propos* of the translaton of *Les Aubes*, that while he approved of the use of rhymeless verse in the English version, he found it "meaningless" in French.

Chinese verse has developed along very much the same lines as French verse. The syllable is an even more integral and sonorous unit than in French, while quantity and stress are too uncertain to form the basis of a metric system. Syllable-groups—so and so many syllables per rhythmic unit—and rhyme are therefore two of the controlling factors in Chinese prosody. The third factor, the alternation of syllables with level tone and syllables with inflected (rising or falling) tone, is peculiar to Chinese.

To summarize, Latin and Greek verse depend on the principle of contrasting weights; English verse, on the principle of contrasting stresses; French verse, on the principles of number and echo; Chinese verse, on the principles of number, echo, and contrasting pitches. Each of these rhythmic systems proceeds from the unconscious dynamic habit of the language, falling from the lips of the folk. Study carefully the phonetic system of a language, above all its dynamic features, and you can tell what kind of verse it has developed—or, if history has played pranks with its psychology, what kind of verse it should develop and some day will.

Whatever be the sounds, accents, and forms of a language, however these lay hands on the shape of its literature, there is a subtle law of compensations that gives the artist space. If he is squeezed a bit here, he can swing a free arm there. And generally he has rope enough to hang himself with, if he must. It is not strange that this should be so. Language is itself the collective art of expression, a summary of thousands upon thousands of individual intuitions. The individual goes lost in the collective creation, but his personal expression has left some trace in a certain give and flexibility that are inherent in all collective works of the human spirit. The language is ready, or can be quickly made ready, to define the artist's individuality. If no literary artist appears, it is not essentially because the language is too weak an instrument, it is because the culture of the people is not favorable to the growth of such personality as seeks a truly individual verbal expression.

BOLSHEVISM AND JACOBINISM

BY PROF. HERBERT L. STEWART

IT seems to be among the needs of every new period of social change that some phrase or some slogan should be agreed upon to unite and crystallize the ideals of the hour. But it seems to be more questionable whether we really need to agree upon a term of abuse by which the various forces to which our ideals are opposed may be brought under a common reproach and branded with a common stigma. As a means to effective propagandism this is admirable; as a means to clear thinking it is deceptive. For the merit of a terse, pithy epigram is like that of a patent medicine advertisement: it catches every eye. And its drawback is also the drawback of the advertisement, for it seldom speaks the naked truth. Our epigrammatic ideals become unmanageable when we try to put them into practice, whilst our epigrammatic curses are among the most dangerous of literary boomerangs.

What shall we say about the word "Bolshevism", and its curious affinity in current usage with its imprecatory predecessor "Jacobinism", so much in vogue a hundred years ago? Lord Cockburn, in "Memorials of His Time", has much to tell us about the uniting of anti-radical forces in Scotland after the French Revolution. Cockburn was the son of a Scottish judge, and could remember the years from 1789 onward when, as a boy in his father's house in Edinburgh, he heard the decorous visitors talk without ceasing about affairs in France, or about the results to be anticipated when the French infection should have spread. "Their talk," he says, "sent me to bed shuddering." It was all about "Jacobinism", a term by which they meant everything alarming and hateful, "and every political objector was a Jacobin". The opprobrious word was used impartially of religious dissenters — whether Irish papist or Protestant seceder—of those who proposed to reform the parliamentary franchise, of the "lower orders" generally, of everyone who wanted to hold a public political meeting for any purpose whatever, and above all of anyone who suggested a free, unofficial press, for it was thought certain that such a press would be Jacobin. All who dewlt upon the need for correcting domestic abuses were held to be Jacobins in disguise, and it was supposed to be the business of the far-seeing to unmask them. Cockburn doubted whether a single public meeting to discuss political affairs had taken place in Edinburgh during the twenty-five years that followed 1795! For some time a written test involving repudiation of popular institutions was presented to all lawyers who aspired to professional advancement, and refusal to sign was taken as an admission of guilt. A first conviction for sedition by a judge-packed jury was followed by fourteen years transportation. And of course the spies, who

were everywhere, reaped an abundant harvest from their ardent patriotism. Lord Braxfield, head of the Supreme Court of Scotland, embodied the approved spirit of government in a famous saying: "Let them bring me prisoners, and I'll find them law."

Cockburn was no radical, but rather a quite moderate Whig. He was well aware of the plea that the times were dangerous, but he offers the very sagacious comment that it is in dangerous times that the torch of justice should burn most purely. Within a few years reforms, for the very suggestion of which men had been sent to the gallows, were being carried through parliament by the most conservative statesmen of the country. That they would have been carried in the end with less friction if the spirit of liberty had not been so ruthlessly repressed, does not seem to admit of doubt. Macaulay's appeal for the Reform Bill, "Fling wide the gates to that force which else will enter through the breach", is of the kind which has to be made again and again to reactionaries without whom no "breach" would have had to be threatened.

It is perhaps superfluous that the lesson of this analogy should be further pointed. The mood of suspiciousness that was inevitable—and even wholesome—during the Great War, is being preserved in many a tranquil community in time of peace. Those who have an axe to grind by discrediting the good faith of others are now hard at work. Those who seek a cheap glory for exceptional patriotism, or a cheap reputation for exceptional sagacity, are detecting everywhere conspiracies against the commonwealth, just as they used to watch one another's windows by the seashore, and find in the flicking of electric lights some sinister signal to a submarine. Newspapers, that fret under the loss of so much excellent copy which the war years had accustomed them to expect, are casting about for a new form of sensationalism, and are welcoming with greediness any tale that will serve the need of the moment though they may have to contradict it the following week. Profiteers on the one hand and Labor leaders on the other are bringing charges of deliberate anti-social purpose with a ferocity that is indecent. Each party is invoking against the other some sort of strong arm methods, and abusing "government" for its feebleness. But strong measures are well known to be the most facile resort of weak men. The whole seems to be a token of the still persisting slow fever of our world.

The present writer does not for a moment deny that these times are perilous. Nor does he forget, amid the distracted chaos of so many countries, that suggestive maxim of Burke that when our neighbor's house is on fire it is not amiss to have the engines play a little upon our own. But a limit should surely be set to the recklessness with which quiet folk are calling one another Bolshevists, just as they called one another Jacobins a hundred years ago. That forces of disorder are at work is true now as it was true then. It may well also be true that some of them, for the moment much suspected, will in the end produce out of temporary strife a lasting harmony, so that Coleridge's words about France may again be apposite: "The sun was rising though ye hid his light". And, in any case, that the corrective of most value is indiscriminate coercion, or indiscriminate use of abusive names to form an artificial "public opinion", was shown to have been false then, and it will be found false now. If the world order is to be re-established, this must be done through the mutual tolerance which gave us all that was of value in our institutions in the past, and which includes a healthy readiness to change institutions with changing or with better understood social needs. To criminate and recriminate has never yet smoothed the relations of mankind.

THE SOUL OF BOB O'ROURKE

BY T. M. MORROW

THIS afternoon, when they left me, after having completed the final inspection of the building, I heard Fleming, the architect, and Henderson, contractor and my employer, talking as they stood ready to jump into Henderson's waiting car. Taking one last look about, Fleming turned to Henderson and said, "Look here, Henderson, it isn't very often that I get enthusiastic about anything in the construction line. I guess I've been too long at the game for anything of that kind. But I've really got to congratulate you upon the work here: it's surprising—the best concrete job I ever had." Henderson stood there smiling, for no one could know better than he does what such words meant, coming from Fleming. "I'm glad you're pleased," he answered. "Yes, it's a fine bit of work. I think we should both be proud of it, you as architect, and myself as builder." They climbed into the car and drove off; I suppose to the club, to pat one another upon the back and tell themselves what good fellows they are.

Well, let them. They're quite honest in their belief that they alone are responsible for the building. It's always that way: the architect, who draws the plans and sees the building once a fortnight, and the contractor, who sees it twice a week, get the credit for the job. I'm not sore about that; it's an understood thing. We underlings get our pay: that should be reward enough for any man. It has to be, in most cases. But I feel that it is only right that Bob O'Rourke, who is beyond the need of pay, should get whatever credit is due him for the building of the Marson Building.

It was in this very construction shack, to be torn down to-morrow as the final act in the clearing up of the site, that Bob O'Rourke and I looked over the plans of the building one evening last fall. Henderson had brought them around in his car just before the whistle blew for quitting time.

For two weeks we'd been working in the dark, very nearly. We had nothing but a block plan, giving the dimensions of the building over all, and the knowledge that the two steam shovels, digging away out there on the lot, had to cut down to a given depth everywhere. Already the excavation was completed along the front street; for three days we had awaited the information necessary to get the piers laid out and the digging of them started.

And here were the plans at last. Bob and I hurried across to the lunch room on Wilton Avenue and then back to spend the evening going through the roll of blueprints, getting into our heads information, which

should have been there as soon as ever the job started.

It was midnight when we got through. I was undoubtedly better at grasping the idea of a drawing than Bob: what drafting work I'd done helped me out on the understanding of many a point. But I had to be pretty careful regarding any explanations I might make. Bob stood for no one on the job knowing more than himself: as big boss, there was a certain deference due to him in that respect. It was better to remain silent and waste what time it took him to grasp a thing than to risk feeling upon your left arm the grip of his thumb, digging into the hollow of your elbow, while the fingers of the hand threatened to break through your arm behind to meet the thumb. It was his habit to take that grip whenever he had anything of importance to say to anyone, whom he regarded as his subordinate. Held so, the one held always felt his inferiority, always realized that here was a man who knew more than any other could ever hope to know.

I can see him now, standing there, turning the plans over, tossing them about; a giant of a man, although beginning to stoop a little. I don't know how old he was, sixty at most, probably younger. They said his hair had been gray for twenty years back. Longer than that, he had been known as "Old Bob O'Rourke". For life (and to him life consisted of but one thing, construction) sat heavily upon him; so that gray hairs came to him early.

When we had finished our looking through the blueprints, we went across to the lunch room again for a little snack before going home. And there Bob told me of his sorrows and, as usual, talked construction.

"It's a fine lookin' buildin', boy, like ev'rything Flemin' draws. He's fine at drawin' pretty pictures, Flemin'. If he'd be contented there an' leave the buildin' of what he draws to them that knows what they're doin', it wouldn't be so bad. But you know, as well as I do, what he is: you never can tell when he's comin' on the job an' raisin' hell over something that aint worth mentionin'. An' Henderson aint much better, as you know. Between the two of them, it's no life at all for the superintendent that's doin' the job.

"There's just one thing I'd like, once in my life, before I've finished with buildin'. That'll be a long time yet, I hope. I aint so young as I used to be, but there's a lot of buildin' in the old man yet. An' I guess I'll stick to it as long as the life's in me; though why I do it I don't know, now that my missis is gone an' I've no one but myself to look after, an' plenty put by to keep that many as long as I'll last. But it's meat and drink to me, construction, an' I'd be lost without it.

"It's this way. Just once in my time, I'd like to have the buildin' of a job as I'd like to build it. Though it's not to be expected that I will. For there's the contractor an' the architect to be thought of, an' back of them again the owner: an', among the lot, what is there left for the superintendent on the job but the pushin' an' the shovin' an' the drivin'.

"I'm not denyin' that there's a pleasure in that, too. It's a gran' thing to walk round the job an' see them workin' an' know you can fire ev'ry man's son of them that don't please you. I've a name for bein' a hard man, a hard man with a rough tongue, an' a bull for drivin'. Yes, an' I deserve it. It's a madness that comes over you, to drive an' drive an' keep on drivin'. It's for that they pay you mostly.

But I'm a mechanic, too, as you know. There's no laborer can come to Bob O'Rourke an' say he's a mechanic. Not, an' get away with it.

"An' concrete, now, there's a thing that I know. Boy, I poured the first

batch of concrete that ever was poured in this town; the very first. There's plenty of them that thinks they know that stuff. But it's ev'ry day, right on the job, that I've been meetin' it. There's no man can fool me on it, or the makin' of it, or the placin' of it.

"This'll be a winter job, an' they'll be rushin' it. It's September now but, for all their rushin', it'll be December before we get into it proper. An' there's few can handle winter concrete like it should be handled. It's a thing to be watched all the time. But it's better in the winter, is concrete, than in the summer, if it's done right. In the summer the heat is outside an' the concrete sets inwards, but in winter the heat is inside an' it sets outwards. It can't be beat, winter concrete, if it's done right.

"If I had a free hand, I could put up a buildin' from them plans that any man could be proud of."

He sat there in silence for half a minute. Then he went on.

"They're nice plans, boy, pretty pictures that he's drawed." He reached across the dishes piled on the side arms of the chairs and I felt the old grip, the thumb of his right hand in the hollow of my left elbow and the fingers pressing into the flesh behind. "Boy, if I could on'y somehow get outside of myself, so that no one could bother me while I was buildin' it, I'd make it a buildin' worth rememberin'. Yes; a buildin' that 'd be a monument to me that built it an' that knowed concrete.

"Suppose, now, I had you, that I've broke in, to do the pushin' an' the drivin', an' all I had to do was the thinkin' an' the planning; then, I could do it. I could make a job of it then, a job after my own heart, a job like I've been dreamin' of doin' all my time of livin'.

"If I could do that, an' see it finished, an' know it was done; I think then, when I come to the end of my days, my soul would be at rest."

"Look here, Bob," I said, "it's nearly one o'clock. Don't you think it's about time we went home and called it a day?"

We rose and sought the street. But before we parted, out there on the sidewalk, he laid his grip upon me once more and his blue eyes bored through me, as he said,

"Boy, between the two of us, we'll make it a job to be remembered."

The next morning little Dempsey, the instrument man, was out there hustling in his stakes and getting the batter boards laid out. He was a smart lad: by five o'clock he had the lot marked out sufficiently for us to start on our piers in the morning. Bob and I stayed with him after the whistle blew and the three of us went over the lot together. Then, after he had gone, Bob and I made another tour, planning out our work for the morrow and the days to follow.

Near the centre of the lot was a test pit. The year before the architect had had it dug, a hole eight feet square, if it was an inch, roughly sheeted, driven down twenty-five feet to the rock below. The steam shovels had chewed away the dirt around it down to the basement level but the sheeting had kept it from filling in. It lay there full of surface water to within a few feet of the top. We had thought possible that one of the piers might come in the same spot. Now we saw that it was nowhere of any use.

"First thing we do in the mornin'," said Bob, as we stood beside the test pit, "the very first dirt we throw out of the piers we'll fill in here. It ain't safe like it is. We'll fill it in an', by the time we come to put on the basement floor, the fill 'll 've settled."

Then along came Kelly, the night watchman. He's a good old soul, Kelly, but always in trouble: always he's asking about something, that, if he had any brains at all, he could figure out for himself. The sight of him used to get on Bob's nerves. "I

don't know why I keep that fellow round," he would say. "All he's good for is talkin'. But I've had him on ev'ry job now for five years an' I suppose he'll keep followin' me round ev'ry time I start a new one an' I'll be fool enough to hire him again."

He burst out on Kelly now. "What in hell do you want round here?" And Kelly, who probably had some question to ask about the number of lanterns to be put out along the street, fled to the office, to think the thing out for himself.

Half an hour longer we looked about, until it began to grow dark. I knew that Bob would willingly hang around there half the night, provided I stayed with him.

"Well," I said, "I guess I'll be going, if there's nothing more."

"All right," he answered. "And mind, in the mornin' we start pushin' her. An' I'm leavin' a lot of that to you this time. It's thinkin' I'm doin' now."

And so I left him.

In the morning, I was there at the usual time, a quarter to seven. Always Bob was there when I came, in the office or outside eyeing the bunch of laborers waiting for possible employment. This morning, he wasn't there. I thought of how I would say to him, "Well, I beat you to it that time." But, when the whistle on the steam shovel blew for seven, he hadn't turned up. It was something unheard of: never before had I known him to be behind hand. Still, any man might be late once in a lifetime.

At that stage of the work, looking after things was simple. Two labor foremen with their gangs and the steam shovels and teams were all we had. I took hold until Bob should turn up, and the foremen fell into line.

The morning went on and on, without sign of Bob. At nine I 'phoned to Henderson. I knew that he was due to make a trip out that morning and I asked him to call at Bob's place on the way and see what was the matter. The old man had been living with his sister since his wife died and they had no 'phone. Bob told me he preferred it so. When he had a 'phone in his house, he used to be called up at all hours of the night. He was on the job all day; if anyone wanted to 'phone him, let them call during working hours. As to friends, I don't think he had any, excepting those he met during the course of his work. He was wrapped up in construction: he knew, thought of, nothing else.

At eleven Henderson's car drew up at the shack.

"Well," he said, "what's this about Bob? Has he turned up yet?"

"No sign of him."

"His sister hasn't seen him since yesterday morning. It's queer. But most likely he'll turn up before night. Is everything going all right? I guess you can run things for to-day, can't you?"

"Sure I can run things," I told him. Many a time I'd been going to ask him to give me a job on my own responsibility. I felt confident of myself, knew that I could handle it. But I'd waited, hoping he'd give me a chance. If it came now, I intended to take it and make good.

He rang up in the afternoon to see how things were going. There was nothing especial to report. No word of Bob yet. Nor did he turn up that day nor the next. Henderson drove out again in the morning.

"Look here!" he said, "do you think you can run this job until Bob turns up?"

"You're right, I can run it," I answered.

I heard afterwards that he'd tried to get another man, some one older; but there was a shortage of men just then. That's how I got my chance. I felt pretty good when his car rolled away. I'm afraid that I hoped in my heart that Bob would never come near the job again.

He never did come. And I speedily saw the difference between being the second in command and the first. To have no one over you to whom to turn for advice, to have yours the final judgment in many matters, to see how little self-reliance most men have and how it doesn't always pay to trust them too far if they do have it; the knowledge of these things came to me during the months that followed.

I knew that it was up to me to make time, if I wanted to make good. The costs must be kept down, too, but above everything, time must be made. Henderson was after me continually, urging me on; back of him I knew was the architect and back of him the owner. It's always so. They leave the building until the last moment and then want it in no time. I suppose it's human nature and want of a proper realization that it takes time to do work right. If you make time, you have to pay a price for it somehow.

But I was young and the speed madness was in me. I liked to see things rushing. In less than a week we had the first pier down to the rock. It lay there ready to be poured, except that there were half a dozen feet of water in it. After we struck a certain depth, the ground appeared to be saturated with water; we had to keep a pump running continuously in a pier to allow the men to work. If it stopped for a few minutes, they were flooded out and it took hours sometimes to get ahead of the water again.

We'd been doing nicely at this first pier and had it about ready to pour, when something went wrong with the pump. It was maddening to think that in another hour the concrete might have been in, and, instead, there stood the hole with six feet or more of water in it, while Harry, the master mechanic, fiddled away at the pump. "Go ahead and pour it," he urged me. "What harm 'll that little bit of water do? We won't get it done today, mos' likely, if we had to wait."

I knew that we could do a fairly good job with the pier as it was, using dry concrete and taking care. But the job wouldn't be the best. Yet speed must be made and the cost of delay was a consideration. I was opening my mouth to tell him not to bother further with the pump, to start up the mixer and let things go, when I felt on my arm, here in the hollow of my left elbow, the pressure of a thumb, while behind there were fingers gripping their way through to meet it.

It brought me up quick. I heard myself telling Harry to get the pump ready. As I remember them now, my words were not nice but such as are usual on construction work when there is need for hurry. Harry understood me, that's sure. We lost time on that pier, but not so much as I'd feared, and the thing was done right. I'll swear to it, for I saw it done.

I never had any doubt about things after that. I pushed all I could, but I saw that things were done right. If it was a question of choice between speed and quality, I let speed suffer. And yet, I drove things; the cost showed me that. The job was right, but the cost of doing it was right also.

As fast as we had the piers poured, we followed hard with the forms. I had a good man there in Anderson; we used to laugh at him for a squarehead, but we had to hand it to him when it came to making time. A bit careless, though, he was apt to be, if you didn't watch him. Somehow now, he never made a mistake. One day he said to me, slowly, as was his manner, "I don't know what, there's something, something I don't know what. Ev'ry time I go to make a mistake, ev'ry day almost, I feel it here on my arm like the way old Bob used to grab me." He looked at me inquiringly as he said it. I made no answer. He walked away, looking a

bit ashamed, as though he had said something better kept to himself. I tell you, though, it set me thinking.

Then came the cold weather; freezing every night. I had to watch things closely then. There was plenty of heat under the stone and sand, they went steaming into the mixer. And the water was kept right. But there are things besides these in winter concreting. You must watch the ice in the bottom of the column forms; see that things are steamed out right; in the sand and stone are frozen lumps that the heat doesn't reach. They lie on the top of the sand and among the new material that has just been hauled in and dumped. It takes continual watching to see that the laborers don't throw such things into the mix. Yet I never saw a bad bit of concrete. It came out of the mixer like good gray cream; in the forms I never saw its equal. One day I asked a laborer at the sand pile, "Well, Tony, do you watch for the lumps to break them always?" And he answered, "Boss, I can' help watch. There's han' grip me, here, like tha'. I can' lif' shov' with lump that's froze."

The reinforcing foreman told me the same thing. A hand seemed to hold him, draw him toward any place where the steel wasn't right. And the man at the mixer, wild Joe, who would dump a batch every second, if he got a chance, kept his eyes glued into the mixer as he told me, "I don't know how it is, but somehow, I can't touch that handle till she's right."

I saw that there was more than myself building that job. I tell you I felt it. Yet it bred confidence in me, too.

When the forms were stripped and there was never a spot that needed pointing, never a sign of poor pouring, Henderson and Fleming marvelled. I was pleased, too, but in me was a great humbleness. I felt that somehow or other, old Bob had a part in it.

And now, it is complete; the best concrete job, as the architect said, that he ever had. Gad, I'll go him better than that, I'll gamble it's the best concrete job on earth, bar none. It will go long before it's beaten. I'm fairly afraid to tackle another.

This afternoon, as I heard Fleming and Henderson talking just before they drove away, I was standing here in the shack, looking through the window. Kelly, the watchman, was sitting here, too, loafing the time away until five o'clock, when the day man would go off and Kelly's last night on the job would start.

"Do you know," said Kelly, suddenly, "I've been thinkin' somethin'."

"It don't hurt," I told him, "to think occasionally. What was it?"

"Do you remember the test pit was layin' out there on the lot afore ever the buildin' started. It was there I remember seein' ol' Bob standin' wit' you the las' time I ever laid eyes on him. I've been thinkin' that maybe he fell into that pit that night, an' no one ever thought to look in it for him."

He sat there, did Kelly, smoking his pipe and gabbling away, like he does whenever he can get any one not too busy to listen. And, as he spoke, it came to me in a flash that his guess was true, that down there under many feet of fill and the concrete and waterproofing of the basement floor lies all that is mortal of Bob O'Rourke. A mass of soggy clothing and compressed flesh might be found, if the place was opened up and dug out. There are those, too, who might be unwise enough to do the thing.

And I said to Kelly, "Kelly, you old fool, what thoughts do come into your head sometimes. Do you think that Bob O'Rourke would be likely to fall into a place like that, a man that had been on contruction work all his life? Not a chance. He was too old at the game for anything of that kind."

I know Kelly. He has no mind of his own. If I said Bob wasn't there, that settled it.

There let him lie. I know he would ask no better burial. For I remember his words, "If I could somehow get outside of myself, so that no one could bother me while I was buildin' it, I'd make it a buildin' worth rememberin'. Yes; a buildin' that'd be a monument to me that built it an' that knowed concrete."

Soggy clothing and flesh may be lying there below, but what are these compared with the soul of a man. Somewhere, I know, the soul of Bob O'Rourke, knowing what he has done, is at rest.

HIS FIRST OFFENCE

By JAMES L. HUGHES

WHAT are the fair lad's thoughts
There at the bar?
What should we do for him,
Save him or mar?

This is an epoch day
For him, poor lad,
See his distracted look
Refined and sad.

Treat the lad kindly, and
Just to him be.
Ours not to punish him,
Ours to make free.

Free from conditions that
Lead him astray;
Free from the evil slum
And poverty.

Love the lad tenderly
That he may know
Love's true enkindling power
And truly grow.

He's not a criminal;
Your own dear son
Might have been guilty of
What he has done.

Had be been starved in heart
And body, too,
Give him a chance to be
Happy and true.

Ours to guide him away
From prison bar;
Ours to uplift and train;
Ours not to mar.

PATRIOTISM, LOCAL AND IMPERIAL

BY SIR HARRY R. REICHEL

I THINK it is impossible to survey the course of events in Modern History without coming to the conclusion that Great Britain has been in the past the greatest political force in the world making for personal liberty and freedom of thought. On three occasions before our own time has she saved Europe from a universal military despotism; first against Philip II. of Spain, then against Louis XIV. of France, and finally against the colossal genius of Napoleon. On each of these occasions, humanly speaking, had there been no such country as Great Britain, all Europe outside Russia would have been reduced to a condition of political servitude, which in the first two cases would have brought along with it a grinding ecclesiastical tyranny. We have ourselves seen her perform a fourth service to civilization of the same kind, after the most desperate struggle in all her history. These are facts which cannot be questioned. I believe also that the great bulk of thoughtful students of history recognize that for several generations at least Great Britain has been, alike by the temper of her individual citizens and by public policy, the most pacific of the Great Powers, and that her influence is the sheet anchor of that League of Nations idea, which alone seems to hold out a reasonable hope that the civilized world may be able to escape the *hara-kari* of another and immeasurably worse Armageddon. If this be true, the conclusion is inevitable, that it is of capital importance to Europe and the world that the vigor of Great Britain should be maintained unimpaired. But the life of this country is not the life of a single homogeneous population. Within the British Isles there are certainly four, probably five, different populations, inhabiting continuous districts, each with a special history of its own, and possessing a mentality and marked characteristics which fairly entitle it to be regarded as a separate nationality. Such a state of things is full of possibilities for good and evil. On the one hand there is a richer store of human nature, a greater variety of temperament and talent available for the common service; on the other this very variety holds in itself the seeds of jealousies and antagonisms which may in times of stress come to threaten the larger unity on which the welfare and even safety of all the parts depend. And this danger is specially serious when, as in our own case, one division is so large as to outweigh all the others several times over. It is only natural that a smaller population should be tempted to think itself overborne and its special interests ignored or thrust aside by the predominant partner, and these influences may be so strong

as to make it forget that its own safety is ultimately involved in the fortunes of the whole. Thus it is clear that local patriotism may take one of two forms. It may determine to assert for itself a foremost place in the great political union of which it forms part, and cultivate its own best gifts in no spirit of selfish isolation, but in the conviction that it is with communities as with individuals, that no one can do his best for the common good by trying to be somebody else, but only by developing his own special powers and capabilities. It may on the other hand yield to the insidious promptings of traditional enmity, feed on the memories of ancient wrongs, and in the gratification of an ancestral vendetta, completely lose sight of the fact that its own prosperity and even existence is bound up with that of the larger community of which it forms part. Nothing so obscures and distorts the vision as hatred; and it is a melancholy fact that no passion is more easily excited in any community, as it generally masquerades in the hallowed garb of patriotism. Like cruelty, hatred grows by indulgence. It is easily cultivated and is capable of forming, while it lasts, a strong bond of union among the haters. The relations of any two peoples who have had much to do with each other are largely a record of wrongs and injuries on both sides. Either of them, by remembering only what it has suffered and forgetting what it has inflicted, may easily work itself up into a frame of mind in which it will be able to say with the Hebrew poet: "Yea, I hate them with aperfect hatred". We have seen this happen before our own eyes. The German Government, having formed a world policy which was certain to bring it up against the British Empire, set itself to prepare for the inevitable struggle by educating its subjects through the schools and universities to regard Great Britain as a power which had inflicted the grossest injuries on Germany and that in the most underhand and treacherous manner. The result was a wave of almost insane hatred at the beginning of the war which fairly bewildered us. It was the first revelation we had of the power of persistent educational propaganda.

There are thus two ways that lie before the smaller partners in a political union like that of these islands, the way of generous co-operation and the way of selfish isolation; and like all selfishness the second in the long run defeats its own object. We have had an exhibition of this spirit in the mad rebellion which was started five years ago in Dublin by a handful of misguided young enthusiasts. Had it succeded, the Allies would undoubtedly have lost the war. France, and in all probability Italy, would at this moment be dismembered; Belgium would be a province of the German Empire; London and our chief ports would be under military occupation by German Army Corps; and our miners and other Trade Unionists would be toiling under the shadow of the bayonet and the lash to produce the gigantic War Indemnity for which Germany has marked us down. And those who have brought upon Europe this almost inconceivable calamity—what would they have gained? Another scrap of paper! A promise from the Kaiser! Can any reasonable man doubt that their fate would have been that which Sydney Smith, writing as a Liberal in support of Catholic claims, so humorously forecasts in dealing with the analogous situation a century ago? "Who can doubt," he says, "but that Ireland will ultimately experience from France a treatment to which the conduct they have experienced from England is the love of a partner or a brother? Who can doubt but that five years after he has got hold of the country, Ireland will be tossed away

by Bonaparte as a present to some one of his ruffian generals, who will knock the head of Mr. Keogh against the head of Cardinal Troy, shoot twenty of the most noisy block-heads of the Roman persuasion, wash his pup-dogs in holy water, and confiscate the salt butter of the Milesian Republic to the last tub?" Some of us may remember a saying of Disraeli: "I am told this is a selfish policy. Gentlemen, it is as selfish as patriotism."

Disraeli was a great statesman and a true patriot; but this is not one of his wisest sayings. The truest patriotism is not selfish. Neither for the community nor for the individual is selfishness the road to salvation. There is a better way, the way of mutual understanding and co-operation. We see this now clearly enough in the international sphere. We recognize that peace cannot be permanently maintained, unless the nations of the world try to understand each other, and deliberately set themselves to cultivate a spirit of mutual goodwill and forbearance. And how can they do this, if they are unable first to foster this spirit within their own borders? Under the world conditions we have reached, absolute independence is no longer a possible ideal for any nation, be it large or be it small. The future of civilization depends on the maintenance of a League of Nations of some kind, and any effective League involves the surrender by all the members composing it of the absolute unfettered right to go as they please, in other words it involves some limitation of their independence as sovereign states. This is a great sacrifice to ask. How difficult it will be to bring about the attitude of the United States makes only too evident. But how can we expect the Great Powers to surrender some part of the sovereignty they have enjoyed for hundreds of years, if at the same moment districts that have never during that period been more than provinces insist on arrogating to themselves the full rights of sovereign states? There is a topsy-turviness about the idea worthy of "Alice in Wonderland".

No! The way of co-operation is the only road to safety for the communities that form the big imperial state, and the only hope of their being able to do effective work for the World Peace, on which, it is now evident, the continued existence of our cilivilization depends. And here a generous rivalry is possible. Each of the partners possesses gifts of his own, which enables him to make a special contribution to the common stock. The Englishman has a tolerance and a sense of fair play (never more strikingly shown than in the present troubles) which in the judgment of one of the ablest and wisest Scotchmen I have known, the late Sir Thomas Raleigh (to whom by the way Wales is largely indebted for the increased Treasury Grants made to her University system since 1909), is the quality that above all others forms the cement that holds the Empire together. He excels also in a practical instinct, which enables him to tackle a new situation for which he has had no special training and arrive at some temporary workable solution, and which makes him the despair of the Bolshevik propagandist. On the other hand he has a contempt for theory, and is apt not to see that his workable solution is only a temporary solution after all; and there is probably no white race that has so little respect for the intellectual side of life. In this he offers a startling contrast to his American cousin. One might almost fancy that the Pilgrim Fathers had carried off with them bodily the entire stock of intellectual enterprise that was the glory of Elizabethan England. Here it is that Scottish training and Scottish efficiency come in. For your Scot is essentially an intellectualist. Argument and debate

are meat and drink to him. Shakespeare has fixed the type once for all in his Henry V. Three captains of Henry's army, Fluellen the Welshman, Jamie the Scot, and Macmorris the Irishman, meet in front of the breach at Harfleur. Macmorris pours out his indignation in fine Irish style on the way in which the siege operations have been mismanaged. Fluellen suggests with courtesy that there is something to be said on the other side. And then in comes Captain Jamie, just as they have to move off, with, "I wad full fain hear some question 'tween you tway". E'en "in the imminent deadly breach" the Scottish love of a good argument will out. And so it is largely Scotland that supplies the trained administrators that run the Empire. England, indeed, has been humorously described as a country lying to the west of the Continent of Europe, governed by Scotsmen. But for all his "perfervidum ingenium", the Scot is rathers everely logical; his mind has perhaps too much affinity with the hard, mechanical side of things. We could not do without him. If Scotland were suddenly engulfed, could the United Kingdom carry on without capital disaster for another twenty years? I greatly doubt it. Still he does not supply all that is needed to complete the national amalgam. We have had the practical and the intellectual; but there is a further element that is required to constitute the state of man—the imaginative. The State needs the seeing eye as well as the ready hand and the calculating brain. Am I wrong in thinking, as I *do* think, that in imaginative intuition the Welshman is more richly endowed than either of the two other national types? This is not to say that the Welsh type is higher or more important than the others, but that it is complementary to them, that it supplies an indispensable ingredient to the full prescription for Imperial well-being. It is the Celtic gift of imagination, not confined, it is true, to the Welshman, but joined in his case to a caution and sanity which nature or history has denied to his brilliant but wayward and irresponsible Irish kinsman. Ernest Renan, the great French savant, who wrote so sympathetically about the Celtic peoples and Celtic literature, was a staunch admirer of the Welsh type of character, which his Breton parentage and frequent visits to Wales well qualified him to understand. He regarded the Welshman as the sanest of the Celtic stock, "the Teuton of the Celts", as he dubbed him, strong on the side in which the Celt has usually and with some justice been reputed weak, and likely therefore to play a more beneficent part in history than his Celtic confrères. My own experience, extending now over thirty-seven years, has convinced me of the soundness of this estimate. These years have been emphatically a renaissance period, a time of extraordinary activity, of rapid development and reconstruction. So completely have the mental outlook and social life been transformed, that anyone who had known the Principality of Wales before the eighties and been cut off from all communication with it ever since, would hardly recognize his surroundings if he were to return now. Such a period is a supreme test of judgment and sanity. It is so easy under the intoxicating influence of new ideas and high enthusiasms to mistake fancy for fact, the gorgeous cloud-shapes of dreamland for the solid mountain ranges of truth; and rapid change tends of itself to produce an overmastering passion for further change.

This is one cause, perhaps the most powerful, of the catastrophic convulsions that mark times of revolution. During this period, a great system of Secondary Schools has been established, and the small and struggling college of 1872 has grown into a Na-

tional University with four times as many teachers as the original College possessed students. All this has meant conferences and committees without number, most of which I have myself attended, and I can say deliberately that while there have been repeated occasions when critical decisions had to be taken and hasty and ill-judged action might have had disastrous results, it was always in the end the voice of wisdom and moderation that prevailed. We are now on the eve of a great development in the national institution that specially represents Welsh interest in the things of the mind—Prifysgol Cymru, the University of Wales. A Royal Commission representing the best University knowledge and experience of the United Kingdom and such sympathetic understanding of Welsh life and thought as was assured by the presence of William N. Bruce, Owen M. Edwards, and Henry Jones, has recast the University on lines that promise greatly increased possibilities of service to the country; the County Councils have accepted the new responsibilities laid upon them in respect of its finance and government; and the seal will shortly be set upon this great scheme of reconstruction when the Prince of Wales steps into the position previously held by his royal father and grandfather, and when Wales acclaims as the Chancellor of her national University one who is marked out alike by his personality and by a unique experience as the champion and spokesman of the cause of mutual understanding and active goodwill among the widely separated members of the great Empire, on whose fortunes the hopes of world peace largely depend. I believe that under these auspices Wales will continue true to her genius, that she will recognize the greatness of the opportunities that lie before her, and will cultivate her special gifts not in the spirit of "Ourselves Alone", a baneful principle dwarfing to the best energies of the people that follow it, and full of peril to the community of nations of which they form a part, but in the inspiration of a large and noble ideal, the ideal of common service through the Empire to the whole of mankind.

"TEMPERANCE" MONUMENT AT BEAUPORT, P.Q.

From the Photograph by

M. O. Hammond

This evidently is a mark of an early temperance agitation in the Province of Quebec. The inscription (translated from the French) is as follows:—"Temperance monument erected Sept. 7, 1841, by Mgr. Forbin Janson, Bishop of Nancy. Restored 26 Sept. 1905."

JACK MINER, PHILOSOPHER AND BIRD-LOVER

BY NORMAN S. RANKIN

THE PHILOSOPHY OF JACK MINER

Tell the truth even if you have to lie to do it.
I like birds but boys better—if we only understood 'em.
I'm so happy I'm goin' to live a hundred years or die in the attempt.
Never a man so good but a good woman'll make him better.
Is life in the country worth living? It depends on the liver.
There isn't enough real money in the world to buy my home.
I've done no work. Work consists of doin' somethin' you don't want to do—yet I'm always as busy as a cow's tail in fly-time.
Did you ever notice that when you begin to work for others you get all kinds of help an' encouragement—everybody works with you and for you.
I got nothin' to boast of. Back of old Jack Miner's been the powerful hand of the Unseen.

"He prayed best who loveth best
All things both great and small."

EESE are the most wonderful, intelligent creatures in the world," said Jack Miner, "an' the man who said 'Silly as an old goose' didn't know what he was talkin' about. Year after year they come back to this old farm, pickin' out my old ponds from the thousands of other ponds an' bringin' new families with 'em. I figgers they just went back an' told the others about it and that they'd be perfectly safe, warmly welcomed an' well fed at my place—they know old Jack now an' Jack knows them too, and loves 'em."

So spake old Jack Miner—old in experience and philosophy only—to a group of some thirty visitors, who, from Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, and intermediate points, had come up to visit his bird sanctuary near Kingsville, Essex County, Ontario, and to help him celebrate his fifty-seventh birthday. We stood in the sunroom of his newly finished house—a beautiful and artistic one—looking over the big pond which literally teemed with wild geese. Here, in countless hundreds, year after year, with the first buds of early spring, the wild geese in great and small flocks, muster from the winter feeding grounds in the

sunny south for their annual northwards flight to the shores of James Bay and Hudson Bay, to feed and breed in the rich marshes of the eastern coasts. Here without fear of molestation or sudden death by trap or gun or snare, in aboslute protection and security of feed, carefully tendered and nourished by their friend, Jack Miner, they rest and recuperate for a month or six weeks, preparatory to winging their way on the last leg of their long migration. Ten acres on the farm has been set aside as the sanctuary, and though the balance of the property is given over to farming and the manufacture of brick and tile, within the designated area, on artificial ponds and mudbanks and shrubbery, wild life reigns supreme.

Providence had blessed us with a perfect day—clear, bright and balmy. A warm spring sun shone from a cloudless sky while a gentle breeze ruffled the surface of the ponds and stirred the branches of the miniature forests, which, like encircling arms, completely surrounded the sanctuary. The robins had not yet made their appearance but in the toy-like bird houses and along the hedges, other tiny feathered creatures, twittered and hopped and pruned themselves, expressing in every graceful movement their fervent joy at the coming of spring.

"What work!" said some one, gazing out at the myriad rows of spruce and pine and cedar. "What work!"

"Work," replied our host, warmly, "work, it was no work. I've done no work. Work consists in doin' somethin' you don't want to do—an' yet, I'm always busy—as busy as a cow's tail in fly-time. To do the things you want to do, fellas, to put infinite patience, keen enthusiasm and unflagging perseverance into it—that's not work, fellas, that's the joy of livin' —the very joy of livin', and thank God, the Almighty gave me strong arms an' good health to do it."

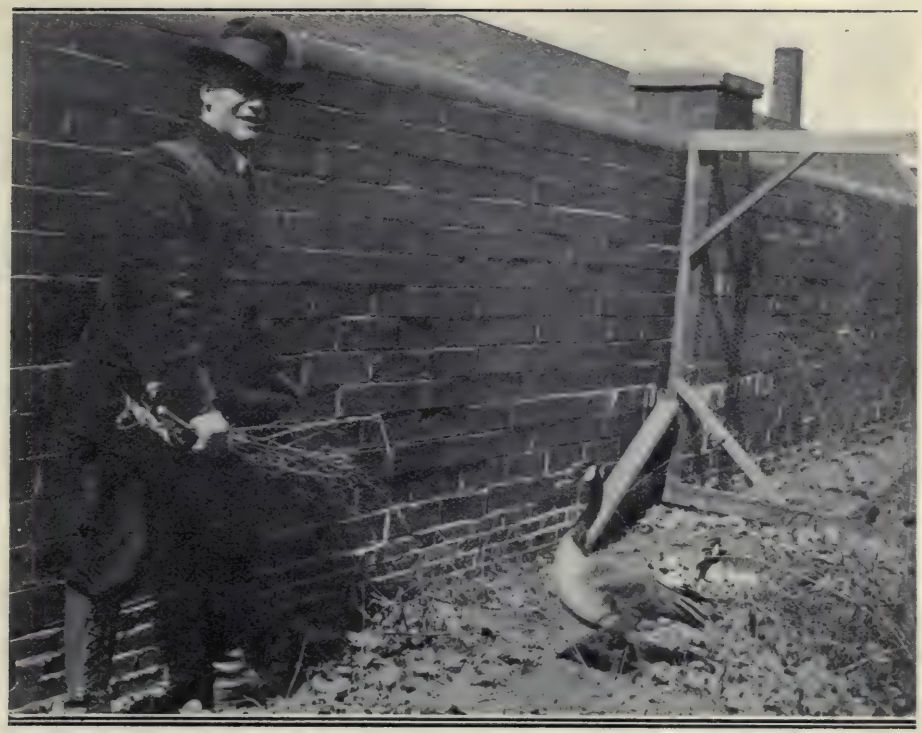
"Yes, and infinite kindness too," added some one, and that some one was right.

Jack Miner made a picturesque figure in his brown corduroys and long gum boots, as he stood there talking to us. Fifty-seven years young, tall and robust with a face tanned by the sun to the color of an old saddle or a sorrel horse, and muscles hardened by constant out-door work and exercise, he was the very epitome of rugged health and strength. Blue eyes twinkled at you under gray overhanging brows and a kindly smile betokened his entire harmony with all nature. From every pore he radiated goodwill, enthusiasm and strength of character. Could I properly picture him as I saw him and felt him, you would better understand my characterization of him as Nature's Gentleman, Philosopher, Animal-lover and Modern Evangelist. For that's what he is—that's what he is.

Jack Miner's life story is well worth repeating to the world. If ever a man was in perfect accord with the universe, possessed of absolute happiness in his surroundings and friends; if ever he got and gave the greatest good and happiness out of it, that man is Jack Miner—friend of man and bird and beast.

When he was four years of age, he moved with his father—an Englishman—and mother and nine brothers and sisters, from the old Buck-Eye state into the wooded wilderness some twenty-five miles south of the (then) village of Windsor.

"We carved our home out of the heart of the forests," he picturesquely told us. "Dad built us a small hut out of rough-sawn logs. When I lay in bed of nights, I could see the stars an' the moon peepin' in at me through the chinks an' feel the rain on my face in wet weather. They were twelve-inch planks an' every year for thirteen years, they shrunk an inch. Bit by bit, we wrested a livin' from the



Jack Miner confronting the old gander that protects his setting mate from all intruders "He'll fight anything from a field mouse to a horse."

soil an' outgrew poverty. Mother'd brought some shrubs an' bushes and soon the roses bloomed, an' look, boys, look what we got now."

I picture now, as I did at the moment, the broad, cultivated acres, the well-kept buildings, fences and outhouses, the miniature protection forests and hedges, the smooth, open lawns, the attractive gardens and shimmering, artificial ponds. I see the hundreds of wild geese lazily swimming on the surface or, tail up, digging the muddy botoms in search of delectable feed; I repeated to myself, "See what we got now, boys, see what we got now."

"As a bare-footed boy," he continued, "I hunted an' trapped an' shot, as my father did before me, roamin' the country round for miles till I knew every tree, every ditch an' pond, every trail, every stream.

"Schoolin'? We didn't have none --we didn't bother about it; till I was nearly thirty-three. I couldn't read nor write. But I learned Nature's secrets, the ways an' habits of the wild things in the forest an' the open—to talk with the rabbits an' the squirrels an' the foxes an' the wild ducks an' the robins, and I figger, fellas, Nature's school ain't so bad after all.

"About that time, the wild geese, in small numbers, began to come to us. Dad had discovered in the course of his farmin' operations, that the clay made tiles; the tiles in heaps made holes in the ground an' the holes filled with water an' made pools. Then the geese, wingin' their way northwards, rested on the pools an' right then and there we formed an acquaintance which has ripened into mutual confidence an' understandin'. The Almighty brought about that

A view of Jack Miner's Wild Goose Sanctuary

partnership in his own good way an' time. 'Genius', people says to me; "t was genius done it.' Nothin' of the kind. I got no genius; I got nothin' to boast of. Back of Jack Miner's been the powerful hand of the Unseen — that's what done it.

"I was out one mornin' early to shoot the geese an' lay for hours under an old blanket to get a shot. About daylight, along come two laborers to dig a ditch. I knew the geese were there for I heard 'em honk, but they took no notice of these men. I figger they knew they were attendin' to their own business an' wouldn't harm 'em nohow.

"I got my lesson then an' I've been studyin' it ever since. I made up my mind I'd shoot no more; that I'd be friends with 'em, welcome 'em an' help 'em on their way.

"So our fish pond grew. I dug it out of the garden beside the house; I put drains down six feet to bring the water in from nearby springs; it would flow in warm an' fresh an' the birds seemed to like it. Then I strewed corn all about the pond and on the shallow bottoms, I put cobs. I started in 1904 with seven geese an' next spring they come back with eleven. Each year they come in increasing numbers. Possibly there's three thousand out there now. I figger them birds is almost human — went back an' told their friends 'bout old Jack's duck pond an' that it was a safe and sure an' agreeable place to spend Easter in. P'raps they read an' told 'em of my Stay Back signs. That's why I put more of 'em over my land" — and he pointed to one of many such notices scattered over the property. I jotted down the wording. It says:

STAY BACK

This is Private Property and These Geese are WILD. You have no Right to Scare them all Away so the Other Fellow can't see them.

Your friend,

JACK MINER.

"God gave man dominion over all the earth," he went on, "over everything that swims in the sea, walks on the land an' flies in the air, an' if all men were kind to all animals, there'd be fewer wild ones. I notice the great increase since the Migratory Bird Treaty went into force in 1918—

Another view of Jack Miner's Wild Goose Sanctuary

that was a fine thing. When you kill one bird you're depletin' bird life; you're takin' a mate away from some other bird an' wipin' out an unborn family, an' when Canada and the United States got together an' framed up that bird act, they did the very finest kind of thing possible to save wild life. More power to 'em I say, more power to 'em.

"Then my neighbors helped me—eighty-five per cent. of 'em—by petitionin' the government to make my place a bird sanctuary to the extent of two miles on either side, an' the township offered a reward of twenty-five dollars for information which would lead to the arrest of any man who shot a wild goose. Did you ever notice, fellas, that when you begin to work for others an' things go right, you get all kinds of encouragement an' help. You find everybody workin' for you and with you.

"The Ontario Government made me an annual feeding grant of $400 an' the Dominion a similar grant of $300. Last year I fed 2,000 bushels of corn on the cob to my friends—an' say, boys, they just fattened an' thrived on it.

"Intelligent, did you ask? Intelligent? Yes, almost human. They know when to come and when to go, when to feed an' when to starve — for starve they do for a day or so before they light out for home. This an' the continued honking tells me when they're ready to move. They line up in families — mostly six to nine — in military squads or platoons, honk awhile, beat the water with their wings to raise themselves, run along the top paddlin' with their feet an' are gone, an' then the next family and the next one. Up in the sky they form up in a V with an old gander leadin' 'em an' after circlin' round for awhile to take their bearin's, an' sense the breeze an' sort of say goodbye, away they head for the north, with the leader repeatin' his cheerin' honk. An' he's true to his life-mate. If he's made a widower, he never mates again. Say, fellas, I wish I was as intelligent as those geese. Did you ever see an old mother goose settin' on her eggs with the gander on guard over the nest. He's on duty for twenty-four hours a day an' he'll fight anythin' from a field-mouse to a horse in defense of his own.

"An' that brings up the wonderfulness of nature or the human intelli

Wild Geese resting on Jack Miner's Pond

gence of the goose. That old settin' goose I showed you this morning lays her eggs an' hatches 'em, a month earlier than the wild geese. Mind you, she was originally wild but arrived here with a broken wing so that I clipped 'em an' her mate's too. They been here some years now — they had to stay.

"Wild geese breed only in the cold climate of the north an' as this old lady wanted to do her duty, she just naturally shifted her breeding time one month ahead so that her eggs would be hatched out in fairly cool weather. Can you beat that, boys, can you beat it? They come back here regular, not only to the same church but to the same pew.

"After the geese first began to visit here an' before the Government made it a sanctuary, my neighbor on the left use'd to shoot at 'em as they flew over his place. I put up a line of white flags between my farm an' his an' old Mr. Goose sensed right away what they were for. He'd stop short at the flags for he knew they were the dead line, the danger limit, beyond which he'd better not go. Wonderful, you say. Yes, wonderful beyond comprehension. Pshaw, people don't know unless they studies, how intelligent animals are. At first I couldn't walk among 'em without scaring 'em away, though they'd circle overhead an' come back, but now, anybody can go among 'em on this place; they know there's no danger; they know they're safe.

"Then I began to tag 'em. Put a metal label on their foot with my name an' address on one side so that whoever shot 'em or found 'em could write an' tell me about it. I've had letters from all over the continent, Hudson Bay, Baffin's Island, James Bay an' practically every State in the Union. Last time I tagged 109. Fifty-seven flew back to stay with me again this year — I figger they liked the boarding-house—forty were shot up in Hudson Bay, one at Baffin's Land an' the other eleven are likely out there in the pond to-day. Ninety-nine per cent. of the geese are what are known as 'Canada Geese'; the others, Blue Snows, Brants an' Hitchins. I figger most of 'em will keep on comin' back after Jack has passed away, for th' average goose will live, at least, fifty years.

"As far as ducks are concerned, I tagged 422 an' of these, 163 came

Jack Miner and Chief Dickson of the Toronto Police

back. The ducks come mostly in the fall. While some come in the spring, it's generally at night time; in the day they're driven away by the geese. Labels have come in from many points but mostly from Western Canada, Alberta, Saskatchewan an' Manitoba, an' say, fellas," he continued, opening his broad arms, "one day I was settin' out on a stump thinkin' when an idea suddenly came to me from the Almighty. The idea told me to stamp on the other side of the metal tag, a verse from the Holy Scriptures an' scatter the Word of God far an' wide. An' I did it, fellas, I did it.

"You know, boys, I like birds but I like boys better. If we only knew how to handle 'em. That's why I got this ball park out here for them to play on. Sometimes we have dozens of 'em of a Saturday or holiday. I don't go to ball games an' I don't want them to go. I dislike the language of the city games. I figger the umpire knows all about where his ancestors have gone or should go, 'thout the spectators tellin' 'im. Boys an' birds brought up right is God's best creatures. Look after the boys, fellas, look after the boys.

"I'm goin' to give up active work on the farm an' the tile an' brick business. I'm goin' to hand it over to my boys; one of 'em's away on his weddin' trip right now. I want to keep 'em at home, independent an' happy. When I was a lad, the other boys use' to come along an' tempt me off the farm. 'What do you want to stay there for, Jack,' they'd say, 'when you can make eight dollars a month workin' for somebody else. Come on with us'. But I'd a good home an' a good mother an' just naturally stayed, an' later on, praise God, I got a good wife. Never a man so good, fellas, but a good girl 'll make him better.

"There isn't money enough in the world to induce me to sell my home. I helped carve it out of the wilderness with my own hands, put patience an' love into the plantin' of each tree an' shrub an' the buildin' of each shed an' house an' fence an' pond. Boys, I love my home. I'm goin' to set aside a hundred acres for the birds an' give all my time to 'em, an' as for money, well, I figger as the bankers have carried me all my life, when the Almighty thinks it's time to call me Home, I'll ask 'em to be my pallbearers an' carry me to the end. But

I'm goin' to live for a hundred years —or die in the attempt."

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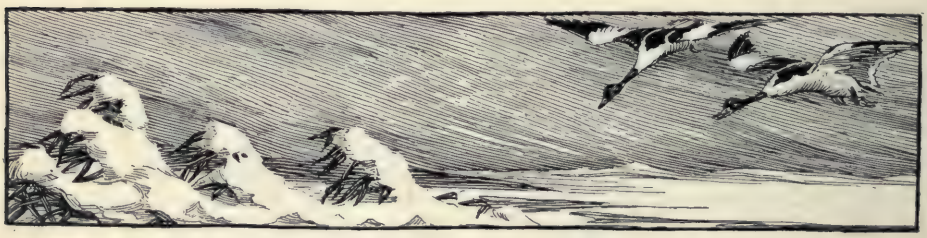
It was a great day that visit to Jack Miner's, and I think we all left there feeling better in mind and body for contact with such a man. We were uplifted, exhilarated—fired with his spirit and enthusiasm. And, so they tell me, it is with all who meet him—they want to see him and talk with him again. Simple, self-sacrificing, religious, honest, straightforward and sympathetic—practising what he preaches—he is setting an example in that community which is spreading far and wide.

"Make a better mouse-trap than other men and the world will beat a track to your door," applies truly in this case. The track that is being worn to Jack Miner's is getting broad and smooth. His fame is spreading to the four corners of the continent, and invitations to lecture in this and that place are coming from many points. And he's welcoming them and accepting them. If ever he comes to your town or city, don't fail to hear him for if you do, you'll have missed a rare pleasure.



GIFTS

By F. D. CALL

I ASKED the gift of happiness
From wind and sky and sea,
For the gods had taken back the gift
That once they gave to me.

The blue sky gave me silence,
The south wind gave a song,
But the sea-waves only said your name
The whole day long.

SEVEN DAYS AT NINE-MILE

BY T. R. ELLIOTT

I NEVER quite knew why I shut up my office desk and went tearing away up to Nine-Mile Township to see my old pal George MacDonald, except that George was probably the best firend I ever had, and I always used to tell him if he ever got into a mess he was to send for me. He didn't exactly send for me, but one of his letters sounded rather blue. I diagnosed it as a case of girl, probably aggravated by bachelor fare and hard work. Single blessedness has its drawbacks, as I happen to know. So I caught the first train north.

Well, here we were, smoking and chatting together, much as we had done five years before, when Vimy was a recent memory. He was the same old George, big, handsome, deliberate, level-headed; just six feet of the Highlands, two generations removed from the heather. The years rolled away like magic as I watched him polishing the black bowl of his old dudeen on the ball of his thumb—a trick of his whenever he was in deep thought. I had watched him do the same thing in the days when we both looked forward rather wistfully to the time when we would be mended sufficiently either to get back to the big show or out of it all and come across the rolling main. Well, we were out of it all with a vengeance now, holding a Sunday morning muster parade of all our shattered hopes and dissatisfaction. It does a man good. Besides, we settled several of our country's greatest problems.

George MacDonald, growing wheat and beef on a hundred acres of the best land in one of Ontario's best counties, and all his own, was obviously happy, but he wasn't saying much about it. He listened politely though, while I rambled on with my views about land settlement and farming in general.

"It is in places like this that Ontario's backbone is located," I said. "The people who made this land are still here, most of them, and their children are carrying on when the old folks cash in. That's my idea of things as they should be. These old Scotchmen, who made the country what it is, were worth millions of the kind of immigrants we are getting now. They made the land and sent their sons to the West to make more land. They are the best in the old districts and their sons are the best in the new. You will find the boys from Huron and Bruce at Weyburn and Maple Creek and Boissevain and Battleford. Besides that there are other sons on the judges' benches and presiding over the clinics and the laboratories of science. Most of them Scotsmen, too, George, from Huron and Bruce—or Glengarry. But I want to tell you that the boys who are taking over these old hundred-acre rectangles are the boys the country needs. A farmer has a big job. I envy you, sometimes, George."

"That ought to draw the boy out," I thought to myself. And sure enough it did.

"You don't know what you're talking about, old man," said George earnestly. "The old-timers are selling their farms because the rising generation have lit out and left them and there is nobody to carry on. The boys beat it for the towns because if they stay in the tall timber their girls won't marry them. Or else they are sent to school to be educated to do some job better than they can farm, and they never come back. It's just the same with yours truly; I'll be out of luck as long as I'm here. But I can't seem to make the break. I guess I haven't got the nerve."

I began to tumble to the situation, I thought.

"George," I said, "I've known you, man and boy, for quite a spell, and I know you wouldn't let any woman disturb the even tenor of your way. But tell me, if your lady-love did refuse to share your hay-seed career, what would you tell her?"

George very slowly rubbed the bowl of his pipe along his thumb.

"I'd tell her, in fact I've already told her—" He paused for my interjection of surprise—"that I had even thought of giving up farming myself."

"And to that," I inquired, "what possible effective reply could there be?"

"Just one; that if I couldn't make up my mind, neither could she. That's all there was to it," and George opened his hands palm outward to show how hopeless the whole thing was.

"Cheer up, old top," said I. "Don't let a little thing like that bother you. Better fish in the sea than have ever been caught, you know."

"You've never seen her."

That was true; I hadn't. But I was to have the pleasure before long; pleasure is the right word.

Half an hour before service at the Presbyterian church was due to commence, we sent out walking. George's farm is on the eighth. When we reached the plain, white-brick, edifice at the corner of the Eighth and the Gravel, the greater part of the congregation had assembled and stood about the churchyard in little knots, the women on one side and the men on the other. Church in Nine-Mile Township is the big social event of the week. Although I was a visitor to the congregation for the first time, the men greeted me cordially. As for my companion, he was on easy terms with them all.

"Well, George," said one, extending his hand. "Mornin' Geordie," came from several, while friendly hands were waved from younger men seated against the fence. George's high standing in the community was evident. He paused with the older men for a few minutes while weather and crops were discussed. There had never been such a favorable spring for seeding; just enough rain and at the right time. The hay looked promising. Pasture was of the best.

We withdrew to the steps of the church and sat there watching the arrivals. Many were in motor-cars, flivvers not predominant by any means. Some came in buggies, behind good-looking "drivers". As the newcomers stepped out to join the others in the shade of the maples, George told me briefly who they were.

"That's Bob McTavish and his sister Annie. Bob lives down on the Fourth. There's Finlay McCharles and the McCharles youngsters. Red Finlay they call him. Must have been a Black Finlay at one time around here I guess. You remember I told you it was a great place for nicknames. There's little Jack McDonald and Annie Little Jack, distant relations of mine."

I had to ask him the names of the next couple. I knew everything but the names. There was general doffing of hats as a grizzled, pleasant-faced old fellow entered the churchyard gate beside the queenly figure of a girl. Tall, she was, and fair; hair like finely-spun gold, a face with life in it, complexion home-grown.

When I turned to George he was blushing like a peony.

"Angus Martin and Christie—his daughter, Christine I mean," he stuttered.

He was saved for the moment by the arrival of a big new car that rolled around the corner and stopped at the gate. At the wheel sat a striking-looking man of sixty, dark, almost as a gypsy; straight-lipped, clean-shaven stern, unsmiling. From the back seat the only passenger, a middle-aged woman with silver white hair, stepped out and the car moved on to the shade of the driveshed.

"An unusual pair," I could not help remarking.

"That's my father, Black Malcolm and my Aunt Rhoda," said George, quietly without turning.

"Good Lord!" I had never seen his father, though I knew enough about him. Once and once only George had told me the story of his home life and how he came to be a bachelor farmer a mile or so from his father's land. Black Malcolm had been a harsh parent, holding his only son down with an iron hand. The boy's mother died and Black Malcolm sent to Scotland for his sister Rhoda. He bought a nearby hundred acres and deeded it over to his son the time of conscription. George promptly rented it and joined the artillery. He was the best wheel driver in the best battery in France, if I do say it, and saved my life more times than I care to count.

"My father is changing his boots," George said. I looked and saw the man in the big car busily engaged as if he were indeed doing as George had said. I then turned inquiringly.

"Wears a pair of sneakers while he is driving," explained the son. "Can't feel the levers through the thick soles of his Sunday shoes so he changes before and after service. He never goes anywhere in the car but to kirk. Nobody has ever been in the front seat but him and nobody in the back seat but Aunt Rhoda. That car ought to last forever." There was bitterness in his tone.

"It will be yours some day, I suppose?"

"Not if he knows it. I am not his son any longer, just a neighbor. Let's go in."

The little church was almost filled. We slipped into a straight-backed pew near the door and watched the late arrivals. The men dispersed and joined their women-folk. Black Malcolm entered, doffed his broad-brimmed black hat and without a glance to either side, strode up the uncarpeted aisle. His boots that he had put on in the car sent forth a sound that almost drowned the little organ, now pealing out voluntary. They were not the only boots which squeaked, however. The older men generally seemed uniform in this, that their Sabbath footwear should proclaim devotion only to the sanctuary.

The service started and the opening hymn brought the congregation to its feet. Everybody sang. A short invocation followed. When the minister, a robust Scotsman, who looked as if he himself were a tiller of the soil, announced the scripture reading in rolling tones, and began to thumb over the pages of the huge pulpit Bible there was once more settling back in the pews. The door opened and a kindly faced woman stepped softly in. Nodding here and there and beaming on the whole church generally, she walked the full length of the aisle to her front seat. Something springy on her hat bobbed and flopped as she walked. I learned later that this was Mrs. Fraser, unfailing in her attendance at the church, but always a few minutes late. Twice during the service she had recourse to her reticule and reached across two or three pews in the midst of the sermon to hand peppermints to some little ones near her.

My companion, I know, did not see any of these things. I very much doubt if he heard the preacher's

voice, though he looked almost directly at him; beyond him, as a matter of fact, to the choir, where sat the Martin girl. That's where George was bestowing his Sunday morning worship, it was plain.

The sermon was not much longer than the prayer which preceded it and in good time we were out again in the sunshine. Again there were the little groups engaged in conversation, gradually dispersing as the cars and buggies drove up for their women-folks. George smilingly declined a dozen invitations to ride and when most of the congregation had dispersed we set out along the highway.

George laughingly mentioned the little brick church as being the best kind of community centre, and I asked how long it had been there. He did not know, but within his own memory it was always there. Before it was built there had been another on the same spot, a wooden church built by the pioneers of Nine-Mile, fathers of those who had worshipped in the brick church to-day. Highland Scotsmen all, MacDonalds and McKenzies and McCharleses. There were so many surnames alike that the Christian names had to be amplified until the surname no longer mattered. Among the MacDonalds there were Farmer Dan and Soldier Dan; Lighthouse Alec and Red Finlay Alec. Among the McKenzies there was Kenny Blue Mitchell and Kenny Grand Trunk and others nicknamed not so euphoniously, though doubtless with as good reason. To the present moment their children often lacked surnames, being known sufficiently as Annie Blue Mitchell or Willie Soldier Dan or in the case of my friend George, as Geordie Black Malcolm.

"They tell a story of the old frame church," said George, "that may or may not be true. They used to hold meetings of the session there and most of the members were hard-bitten old customers who could not forego their spitting 'baccy even while they were in the Kirk. Among them was Murdock McLeod, chiefly noted for his ability to edge his way into all arguments and discussions and who could be counted on to move or second any resolution brought before the session, whether he knew anything about it or not. One night the spitting was more noticeable than usual and a member rose seriously to propose that there should be cuspidors. Up jumped old Murdock. "I would moofe that Tonald McTonald and Tuncan McCharless be the cuspidors for the coming year."

George joined me in a hearty laugh at the yarn. A mile ahead we could see a big car turn off the highway and even at that distance it was recognizable as Black Malcolm's.

"If anything ever happened to that car I'm sure it would kill him," said George. "I can't understand why he ever spent the money on it."

"He probably wishes you were driving it," I suggested.

"No fear. He has never quite forgiven me for questioning his judgment in buying my place."

"And you?"

"I have never quite forgiven him for buying it."

We were sitting, smoking our pipes after a soul-contenting dinner of beans and potatoes and pickled pork and maple syrup before the name of Black Malcolm was mentioned again. Bob McTavish drove into the door-yard to say that George's father had had an accident to his car. Turning into his own stable yard he had collided with the big gate post and all the spokes on one front wheel of the big car were smashed.

"It will just about break his heart, too," said George.

Next day I saw Black Malcolm driving past on the way to Nine-Mile, slouched forward on the board seat

of his gravel-wagon box, a piece of machinery jolting about behind him. That didn't prove anything, according to George, because he never went to "town" without something in his wagon and never came back without a load of some kind, no matter what his real errand happened to be. I watched the man as he passed the gate. The big black hat, full brother of the one which I had seen at the church the day before, remained down over his eyes, and Black Malcolm had never a glance for his son or his land. I began to wonder what the old man's errand was and to wonder if by any chance it might augur well for my friend George.

I did not long remain in ignorance. The word spread like wildfire that night that old man McDonald had sold his farm. Sold it to Peter Laporte the Frenchman for $9,000. Laporte had bought a number of farms thereabouts, all on the new highway and the best farms in the township and had been quite frank in announcing that he had acquired them at prices which would be profitable to him. What could it mean? The whole neighborhood discussed the problem. Could it be that Black Malcolm was about to "retire"? The dear knows he had money enough, but men of his stamp do not retire. It boded ill for George, it seemed, though I could not exactly see why. George was as greatly surprised as anyone, but had little to say.

"It's my private opinion he's just a little daft," he hazarded.

I was inclined to agree to this argument when on the following day Black Malcolm drove to Nine-Mile and asked Peter Laporte as a special kindness to be relieved of his bargain and to be allowed to keep the farm. We heard all about this interview, too, with the utmost faithfulness from neighbors, who had been in town that day and from others who had merely "heard it over the 'phone". They thought they were doing right by George to keep him informed. It seems Black Malcolm had made the request to Laporte to have his land restored quite as if he expected to have it granted. Had it been anyone of the old-time land dealers of the township, it might have been, but Laporte was almost a stranger and it was generally agreed he drove a hard bargain.

"It was yesterday I bought your farm," Laporte said. "The bargain holds. But I will not be too hard. If you want it back, you can have it for a thousand dollars more than I paid to you. That's fair enough, eh?"

Never a word said the MacDonald. Black rage darkened his countenance and he stamped from Laporte's office. On his homeward way he sat slouched down on the board seat and never lifted his head.

That was Tuesday. On Wednesday the old man drove past again. In the evening we heard that he had visited Laporte again and made a second unsuccessful effort to regain title to his acres. This time the Frenchman said:

"You are ready to pay $10,000? To-day I will not take $10,000. My time is money. To-day I must ask $11,000. To-morrow I must ask $12,000 and for each day after that $1,000—"

He got no further, because his client had gone. Unable to contain himself, the old man fairly ran from the building, He stumbled as he climbed into his wagon. His lips were moving, but he had no words for those about him who ventured to address him in farewell.

Next day he bought back his farm for $12,000.

I was far more excited about it than George was. I tried to get him into conversation about it, but he just said it was "too deep" for him. He had other worries on his shoulders. He had been to see Christine and she had not been any too cordial, it appeared. I pondered things over

that night and tried to make a few helpful suggestions.

"George," I asked, "did you ever take the girl in your arms and tell her you loved her? It's the only way."

"Aw, rats! That's all I ever do."

Right there I had a happy thought; two of them in fact.

"I'll fix you, Miss Christine," I remarked to my pillow.

"You'll what?" asked George, rising on his elbow.

"Oh, nothing. Let's go to sleep and forget it."

In the morning I left George planting corn and told him I would be away the best part of the day.

"Going to walk as far as the lake," I said.

"Too cold for a swim yet," he remarked.

"Oh, well, do me good to look things over anyway"—and I set out.

I went straight to the farm of Black Malcolm MacDonald. I had no definite plan of action in my head, but I knew I was going to make some kind of a plea on behalf of my friend. He should not be disinherited and made an outcast if any word of mine could move his father's purpose. It was with fear and trembling that I strode into the barnyard and hailed the elder MacDonald as cheerily as I could. The old man was just emerging from the stables.

"Good morning, Mr. MacDonald."

"Guid morning, sir." Instead of the dark scowl I expected and a silent gaze, I saw a smiling countenance and an outstretched hand and heard a greeting far more cheerful than my own.

"Ye'll be Mr. Dickison, George's friend from the city?" he continued, "and how do you like the folk in the backwoods?"

I laughed and we both felt at our ease. We sat down on a wagon box and talked and I found the old man a constant source of surprise. He was in high good spirits. He told me of the crops and their prospects, how well the countryside was looking, how he had first seen it and the great changes that had been wrought. He spoke of his own "place" and of some of the difficulties that had been encountered in transforming it from a wilderness to a fertile farm. It was clear he loved every inch of it and I found myself wondering why he had sold it. I determined on boldness.

"Mr. MacDonald," I inquired steadily, "why did you sell your farm? I understand why you wanted it back, but why did you sell it in the first place? I am a close personal friend of your son. He does not know I am here, but I do not ask you from curiosity only. I thought if you told me your motive and I might say a word"—I was stumbling—"I might tell you something about your son which you perhaps do not know. He thinks a great deal of his father; will not hear a word against him." Here I looked at the old man. His face was grave and he was looking straight ahead. I half wished he would stop me, tell me to cease telling transparent lies, but he said nothing, so I sailed ahead. "Your son," I went on, "is one of the finest men I ever knew. He went out from you here and went among thousands and stood up well against them all. Now he feels that he has wrecked his life. By gradually growing away from his family ties he is in the position of an outcast. But he does not blame anyone except himself. He has no word but loyalty for you. I thought I must tell you this. It is so easy to misunderstand. He saved my life. I owe him a good turn. I hope I have not put my foot in it."

I had run down and I stopped. I stole another glance at Black Malcolm. He was still looking straight ahead of him. His voice had changed when he spoke.

"Mr. Dickison," he said slowly, "If you were not a stranger I could never tell you what is in my heart. My foolish pride would not let me

tell my own sister. But you have been outspoken with me and I will be the same. My son Geordie was the apple of my eye. I was too hard with him, but when the war came I did not want him to go. I was a fool to think I could keep him back. He wrote to his Aunt Rhoda, but never to me. I couldn't blame him if he had hated me. When he came back I thought he did hate me. I blamed myself for making him what you say—an outcast. I had been thinking it over lately and I could see that I was in a fair way to spoil his life. While I was here he would always be just the Black Malcolm's son with the shadow of a family bitterness over him. I laid plans to go away; that's why I sold the place. Then I couldna bear to part with it and I had to buy it back. Now I'll be staying. But Geordie must not know of this decision."

"That's just what Geordie must indeed know," I argued. "You must tell him yourself, Mr. MacDonald."

At this the old man sat silent and we both were busy with our thoughts. I began to foresee trouble. What if the elder MacDonald should go to his son expecting to find a penitent and meet only coolness and bitterness? I shivered at the thought and then, struggling out of my study, changed the subject abruptly by inquiring after the automobile.

"It's in here," the old man told me, brightening up as he rose and led the way to the driveshed. He opened the big doors and we entered. On one side was a workbench, littered with tools and with machine parts and wagon gears hung in orderly fashion on the wall above it. On the other side of the building, which had a board flooring, was a curtained-off space. In this space was the big car. Black Malcolm drew back one of the curtains which slid by means of small rings along a wire, explaining as he did so the exact cause of his Sunday collision with the gatepost. He pointed out the broken wheel.

"I havena had time to get it fixed," he said. "It's a busy season and we don't use it often."

I thought of what George had said about the car lasting forever. If it didn't, it would never be from lack of care. Somebody had gone over it since it had been laid up, removing every mark of dirt or grease. There was not a speck of dust on the body, not a spot of rust on the gear. That was the idea of the curtains.

"Now George," I said, "would be the man to fix that. He's a wizard with tools. Why not ask him to come over and help you fix it?"

"MacDonald the elder looked at me sternly. "Tell him to come over and I will give him the car."

"I will not tell him any such thing," I said, "you'll have to tell him yourself."

At that he drew the curtains again about the car and we stood back against the tool bench a few minutes saying nothing. Finally, the old man said: "I don't know how I'm going to do it," and walked away with his head bent down like I had seen him on the seat of his gravel wagon the day he went to town to sell the place.

I stood looking after him for a while. There were some butternuts strewn on the top of the tool bench. I cracked one with difficulty under my heel and munched the tasty kernel. Then I cracked two more on a heavy iron block, apparently often used in lieu of an anvil, which was set in the top of the bench. Then I noticed a linch-pin, such as we used in the army to fasten double-trees to a wagon pole, a big, heavy "U" of metal on the end of an iron pin. It made an A-1 hammer and I smashed a dozen more shells. At the last I struck the block a heavy blow and it seemed to me the linch-pin sounded with a different ring. I looked closely at it. There appeared to be a faint crack in the iron.

The old man had not come back, so I swept up the nutshells into a heap, put the linch-pin back into its leather loop above the bench and went out and shut the doors. MacDonald senior was not in sight and I decided to leave him with something to think about and go on my way, not rejoicing by any means, because I feared I had stirred up some new difficulties for George instead of smoothing out the old ones. However, I had still another duty to perform that day and I must not lose courage. I cut the tops off the dandelions by the roadside with my stick as I passed along.

When I came to the Martin place I went resolutely in and rapped at the kitchen door. Christine herself admitted me and I introduced myself. I found the girl reserved in manner, but with a twinkle in her eye and an ever-ready smile. I explained my visit: "Just on my way to the lake and I had promised myself I would not go by the place without dropping in to say, How-do-you-do? Just at the moment I am probably George's closest friend, but I suppose it will not be long now till someone takes that honor from me."

She blushed prettily and we both laughed. We then talked of inconsequential things for a few minutes and I rose to leave. At the last I remarked what a pleasant visit I had been having with George.

"We have a great time talking over old experiences. It would make you laugh. George has been telling me all about his engineering business. Only one more examination to write and then he gets a job where he can make big money. That's pretty clever work, I tell you."

"An engineering job?" There was real surprise in her tone.

"Come," I said, "you know all about that. George asked me not to tell anyone, but I knew I wouldn't be betraying any confidences by mentioning it to you. Just the same, perhaps you'd better not let him know how my garrulous tongue was running on. He probably has good reason for not wanting the whole countryside to know. He mentioned something silly about telling the world all about it after he was married. Guess he wants them to be surprised when he sells the farm. Well, good-bye, Miss Martin."

I really felt better after that.

Saturday evening came. George offered to forego his usual visit to the Martins, or to take me with him, but I wouldn't hear of it and bundled him off unceremoniously. I felt better when he had gone and betook myself in great content to the road fence, there to perch on the top rail and smoke quiet pipefuls. Did you ever sit and smoke on the top rail of a fence on one of those quiet nights when you can hear the cattle crunching off succulent nips of grass a hundred yards away? When the barking of a dog re-echoes for miles and when the gravel on a distant roadway, spurned by hoofs or flying wheels, seems very close at hand? A mile away two rigs passed at the corner of the Eighth and the Gravel, drew up and halted. I could hear the conversation which ensued, though not all of the words. Up in the purple sky a cheese-colored moon seemed so close that I might have reached up and touched it. It was my first experience with nature in such a familiar humor.

"It ought to be an eventful night for George," was what I thought.

Hours afterwards I heard the insistent ring of the telephone. A short, two long and a short. "Br, B-r-r-r, B-r-r-r, B-r." The old "pip" of buzzer days. George's ring! The telephone did not cease its insistent call until I stepped in and answered. After making it quite clear that it was not George who was speaking, I managed to find out what the message was. George was wanted at

once. My heart stood still as I heard the reason. I promised to find him and turned away from the instrument with a heart like lead just as George drove into the yard. He pulled up at the gate as I walked out. His face looked ashen in the moonlight and he sat in an attitude of utter dejection.

"You've heard!" I cried, with pity in my voice.

"Heard what?" he asked listlessly, and I knew I had to break the news.

"George," I said, "your father has just met with an accident on the way home from Nine-Mile. They took him to McTavish's house and he is calling for you. He — is — dying."

"Good God!" It was like a blow in the face, but I knew there was no time to lose. We quickly turned the horse about and drove with all speed to McTavish's.

On the couch in the McTavish kitchen Black Malcolm lay motionless. Unable to raise his hand, he beckoned with his eyes when George entered. Not a word was said. The next moment those in the kitchen withdrew and left them alone, father and son together. George dropped to his knees by the couch.

Out on the stoop I sought Bob McTavish. Bob would know whether the old man had a chance or not.

"Broken back, I guess," Bob said. "Doctor gives him an hour to live. Hasn't moved a finger since we picked him up from under the wagon below the embankment at the bridge yonder. He was coming home from Nine-Mile when it happened. Been in making a new will, they say. Left everything to George. Told Lawyer MacPherson that Aunt Rhoda had plenty, an' I guess she has. I guess he had no idea he was startin' on the long journey though. Wonderful how things turn out sometimes."

"Just what caused the accident, Mr. McTavish?" I asked.

"Well," said Bob, "Near's I c'n make out, the team had just started up the hill this side of the bridge when the doubletrees broke away and the wagon dropped back over the embankment—flip! just like that! Rotten old linch-pin did it. I picked it up and found there had been a flaw in it. Laid the pieces on the stoop here somewhere. Here they are!"

And he held up the broken pieces of my butternut hammer.

Our thoughts were sufficient for each of us as we drove slowly homeward in the blackness of early morning. Finally George broke the silence.

"I was making a big mistake, Jack, about my father; a big mistake."

"George," I said, "we all make mistakes for which we can only hope to be forgiven.

"I never appreciated how much my father thought of the old place and what it meant to him that I was the only one to carry on the family name," George went on. "He told me in a few words before he went. I've been a big fool, but thank God I didn't clear out and desert him completely."

"You'll be able to clear out now, though" I hazarded.

"On the contrary, I'm going to move on the old place," he said firmly.

"Speaking of mistakes," I said a minute later, "there's a girl that's making a big mistake. You know the one I mean."

"Last night," answered George bitterly, "she refused me definitely and completely. I don't quite understand in yet. It was the first time I had ever seen her really angry. Said I had misjudged her if I thought she was the kind of a girl to marry a man just because he was going to be an engineer. Told me she wouldn't have anything to do with a man who would run away from the place where he belonged. That made me rather sore, because I hadn't been figuring on running away from anything and if I did it wouldn't be an engineer, with all respect to you; so I told her I would never repeat my unwelcome

question and left, just as mad as she was."

These revelations, you may imagine, did not add to my peace of mind and my emotions for the rest of the drive home were somewhat conflicting.

When we walked into George's kitchen, Christine was sitting in the armchair by the fire.

She rose and stood facing George, who was too dumbfounded to speak. The girl broke the tension in halting tones.

"I've heard about your father and I'm sorry."

He bowed his head.

"I felt I had to come." She was clasping her hands tightly, but went on bravely: "You can't leave Nine-Mile now, don't you see?"

"I never intended to leave," replied George slowly.

"You — never — intended — to — leave? Why — I guess I've been making a mistake. I thought — — — you know, I didn't want you to go."

"What!" cried George, stepping forward and taking both her hands in his own. "What! Why, I'm the one who has been making the mistake!"

The air was electric and they were quite oblivious to my presence, and I felt that something worth while was about to happen, but right then I did about the only sensible thing I had done since reaching Nine-Mile.

I went out and shut the door.

FROM MONTH TO MONTH

BY SIR JOHN WILLISON

I.

Lord Northcliffe was the supreme journalist of his generation. Probably it would be within the truth to say that he was the greatest journalist of all time. Beginning with slender resources, he amassed great wealth and came to exercise such power as few men have possessed. His wealth did not come from fortunate speculation or shrewd investment, but from the journals which he created and directed. He sought to make money, not because he loved it but because money was necessary to maintain and expand the great journals which represented all that he had of purpose and ambition. He had an infinite genius for detail, an amazing capacity for organization, and a driving power that was superhuman in its intensity and endurance. He had, too, the devouring curiosity which is so continuously revealed in the stories and sketches of Kipling, a love for strange lands and strange peoples, and an insatiable interest in mechanical inventions and discoveries. Lord Riddell, using a fine apposite quotation, says that Northcliffe had "the restless will that hurries to and fro, seeking for some great thing to do or secret thing to know".

One recalls a day spent with Lord Northcliffe in Quebec at a rural fair, where for hours he wandered among the booths and talked to the people in their own tongue as happy and careless as a youth on a summer holiday. One remembers, too, that in his attitude there was no condescension or patronage and never a word or look that could suggest a difference in class or estate. Indeed, in Lord Northcliffe there was no natural arrogance, although he never suffered fools gladly and at times could be very resolute and dominant. He could be exacting when hard service was required and did not easily conceal his contempt for inefficiency. It was often said that he "interfered" with the editors and correspondents of the journals which he controlled. But it is necessary to remember that he was a journalist before he was a capitalist, and it was as natural that he should assert his judgment and authority in determining the policy of his newspapers as that the President of a great financial or industrial institution should offer advice to its staff or exercise a degree of control over its policy and administration.

II.

In his relation to *The Times* Lord Northcliffe was seldom dictatorial and never regarded his associates as mere creatures of his will and executants of his orders. No man could have had a more difficult position than he when he first secured control of *The Times*. From the outside he entered into the sacred temple of British journalism. He had to observe traditions which

he did not create and relate himself to a staff which he did not know, and many of whom perhaps had been among his critics and assailants. From the first he gave confidence for confidence. He sought to win rather than to command trust and loyalty. He made changes slowly and kept the goodwill of most of those who for one reason or another withdrew or were displaced. He was always concerned for the future of those who had been his associates and could provide retiring allowances with a delicacy which even men of the most sensitive independence could accept. It may be that there were moods in which he was ruthless. He had, to use a shopworn phrase, the defects of his qualities. Where there was so much strength there was bound sometimes to be implacability of temper and precipitancy of judgment. But in the main he was just and often compassionately considerate. He fought against equals with all the resources at his command. One thinks that he loved a great controversy and rejoiced in a cause in which all his mind was enlisted. For him there were no "flowery beds of ease", nor ever any preparation for retreat. No man ever went more audaciously and triumphantly from hill to hill until all the field was subdued. Mr. J. L. Garvin describes him as the Alexander of journalism, and it is certain that he was always seeking new fields to conquer. In a single man such power was concentrated that he would have been a danger to the State if he had been less patriotic in object and outlook. *The Morning Post,* which had no love for *The Times,* and an enduring quarrel with "the Northcliffe Press", quotes Lord Rosebery's statement that the Samoan Islands were governed by "three Great Powers and a distinguished man of letters", and declares that for some years "it seemed as if the British Islands were governed by the King, Lords and Commons and Lord Northcliffe".

III.

It was fortunate that this was so during the war, and it has to be remembered that all his achievements were a preparation, doubtless an unconscious preparation, for his great part in the devastating conflict with the autocratic Empires of Europe. Because through his press he had builded himself into such a dominant and impregnable position he was able to challenge powerful ministers and entrenched governments and take risks which a weaker man in a weaker position would not have dared. One questions, too, if he could have done what he did if he had not controlled *The Times,* which, when all is said, holds a position in Great Britain and in Europe such as no other journal enjoys and which under his control retained and increased its ascendancy. There was a Northcliffe, the Northcliffe of the era of strain and endeavor, who was best expressed in *The Daily Mail,* but the mature Northcliffe, of ripened purpose and accumulated power and prestige, was expressed through *The Times* in the tremendous days when the fate of the Empire and of Europe was at issue in the fields of France and Flanders, and multitudes were dying for the institutions they loved and the faiths they cherished. It would be sheer extravagance to suggest that Lord Northcliffe was always wise and always prudent, that he never ran in wrong courses, that he always praised with discrimination and always censured with restraint. But there are times when excessive prudence halts decision and weakens action and betrays the armies of Israel. The journalist in the means which he employs to accomplish great ends is not a diplomat nor even a statesman, and it was because Lord Northcliffe was content to be a journalist that he made so great a career for himself and acquired the incomparable power which upon the whole he used for the advantage of the Empire and the welfare of mankind.

IV.

Lord Northcliffe was ever anxious for the security, unity and prestige of the British Empire. His interest in the Dominions was acute and constant and he had a remarkably accurate knowledge of their conditions and problems. He had crossed Canada again and again. He knew its political leaders and most of those who were foremost in its industrial, commercial and financial activities. The Farmers' political movement excited his curiosity and, as one quickly discovered, made a direct appeal to his sympathy. Probably he had not reasoned out the implications of class organization in politics but he had always a deep concern for the average man and the problems of the average man. It was because he understood all the moods and impulses of the masses of the British people that his newspapers were circulated in millions and that he was a power second only to the State itself. In the Dominions, as in the Mother Country, he was interested in the people themselves rather than in those who professed to interpret their sentiments and explain their conditions. Quick to form impressions, he was eager to speak through his journals, to expose abuses, to assist beneficent movements, and to warn againt what he conceived to be dangerous tendencies. Forever involved in the political conflict in Great Britain he never permitted himself or his journals to become the ally of any political group in the Dominions. He believed that he could do something to unite but never forgot that he must do nothing to divide the Empire. When he visited Australia on his last great journey he neglected the rest which he sorely needed to engage in a moving propaganda to increase by British immigratioin the white population of the Commonwealth. "His tour round the world," says Mr. Garvin, "was meant for rest and relief. It became a strenuous spectacle—an exhausting effort hastening the end." Lord Northcliffe thought of the Dominions, not as subject powers of Great Britain, but as responsible partners in an Imperial Commonwealth, and he was as ready to rebuke insular arrogance in England as to combat separatist tendencies in the Dominions. But to Great Britain he spoke in the tone of authority and to the Dominions always in the language of appeal.

V.

He loved France, but distrusted Germany, and strove for years to prepare the British people for the inevitable struggle. Few Englishmen knew the United States as Lord Northcliffe did, or labored so faithfully for a good understanding between Westminster and Washington. Aside from his affection for Ireland he sought to heal the enduring Irish quarrel in order to disarm the enemies of Great Britain in America. If he did not live to see peace in Ireland he could rejoice in an ever growing intimacy and a deepening spiritual alliance between the British and American peoples. There is something in the view of a writer for The New York *Herald* that Lord Northcliffe was not typically English but "in temperament and activity and nervous force was as much American as English". Possibly, however, it would be nearer the truth to say that in temperament he was more Irish than English, although, as Mr. Lovat Fraser suggests, "the strain of the Lowland Scot generally imposed reserve". It is true, however, as the writer in The New York *Herald* believes, that "he had a strong liking for America", that, "in season and out of season he was a strong friend of America", and that "there was no deeper wish with him than to see Britain and America closely united in mutual sympathy, closely united in purpose and policy, closely united in

international co-operation, and in all matters of mutual interest and for world betterment and world advancement".

It was inevitable that Lord Northcliffe should excite envy and provoke attack. For a success so dazzling a price must be paid. The penalty is great or small according as the man who has achieved it has power to stand alone and remain serene and unembittered. His life-long devotion to his mother will be spoken of as a testimony to him as long as he is remembered, and a career so amazing becomes the permanent possession of mankind. No man ever was more fortunate than he in his marriage. As Lady Northcliffe was before his overpowering success came so she remained; lovable, gracious, wholly unspoiled by wealth and position, and just such a wise and faithful counsellor as the great, unresting, planning, striving, achieving journalist required. Few men knew Lord Northcliffe better than Mr. Lovat Fraser, who says: "He inspired among those round him the most intense affection and he radiated a charm passing the charm of women." But he had various moods. No doubt there were shades in the picture. In the stuff of which we are made there is no perfection. But all those who knew Lord Northcliffe will see him at times as he was seen by Lovat Fraser. It still is true, however, that the Northcliffe most men will remember is that described by Mr. Garvin, for many years his associate and through all vicissitudes his friend: "For me he was always a cataract of human energy, sending currents of electric energy far and wide. I feel as one might if Niagara itself were to cease and vanish. There will not be another Lord Northcliffe. To that Alexander's Empire of Journalism, however it may be divided, no one man can succeed." No better friend of working journalists ever lived. The immense revenues which came to him through his journals he shared generously with his fellow workers. Sir W. Robertson Nicoll writes: "We were together at a celebration held in honor of the late Lord Burnham, and Lord Northcliffe kindly drove me home. He came into the house and gradually talked with freedom. 'I wonder,' he said, 'if there will be anyone sorry when I am dead'. After a little he answered his own question. 'I think there will. I have given employment to many people and at good wages.' I reminded him that there was more in it than that, and he acquiesced and passed from the subject." Lord Northcliffe, declares the brilliant editor of *The British Weekly,* "was the greatest transforming force that has appeared in British journalism," and he adds, "there was that in him which will put him on the right hand when many who pretended to more may be cast out."

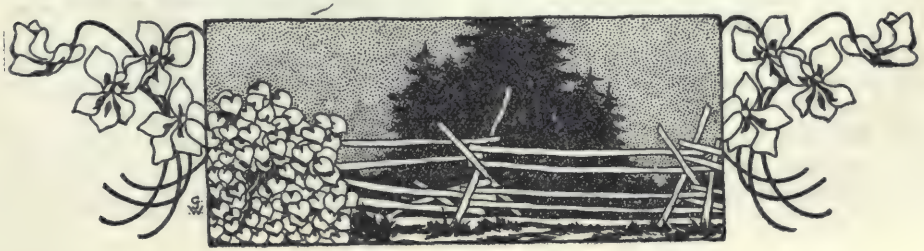
VI.

A great co-operative movement has been launched to place settlers on the land in all the Provinces under a long-payment plan and under conditions which will guarantee careful selection and adequate supervision of all those who are approved and accepted. The plan contemplates settlement on lands adjacent to railways in the Western Provinces and on farms uncultivated or only partly cultivated in all the old Provinces. In scope it will be national, and while recognizing that the great field for settlement lies in Western Canada will not neglect repatriation in Quebec nor overlook opportunities to increase population and production in Ontario and the Atlantic communities. The Imperial and Federal Governments, the Provincial Administrations and the great railway systems will give support to the movement. Although there will be a degree of private initiative and direction behind the undertaking manifestly nothing commensurate with the national need and demand could be achieved without the co-operation of the Governments and

the transportation companies. It is not intended that immigration from the United States or other countries shall be neglected, or that the movement shall be primarily and peculiarly Imperial in purpose and outlook save that the approval of the British authorities has been secured and that a portion of the Empire Settlement Fund has been made available for the common effort.

The organization which has been created has had a fund of $1,200,000 subscribed by patriotic citizens of Canada. The amounts subscribed will neither draw interest nor will the subscriptions ever be returned. They are gifts outright for a purely patriotic object. The contributions from the Canadian and Imperial Governments will be available only to assist settlers who will go upon the land. Lands and settlers will be carefully selected and agents will be appointed to receive incoming immigrants, to direct them to the districts in which they may desire to locate, and to give all necessary assistance and supervision until they are safely established. The railways, it is expected, will give special rates for settlers and settlers' effects and will have direct representation on the Board of the Colonization Association. The whole object will be not only to put settlers on the land, but to establish them under conditions which will ensure their permanent devotion to agriculture. It is believed that in a few years many thousand farmers can be placed in the Western Provinces alone upon farms adjacent to railways. The significance of this will be understood when it is remembered that there are now less than sixty thousand farmers in Manitoba. A greater population in the settled areas of the West will mean a material increase in municipal and provincial revenues, will provide additional earnings for the railways, and will lessen the general burden of taxation and reduce or abolish the deficits on the National Railways.

It is admitted that the whole project will require vigilant and energetic direction, but the plan of settlement has been approved by the best experts whose services could be obtained, commands the support of the Canadian Government and the British Oversea Settlement Board, and will be put into effect by executive officers who have had practical relation to agriculture and long experience in colonizing in the newer sections of Canada. In addition to settlers who may be secured from the United States, Great Britain and other countries, it is believed that there are many people in the cities who may be willing to take up land on the thirty-two year plan of payment; men who farmed before they came to Canada, or left the land to follow other pursuits, but who, under present conditions, would go back to farming. But whether that be so or not, it is certain that many desirable settlers can be obtained from other countries, that the Imperial Government is peculiarly anxious to encourage migration to the Dominions, and that a national policy of land settlement, rather than general and indiscriminate immigration, is the immediate and urgent need of the Dominion. To the details of the plan which the Governments have developed and sanctioned infinite attention has been devoted, and it is believed that under prudent and practical management the greatest era of expansion in the history of Canada should be assured.



FORT CHURCHILL AS AN OCEAN PORT

BY ELIHU STEWART

WE have already given sufficient testimony to warrant us in concluding that the physical character of the country between Athabaska lake and Fort Churchill is such as to afford an excellent route for railway construction. Indeed, it would be difficult to find anywhere on this continent a more favored route for that purpose.

If, however, all this is granted, it would avail but little if the terminus at the seaboard were unsatisfactory. Fortunately we have in Churchill a land-locked port, and one that is easy of access from the sea.

I have taken pains to obtain from every available source testimony on this point from those who have navigated the bay on various occasions, and in nearly every case there is but one opinion—that Churchill affords by all odds the best harbor on the west coast if not on the whole bay of this great inland sea. It has no rival in Nelson in that regard. A glance at the plans of these two places as made after a survey of both by Lieut. A. R. Gordon, R.N., in 1886, is sufficient to show that the sooner the latter is abandoned as a terminus for the Hudson Bay railway now projected there, the better.

Lieut. Gordon relates that he left Halifax on June twenty-fourth, and arrived off Hudson Strait on July third, pushed through the strait, calling at some of the stations established in 1884.

He crossed the bay from Cape Southampton to Churchill, and arrived in the harbor on July twenty-ninth. Some time was employed in making a survey of this harbor. The plan prepared by him shows the soundings noted in fathoms at low water. Outside the entrance of the harbor the depth was from nine to thirteen fathoms, decreasing until opposite the Hudson Bay warehouse it was five fathoms.

He visited the mouth of the Nelson River also, and made soundings there which are given in feet at low water. It was unsafe to take the ship nearer than about thirteen miles from the mouth of the river. The soundings were accordingly made in Nelson harbor in a boat. There is a channel from the Nelson River into the Bay, but it is narrow and tortuous.

The most direct line of soundings gives the depth from six feet near the shore to thirty-three feet at the ship. Between the ship's position and the least depth, the water measures twelve to fourteen feet; fourteen feet only having been found a short distance from the ship. The voyage appears to have been made with comparative ease from Halifax to Churchill and Nelson, and return.

In 1886 Commander Gordon found the Hudson Strait navigable a month earlier than in 1885, and in his con-

clusion respecting the season of navigation takes into consideration the main question of the object of the expedition, namely, that practical commercial navigation in the straits can be kept up during four months—July, August, September, and October.

He made some soundings in Churchill harbor and prepared a plan of it which shows the depth of water, and the accommodation the harbor can afford vessels. His conclusion was that Churchill Harbor is a very much better place for vessels to load, than the houth of the Nelson river can possibly be made.

He says:—"Churchill is a natural harbor where the tide rises fifteen feet five inches at spring tide, and eight feet at neap tide. It is impossible to get within twelve miles of the mouth of Nelson River with vessels drawing any depth of water. It was also ascertained that silt and mud, brought down the river by freshets in the spring of the year, would fill up any artificial harbor that might be made at Nelson."

Further testimony on these two harbors, if Nelson deserves the name, is afforded in a report published by the Department of the Interior of a trip from Nelson to Churchill made by the Government of Canada in 1918, by F. H. Kitto, D.L.S., which in part reads as follows:

"From Fort Nelson to the open waters of the bay, the mouth of the river has to be navigated by a long and sinuous course. The banks on either hand are low and flat and several beacons have been erected along the water's edge as landmarks for the mariner. The waters here are very shallow, in fact at ebb tide mud flats appear between the main channel and the shores. It is therefore necessary for a vessel to stick closely to the channel. This is no easy matter, particularly as it is continually changing its location. Great quantities of mud and silt are carried in suspension by the waters of the Nelson and deposited at its mouth. Huge cakes of ice are carried down the river following the spring break-up, while others are blown in from the bay by storms or carried to and fro by the tide. The result is that the water's of the channel from the point where it first meets the tide until the open bay is reached is continually being filled in and gouged out in various places. Hydrography has determined this channel, which is sufficiently deep to accommodate boats of considerable draft. It has been buoyed out and a careful pilot should experience no difficulty in following it. The ever shifting nature of the channel makes it necessary to replace these buoys from time to time, while the heavy ice of the winter season prevents their permanent establishment from year to year. A few miles below Nelson the wreck of the *Allette* grounded on these mud flats, looms up as a warning to the pilot to closely follow the buoys marking the channel.

"With tide and current in our favor we quickly slipped out into the open bay and stood well out to sea in order to pass the Nelson shoals. For many miles after leaving Port Nelson the water is shallow and at low tide these shoals are exposed. Darkness prevented our seeing them but before retiring for the night we had rounded them and headed into a more northerly course. Our sleeping quarters below the forward deck were cramped and crowded. Descending by the narrow hatchway we found them warm and comfortable after the chilly breeze above, and lost no time in settling down for the night.

"Now a never-to-be-forgotten experience befell us in the shape of a hwoling gale from the northwest. The storm struck us about midnight and continued with unabated fury for about 24 hours. The velocity of the wind at times rose to between sixty and eighty miles an hour. The sea was lashed into exceeding roughness and our litle tug was tossed about like a cork on the angry waves. There was no escape and the only course that remained was to keep her prow headed into the storm and battle against it with engines running at half speed. The hatchway was closed yet as wave after wave broke over the decks deluges of water found their way through various crevices and drenched our quarters most thoroughly. There was nothing for us to do but remain below and make the best of it. For my part I lay on my bunk and made a sort of canopy by stretching my camp canvas over me from head to foot. This warded off the heavier bursts of water but did not prevent me from getting thoroughly soaked.

One large wave breaking over the bow of the deck carried aft our barrel of drinking water and half a dozen sacks of coal.

The remainder of the coal on the deck was thrown overboard to lighten the bow. Water found its way into the firemen's hold and at one time came within a few inches of reaching the fires beneath the boiler. By the most strenuous effort the pumps were able to hold it in check, otherwise, had it been necessary to draw the fires to avert an explosion, the tug would have drifted to the mercy of the waves and everything would certainly have been lost.

"The cook's galley was sadly wrecked. His stove was hurled from its stand, his cupboards were upset, his provisions tossed about, and broken dishes scattered promiscuously in every direction. As no one thought of eating, it mattered little at the time. The magnetic influence on the compass is sufficient on Hudson Bay to seriously interfere with its usefulness in navigation. The captains had this additional disadvantage to contend with and in this connection proved their mettle. In spite of the howling gale and blackness of night Captain Kilman managed to catch a glimpse of Polaris through a temporary rift in the clouds. With his handy sextant an observation was obtained and due allowance for the error of compass was accordingly made.

"For several hours our situation was indeed desperate, but our crew proved themselves true sailors, and the little tug *Kathleen* a right worthy sea boat. Cape Churchill eventually loomed up and after rounding it the welcome beacon of Churchill could be seen. At 6.30 on the evening of the 28th we entered the mouth of Churchill harbor.

"To the right could be seen the ruins of old Fort Prince of Wales, while to the left Battery Beacon loomed up against the stormy sky. The roar of the breakers, mountain high and white and fleecy with foam, welcomed us to this haven. In less time than it takes to tell we had slipped from the violence of the angry sea to the calm and peaceful waters of the land-locked harbor. All hands hurried on deck and lustily chered as the anchor was dropped in thirty feet of water opposite the old Northwest Mounted Police barracks. A little nearer the Hudson Bay whaling station a coasting schooner was peacefully riding at anchor in thirty-six feet of water.

"Considerable controversy as to the merits of Nelson and Churchill harbors has arisen from time to time. As we glanced about this natural haven and pictured the raging sea that we had just narrowly escaped, we one and all voiced our appreciation at having reached Churchill instead of Nelson at this hour.

"Without any difficulty we had entered the harbor during the roughest of gales, and our protection here was all that could be desired. It would have been utterly impossible to have reached security and such shelter at Nelson, and I very much doubt if our tug could have ridden out the storm at anchor in its roadstead.

"With all danger past and the tug riding peacefully in the security of this harbor, appetites returned with surprising alacrity. The steward soon had his little kitchen and dining saloon reconstructed, and tried to crowd into one meal the three menus of the day. After supper a small boat was lowered and a visit made to Captain Taylor on the Hudson Bay schooner. We found him ready to sail for York Factory on his last trip of the season. He was waiting for the storm to abate and expressed great surprise at our safe arrival. His preference for Churchill as contrasted with Nelson was most emphatic."

It is worthy of note that Churchill is not only a well sheltered port, but, what is of great importance to the navigator, it is easily picked up from the sea and easily entered.

Captain Bartlett, of Arctic fame, says:—"When making Port Churchill, having obtained good sights for latitude and longitude at 5 p.m., and later picking up soundings, I proceeded until 11 p.m., when, the distance being run down, I hauled to the southward for the port. Fog came down and I anchored for the night. When the weather cleared, about 10 a.m. the following day, the beacon to the entrance of Churchill harbor was seen, the harbor easily entered, and a comfortable anchorage picked up. I give this detail to show the facility with which the port can be made. Churchill harbor, although of not very great extent as it at present stands, appears to me to be adapted to easy enlargement, the eastern shore having good water close in."

Contrary to what might be expected, Hudson Bay proper never freezes over though miles of ice surrounds each shore during the winter months, while its southern projection, James Bay, is held during the same period in close embrace by the

ice king. The difficulty in navigating the straits in the spring and early summer months is caused by floating ice and bergs that find their way down the coast from the north, but it is questionable whether the large icebergs from that region are much more numerous than during the same period in and around the Strait of Belle Isle.

In the year 1920 a special Committee was appointed by the House of Commons at Ottawa to take evidence and report upon the navigability and fishery resources of Hudson Bay and Strait, and upon the character of the ports of the said bay with regard to their fitness s a railway terminus. The Committee was given power to call for persons and papers as evidence on this matter. They held some fifteen meetings, and called and examined twenty-one witnesses drawn from all parts of the country.

The Committte had in view the acquiring of information on the following points:

"1st. The length of the season during which the bay and strait were reasonably navigable, having in view the presence of ice, the occurrence and persistence of snow storms, the advantages to be gained by aids to navigation, such as wireless telegraphy, light-houses or signals, and hydroplanes.

"2nd. The style and size of vessels to be used for the carrying trade.

"3rd. The relative merits of the two ports—Nelson and Churchill—and the relative cost of the development of each port.

"4th. The fishery resources of the bay and strait, and of the rivers emptying into the bay.

"5th. The mineral resources of the country tributary to the bay.

"6th. The utilizing of the country for the production of meat and furs to be obtained from the reindeer and musk ox, which would subsist upon the extremely nutritious grasses grown there."

The Committee reports that they examined a number of witnesses with respect to the length of the season during which the bay and strait can be safely navigated; there was some variation among the several witnesses regarding the length of the season of navigation, but all agreed that the minimum would under ordinary circumstances be at least four months, while the maximum would not likely exceed five months. Voyages have been made through the strait as early as the 5th day of June, and as late as the first part of November, with the ordinary type of vessel without meeting any difficulty, but these were admittedly rather exceptional cases. All were agreed, however, that modern navigating appliances such as lighthouses, wireless stations, hydroplanes and fog signals would greatly facilitate navigation in these waters, and in a large measure overcome the natural difficulties from ice and snow.

In order that the route would be able to compete with the more southerly channels of communication between this country and Europe, it would be necessary to have a type of freighter capable of carrying from five thousand to ten thousand tons of dead weight, and in the opinion of this Committe, from the evidence adduced, there would be no difficulty in handling so large a vessel on the route, provided it was properly strengthened and protected in the forward part. Of course, heretofore, only vessels of smaller size have been used because ships of larger capacity were not required.

The consensus of opinion was that Hudson Bay remains open all the year through, and that the ice does not extend beyond thirty or forty miles from the shore.

They also agreed that the strait is open for the greater part of the year, and would probably be open all the time except for the ice which comes down late in the autumn.

They state that the evidence regarding the relative merits of Churchill and Nelson was considerably divergent among the different witnesses, as to which should be selected. Churchill was shown by the evidence, as well as by charts, to be an absolutely land-locked harbor, entirely protected from every wind no matter from which quarter it should blow, where a few ships could at all times ride at anchor in perfect security. On the other hand, Nelson had no natural protection from the sea except such as it received by reason of its remoteness from the body of the sea, there being a twenty-mile stretch of shallows betwen it and deep water. They say that a narrow channel bordered by wide shallows connects the proposed harbor of Nelson with the open bay. A large amount of money has already been expended upon the harbor at Nelson, but a large sum is still required before the present plants are completed. They report that there seems to be considerable doubt about, whether or not, even when the proposed plans are completed, the harbor of Nelson will be an entirely safe one against an easterly gale.

It was the opinion of the Committee that the Government would be well adivsed, if, before expending any more money on Nelson, they were to appoint a committee of expert engineers and railway builders to examine the route to Churchill and ascertain what would be the cost and advantage of making Churchill a port and terminus of the Hudson Bay road, rather than Nelson. Of course this refers to the road partly built now from the Pas towards the Bay.

They report that they were unable to get evidence as to whether the cod fish were plentiful in the bay, or not, but that there was no doubt as to the strait; also that all the rivers flowing into the bay teem with fish, and walrus and seal are also found in large numbers in the strait; also that there would be no doubt that if the Hudson Bay route were established, a very large and lucrative fishing industry would be established there.

They also had evidence of recent discoveries, showing that the country surrounding Hudson Bay is highly and richly mineralized, particularly in gold and copper.

Mr. Stefansson, the arctic explorer, gave evidence before the Committee. He stated his firm belief in the possibility of utilizing what had been known as "the barren lands" of the north, and the islands within the arctic circle, in the cultivation of the reindeer, caribou, and musk ox, for the production of meat. He testified to the splendid quality of the flesh of these animals as food for the people, and as to the little cost at which it might be produced. He estimated that the lands of the north which have always been looked upon as worthless could carry at least fifty million head of reindeer and ten million head of musk ox, and that the cost of handling these large numbers would be trifling in comparison with the profit to be made, and highly recommended that the matter be energetically taken up by the Government.

The findings of the Committee upon the evidence before them was as follows:

(1) "That the Hudson Bay route is feasible and will probably in time be profitable.

(2) "That the season of navigation under present conditions is at least four months in length, and may, by reason of improvements in aids to navigation, be considerably increased.

(3) "That in the opinion of this Committee sufficint care was not taken in the selection of Nelson as the terminus of the railway, and that the Government should not make further important expenditures upon this port, without first making a new and thorough examination into the relative merits of Churchill and Nelson as a terminus for the railroad.

(4) "That the waters of the strait and rivers tributary to the bay teem with fish and valuable marine animals, and we believe that the bay is equally well stocked, but there has not yet been sufficient data collected as to the extent of the fisheries of the bay to enable an authoritative statement to be made as to their value.

(5) "That the mines already discovered in the Hudson Bay district are of sufficient number and richness to indicate the existence of great potential mineral wealth.

(6) "Your Committee feel that they cannot too strongly endorse the valuable suggestion of Mr. Stefansson as to the cultivation of the reindeer and musk ox, and would urge upon the Government that the Department of the Interior be empowered to take hold of this matter, earnestly taking advantage of what has been done in this regard by the United States Government."

Extracts from others of those giving evidence are herein given: Mr. E. H. L. Thompson, of the Royal North West Mounted Police, stated that he was stationed at Port Nelson; had been there about three years; knows the country around that port and also Fort Churchill; states that Port Nelson is exposed to all the northerly winds; that the deep hole is situated in the channel about ten miles up the river from the artificial island; says he knows of occasions when hope was abandoned in the bay—that is to say, a steamboat was in the bay and all hope of saving their lives was practically abandoned; they entered Churchill in this gale, and when they entered the harbor after passing the entrance they were in absolutely calm water; states that the entrance is rather more than 1,500 feet wide; never saw harbor in any state of unrest—practically calm, so that a ship can safely ride at anchor.

He says from his knowledge he would say that it is land-locked. He did not think that as many as a dozen ships of two thousand tons each could anchor there; however, from what he had seen there was ample room. Had never heard of any difficulty in getting in or out of Churchill Harbor.

Captain Frederick Anderson, Hydrographic Branch, Department of Naval Service, states as follows:

"I was with the *Minto* in Hudson Bay in 1912. Just to show the difference in seasons—we left Hudson Strait on the 6th of November, and there was not a bit of ice in sight anywhere. We left Port Burwell coming out on the 6th. I had been off north of Mansell Island on the 2nd of November, and there was no ice in sight. We went full speed towards the straights; there was not a bit of ice anywhere; the distance through the straits is about 500 miles.

"We made through the straits ten knots an hour. To see what the conditions were like I made another run at full speed through the straits to the west entrance ,and then came back again to Port Burwell." But this, he admits, was an exceptional season.

Col. Wm. P. Anderson, of the Marine Department, Ottawa, stated that there is nothing to impede the entrance to Churchill from the outside. He says the evidence seems to show that the Hudson Bay is less encumbered than the strait, and that the season is somewhat longer. He bears out what has previously been said: that it does not freeze over, but it freezes out for several miles; he states that with the help of an ice-breaking steamer you can always get through from twelve to fifteen inches of board ice, and that that would lengthen the season at Churchill to about five months. He says, further, that personally he is satisfied that there is going to be quite a large trade in the Hudson Bay itself, independently of the strait, from fish and pulpwood and possibly minerals. His opinion was that snow squalls are more frequent in that country than fogs; says they are not really fogs, but water

chilled by the air; he did not think this would affect navigation when there is much ice; he says from the 1st of August to the 1st of November is the normal period of navigation of the strait, though you might get in a few days after the 1st of November; the season, he says, varies from year to year.

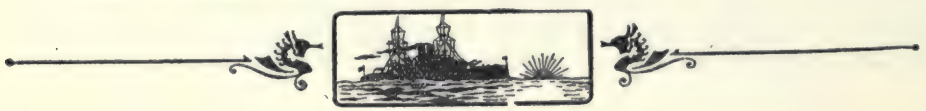
He says aids to navigation would help and that most of the navigation of the straits has been done without any help in giving a man assurance of his location. He thought seaplanes might be of advantage in advising a ship by wireless where the ocean leads were and where the best open water. He said that to establish an aeroplane station on Mansel Island, and wireless aids, would be a valuable assistance during the navigable season. He said he does not attribute much importance to the ice that you will meet at the east end of the strait, that is, the berg ice; that can be dodged. "I have seen a good deal of berg ice conditions in the Strait of Belle Isle and up the Labrador coast, and it is easy to dodge that. It does not close up, and it does not crowd you ashore, or anything of that kind. There would need to be more than one aeroplane station. It would require one at each end of the strait, which is 500 miles long, and would require two or perhaps three aeroplanes. I am sure that an aeroplane would be more suitable than a seaplane."

From the foregoing evidence I think it will be conceded that what I have previously said regarding the navigation of Hudson Bay and Hudson Strait, as well as the harbor of Fort Churchill, is fully borne out.

Enough has been said to warrant the conclusion that we have in the Mackenzie Basin a vast area of agricultural land between the watershed of Hudson Bay and the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, far greater than that watered by both branches of the Saskatchewan; that it embraces a navigable water system also greater than that of the St. Lawrence, including all our great lakes; that these lakes and streams abound with fish, which, owing to the temperature of the water, are of the best quality; that the grasses of the country are everywhere abundant and highly nutritious; that summer droughts are unknown, making it an ideal stock-raising district. Wild fowl, such as geese and ducks of all varieties, flock in vast numbers every summer to their brooding grounds in these northern waters. A fowler's paradise!

Apart altogether from the oil which will probably yet make the district famous, in both this basin and that of the Hudson Bay mineral bearing rocks exist, and already there are unmistakable evidences of the existence of gold, silver, nickel, iron, and copper in various localities.

The question is sometimes asked whether the crop harvested in the Mackenzie basin could reach a trans-Atlantic market before the close of the season. To this I would call attention to the fact that from evidence already quoted the ripening of the grain in the valleys of the Athabaska, Laird and Peace rivers is not later than in the settled portions of the prairie region, and that with the proposed railway in operation on the shorter distance by this route there is no reason why a portion of it at least should not reach European ports within the season of navigation. Further I will ask what proportion of the present prairie crop reaches the same market within the season of its growth. A very large proportion of it is held over in the string of elevators from Calgary to Fort William and at the numerous lake ports to Montreal.



FLAG DAYS FOR CANADIANS

X.—TRAFALGAR DAY. BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR FOUGHT OCTOBER 21st, 1805

BY W. EVERARD EDMONDS

"Nobly, nobly, Cape St. Vincent to the north-west died away—
Bluish, mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay
Here, and here did England help me—
How can I help England, say?"

—Browning

ONLY the youngest of us can fail to realize what this anniversary symbolizes—strict attention to duty, endurance and tenacity, universally acknowledged command of the sea. From the days when Alfred the Great built his long ships to guard the shores of his native land, the Anglo-Saxon race has had its home upon the deep. And now after a thousand years, the sons of the old "Gray Mother" are still the darling children of the sea. To-day the Flag "whose service is freedom" is protected wherever it flies by the great fleet whose spirit is revealed in the noble prayer, authorized for daily use in the Britsih Navy: "That we may be a safeguard unto our most gracious Sovereign Lord and His Dominions, and a security for such as pass on the seas on their lawful occasions".

What a safeguard the Fleet was to us in the Great War we all know. "Thank God and the British Navy for my breakfast!" was, indeed, a form of grace for the use of children in the United Kingdom. "From the first day of the war," said a writer in *The Times,* "the British fleet gained such absolute control of the ocean roads, that the public soon came to take it for granted."

Just think, for a moment, what the Navy was called upon to do during the war. Think of the thousands of transport ships carrying men and food to England and France. Think of the trawlers and minesweepers working day and night round the British Isles. Think of the flotillas of destroyers and submarines patrolling the Channel and the northern seas. Think of the great dreadnaughts and battle cruisers watching and waiting for the German fleet to appear. "There are seven, and only seven functions," said the First Lord of the Admiralty, "which a fleet can perform; all these functions were successfully performed by the British Fleet."

Yet, though our naval traditions stretch back from the Great War to the reign of Alfred the Great, no battle ever fought on the high seas stirs the blood like the story of Trafalgar. The reason for this is obvious. Never was Britain in greater peril, and never was there a naval victory more momentous. For three years, the French Emperor, Napoleon, had been perfecting his plans for the invasion of England. At Boulogne he had 160,000 picked soldiers all equipped for the task of conquest. To get this army across the Channel more than two thousand boats were built, each capable of carrying a hun-

dred men. The soldiers were drilled daily so that the advance guard of 25,000 men could embark in one hour and disembark in the same time. All that was needed was a strong fleet which could hold Nelson while the flotilla was crossing. Within four days after landing the ambitious Corsican hoped to disband the Government, overturn the Throne, and make England a part of his new established Empire. "Let us be masters of the Straits for six hours," said Napoleon, "and we shall be masters of the world." Only Nelson and the British Fleet stood between him and the attainment of his towering ambition.

The story of the manœuvres leading up to the victory we commemorate on October 21st, is well worth recalling, even after the lapse of more than a century. Admiral Villeneuve, with the French and Spanish fleets, had thirty-three ships; Nelson had twenty-seven. The French ships lay in the form of a crescent; the English attacked in two straight lines, Nelson having raised aloft his famous signal: "England expects that every man will do his duty." So splendidly was duty done by the British captains and crews that eighteen of the enemy's ships were captured, the rest fled or were destroyed. England had been saved in her hour of peril by the great Admiral who died happy in the consciousness of victory, whispering with his latest breath: "Now I am satisfied. Thank God I have done my duty."

Undoubtedly, in the long roll of British sea-captains, no other has been so beloved as Nelson. Nor is this surprising, for he ruled men by the spirit he inspired. In the Battle of Copenhagen, when his superior officer hoisted the signal to "leave off action". Nelson, on being told of the message, put the telescope to his blind eye and said: "I really do not see the signal! Keep mine for closer battle flying! Nail mine to the mast!"

Yet though it was his custom to pursue the enemy relentlessly he was always chivalrous, and never failed to send boats to the relief of the drowning. He looked after the welfare of the humblest of his subordinates as readily as the interests of his captains, and was always the first to visit the wounded in hospital. At Trafalgar he realized that his own wound was fatal and insisted on the surgeon leaving him in order to attend to others.

No wonder that he is still the sailor's patron saint. To this day the neatly tied black ribbon worn under the open sailor collar of every British blue-jacket is a reminder of the great admiral, at whose funeral it was first worn in 1806, when his mortal remains were reverently laid to rest under the lofty dome of St. Paul's Cathedral.

The great Nelson has passed from earth, but his dauntless spirit still lives in the men who man our steel-clad ships to-day. The *Vindictive* ranks with the *Victory*, and the heroes of Ostend and Zeebrugge are in the same class with those who fought at Trafalgar. May we catch something of their spirit on this great anniversary and learn, like them, that "the path of Duty is the way to Glory".

CANADA'S OLDEST TRUST COMPANY

BY JOHN COWAN

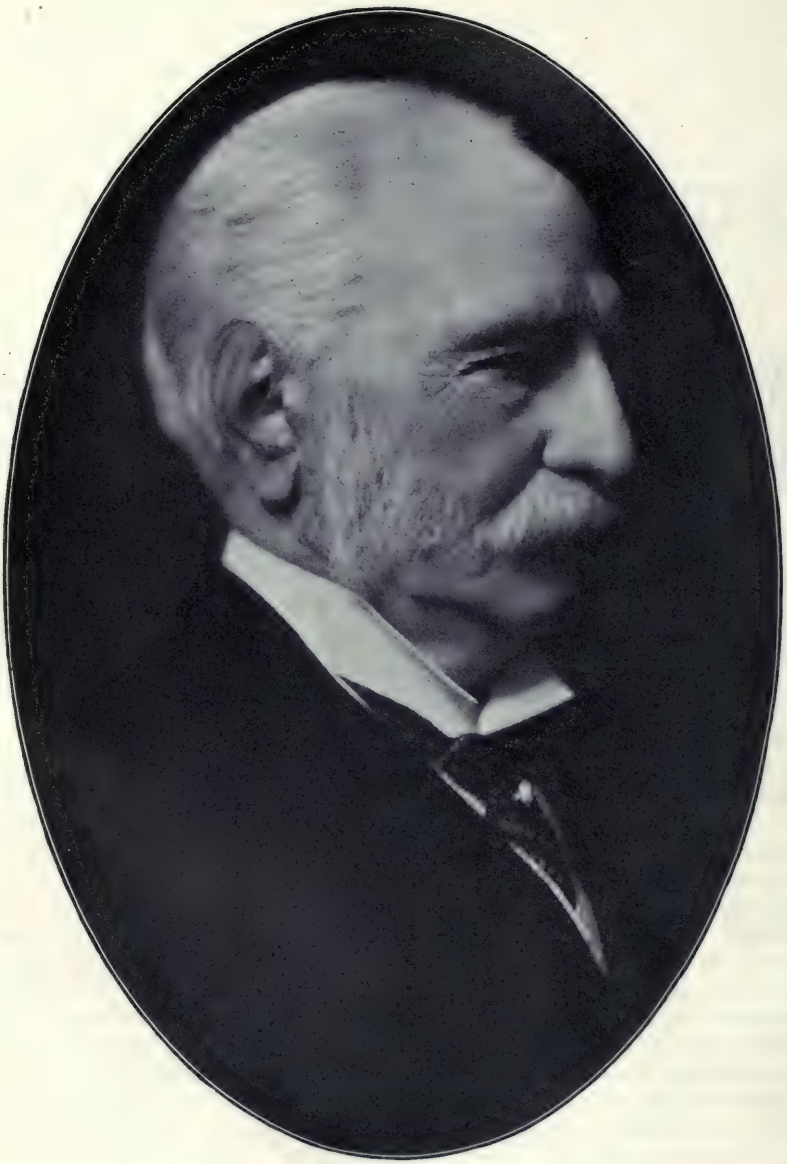
AMONG the many financial institutions in the country there are few whose transactions touch life at so many points as the modern trust company. Organized primarily for the administration of the estates of deceased persons it is brought into the most confidential relationships with all sorts and classes of people in all kinds of transactions.

When we pick up our newspapers and see an item about the will and property of some well-known member of the community who has died and appointed a trust company to administer his estate, we forget that, comparatively speaking, trust companies are a fairly modern institution in the business life of Canada. Indeed it is only forty years ago since the first trust company made its appearance in Canada, viz., the Toronto General Trust Company, and fifty years before that time since the first trust company was established in the United States.

Entrance Head Office.

Whilst trust companies are among the later arrivals in the financial field, they had their origin in a picturesque period in the history of our great Empire—in the palmy days of the East India Company. When this great Anglo-Indian trading company was at the zenith of its career, Agency Houses were established at various centres of population in India to transact business as trustees for individuals or as agents or attorneys to receive money on deposit and to administer estates. The success of these Houses attracted the attention of business men in the United States. Certain insurance and loan companies doing business there added to their operations the performance of similar functions.

With the rapid development of business in the United States as a consequence of the great industrial revolution, the application of scientific methods to manufacturing processes and the growth of the factory system, business relationships became more complex and presented a wide



J. W. LANGMUIR,
Founder of Canada's Oldest Trust Company.

field for the operation of trust companies as a fiduciary or agent in handling of financial matters. In time their operations covered a wide range of business, including the management of property, either as trustee or executor under wills or trusts made in the lifetime of the owner, registrar of bond issues, agents for the transfer of stock, trustee for the issue of stocks or bonds, mortgages, deeds of trust, marriage settlements, etc., real estate agency, investment agency attorney, maintaining safe deposit and storage vaults, etc.

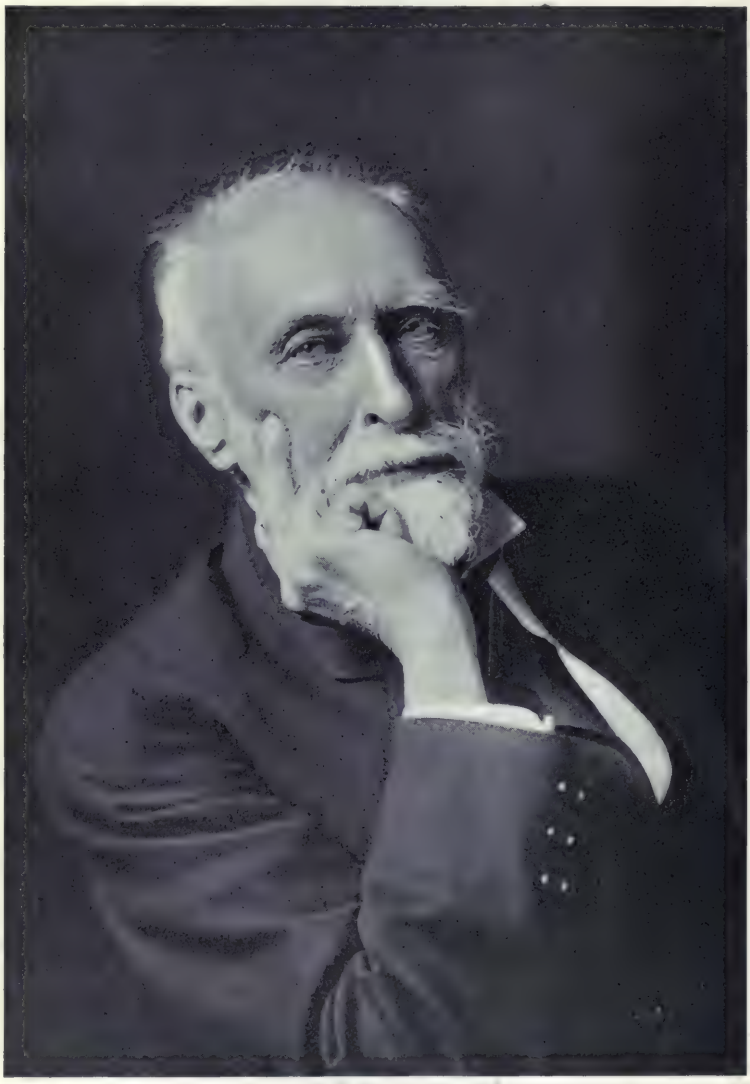
In Canada there was one man who was making a close observation of this wonderful development of the trust company business in the United States. This was J. W. Langmuir, then Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities for the Province of Ontario. With a full appreciation of the value of trust company service and of the success which had attended their operation in the United States he was fully convinced that there existed in Canada a good field for such an institution. With an enthusiasm that was characteristic of the man, he interested a group of promiment business men in Toronto in the subject and in the spring of 1882 organized the first Canadian trust company known as the Toronto General Trusts Company. This organization was affected in pursuance of the provisions of an Act which had been passed by the Ontario Legislature ten years previously. Premises were secured at Nos. 27-29 Wellington Street East, Toronto, and here on February 3rd, 1882, the new company opened its office for business.

Success attended the operations of the young company from the beginning. The first annual meeting of the shareholders was held at its offices on May 21st, 1883. The statement submitted that day to the interested shareholders showed that the total amount of funds dealt with during the year including the assets of trust estates and agencies and the paid-up capital of $28,000 had amounted to almost three-quarters of a million dollars, whilst the commissions during this first year amounted to $8,488.72—a good beginning surely.

During the second year of its operations the subscribed capital of the corporation was increased to half a million dollars and the paid up capital to fifty thousand dollars. The total amount of assets dealt with during the second year, including the paid-up capital, amounted to over one million dollars. By the end of 1892 the total amount of business taken over by the company during the first ten years of its existence amounted to over five and one-half millions.

The first president of the Company was a figure well known in the public life of Canada, viz., Honorable Edward Blake. Associated with him as Vice-President was the late E. A. Meredith, LL.D., member of a family well known in legal and financial circles, whilst the directorate included such names as Hon. William C. McMaster, Hon. Alexander Morris, afterwards Lieut. Governor of Manitoba, Sir Aemilius Irving, K.C., J. G. Scott, K.C., Senator J. K. Kerr, Hon. James MacLennan, Q.C., and William, now Sir William, Mulock. Of the eighteen original directors only one survivor remains on the Board to-day, J. G. Scott, K.C., who is now enjoying a well-earned rest after a long life of faithful service to the Province of Ontario

In 1899 an Act was passed by the Ontario Legislature to amalgamate the Toronto General Trusts Company with the Trusts Corporation of Ontario which had been conducting a similar business since 1889. The Company formed from this union was called The Toronto General Trusts Corporation. During the first year after the amalgamation it assumed new



HON. FEATHERSTON OSLER, K.C., D.C.L.,
President.

trust and agency business to the value over four million dollars.

In 1902 the Directors concluded that it would be well to extend the business of the company to the Province of Manitoba where rapid development had taken place. The business of the Winnipeg General Trusts Company, with the offices in Winnipeg was therefore acquired and a local advisory board appointed for the guidance of the affairs of that branch. Business at Winnipeg is now carried on in the handsome offices of the Corporation's own building near the corner of Main Street and Portage Avenue, under the charge of Mr. John Paton, the Manager. The present local Advisory Board consists of Hon. Sir Daniel H. McMillan, K.C.M.G., Chairman, W. H. Cross, Esq., H. H. Smith, Esq., Frederick T. Griffin, Esq., and Frank L. Patton, Esq.

Further developments took place in 1903 when an Ordinance was passed to permit the Corporation to carry on business in the North-West Territories. This was the beginning of what is now an active branch at Saskatoon, carried on under the management of Mr. F. G. Lewin. In the same year a branch of the Corporation was opened at Ottawa through the acquisition of the assets of the Ottawa Trust and Deposit Company, which had been carrying on business at the capital for about five yeras. The Ottawa branch is located in the heart of the business section of the city at the corner of Elgin and Sparks Streets, with Mr. James Davey as manager. On the local Advisory Board at the Capital is W. D. Hogg, Esq., K.C., Chairman, Sir George Burn, Nelson D. Porter, Esq., Alexander Maclaren, Esq., and C. Jackson Booth, Esq.

In 1905 the Corporation was authorized to do business in British Columbia which resulted in the Vancouver Branch now carrying on business in the Corporation's Building at the corner of Seymour and Pender Streets. Mr. H. M. Forbes, formerly of the Head Office staff, is manager at Vancouver, and has the counsel and guidance of a local Advisory Board consisting of A. H. McNeill, Esq., K.C., Eric W. Hamber, Esq., F. B. Pemberton, Esq., and R. P. Butchart, Esq.

Behind all the varied transactions and accounting systems of a Trust Company, a great volume of business is transacted of which no written record can be kept, business in which the human element plays a large part. In whatever business men engage, there, at the death of the owner who has named it as the executor and trustee of his will, the trust company will be found taking care of the interests of the deceased, making arrangements to carry on his business meanwhile, supervising the management and in time realizing his estate for the genefit of his family and other beneficiaries in his will.

When the trust company officer comes into his office in the morning, therefore, he may have little idea of the kind of work he will be called upon to perform in the course of the day. The morning mail may announce the death of the owner of any kind of business which means that arrangements have to be made at once for the protection of the business. During the last few years the officers of the Toronto General Trusts Corporation have operated lumber mills, piano factories, fox farms, summer hotels, wholesale liquor business, factories of every kind, wind up the affairs of doctor, lawyer and judge, managed grain elevators, saw mills, etc.

A tour of inspection over a trust company office reveals many sides of business life and human relationships. In the loan manager's office may be found a young business man arranging a mortgage over his home. In the real estate department parties may be found paying their rents or

arranging for the sale or purchase of property; particulars will also be found here of all classes of property for sale from the humble rough-cast cottage to the large residential property whose grounds have been laid out by a landscape gardener, these being the assets of an estate and also information regarding all kinds of farms for sale in various parts of the country.

In the mortgage department someone will be found paying interest on or arranging for the extension of a mortgage.

In the office of an estate manager a widow may be found having her income tax form filled out or a prominent business man discussing the terms of his will and receiving useful advice as to the provisions he should make for the protection of his wife and family. In another office may be found a widowed mother seeking counsel as to the business career for her son who has just reached his majority. The trust company officer has also frequently to attend the Courts when the accounts of an estate or trust are being audited before the Judge or other Court officer, to attend meetings of creditors or shareholders when the interests of his clients are affected to check up books in certain businesses in order that some particular estate or trust may receive the full amount to which it is entitled, and generally to carefully safeguard the interest of clients at every turn.

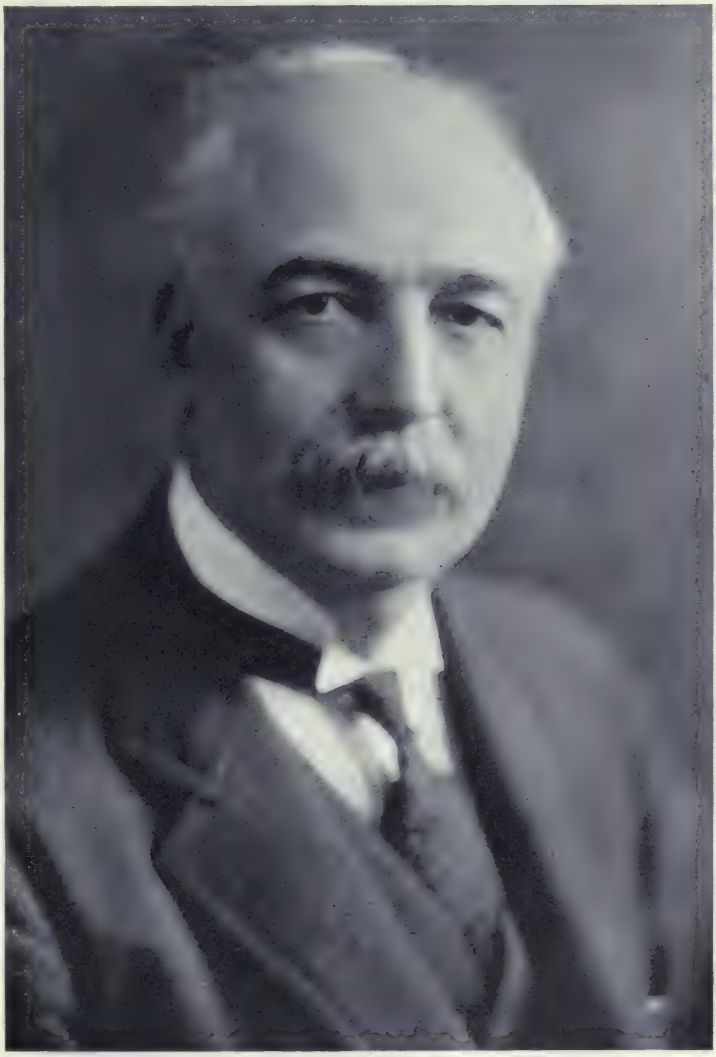
Amidst all transactions carried on and despite the change in the personnel of the directorate since it was organized in 1882, the policy of The Toronto General Trusts Corporation has remained the same throughout the years, viz., to confine the investment of its trust funds to such investments as are authorized by law unless otherwise directed by the will or instrument under which it acts and to be equally careful to see that the guaranteed funds under its control as well as its own capital and reserve funds are equally well and securely invested. It has also refrained from engaging in the business of banking in any way.

A most important feature in the organization of The Toronto General Trusts Corporation is the Inspection Committee, a Committee of three members of the Board of Directors, whose business it is to become cognizant of every Act of the Board of Directors as recorded in the minute book; to see that every mortgage and debenture that has been acquired by Order of the Board, in order that it may ascertain whether the conditions under which the same were authorized have been carried out, and finally, to see that such securities are registered or earmarked in the books of the Corporation as the property of the estate to which they belong.

A prominent Canadian banker some time ago stated with reference to the work of this Inspection Committee that he did not know of any company where the work was supervised as it was in this Corporation. He stated that he knew something of the management of banking institutions, but that this system was a better one than he had seen attempted elsewhere.

One of the most popular misconceptions regarding trust companies is with regard to the cost of their services. Many people recognize the advantage of an estate being managed by an experienced corporate trustee rather than by an inexperienced private individual, but hesitate to place their affairs in its hands on account of the cost. They imagine that their charges are high and that it will cost their estate less to name a private party as their executor and trustee.

What, however, are the facts, how are these charges fixed, and who fixes them? A trust company's charges for the management of an estate are fixed



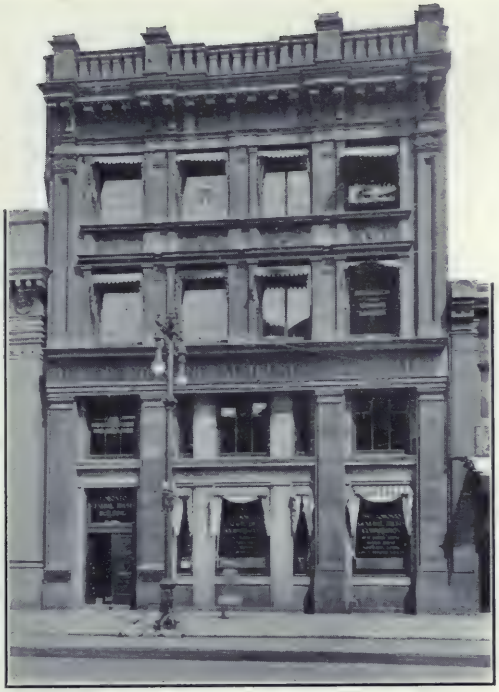
MR. A. D. LANGMUIR,
General Manager.

by the Surrogate or Supreme Courts when their accounts are being audited before these Courts. The compensation then allowed is based on the amount handled, being a small percentage on Capital and Revenue Funds, and the Court does not allow to a trust company any more than it does to a private individual for similar services. Indeed the amount allowed is frequently less on account of economies in the administration effected by the trust company.

When, therefore, the advantages of having an estate administered by a trust company are fully considered—that it is specially organized for this work, and has long experience in it, that it is financially responsible and does not die—it will be readily seen that trust company service really costs less in the end.

After thirty-two years of faithful work in the service of the Corporation during which he suggested many of the safeguards to be found on our Statute Book for the protection of the public and trust companies alike, Mr. J. W. Langmuir retired in 1914 from the office of Vice-President and General Manager, and was succeeded in the management by Mr. A. D. Langmuir who had been associated with him in this work since the beginning. At the same time, Mr. W. G. Watson, who had been connected with the Corporation during the greater part of its history, and who had filled the position of Secretary for some years became the Assistant General Mana-

Ottawa Office.



Winnipeg Office.

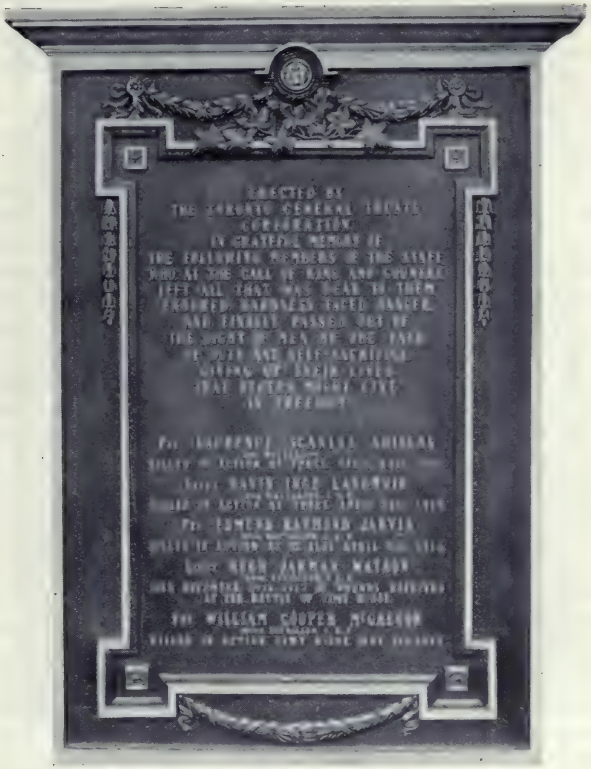
ger. The President of the Corporation is the Honorable Featherston Osler, D.C.L., formerly a Judge of the Court of Appeal of Ontario, whose advice and counsel is available at all times to the legal profession, and to the Corporation's officers, on questions involving points of law arising out of the management of estates. Further assistance in the management of estates is afforded the officers by the Board of Directors, which meets at the Head Office to deal with matters of importance, and by the local Advisory Boards of Ottawa, Winnipeg, and Vancouver, which meet at regular intervals and co-operate with the local managers.

The directorate of the Corporation to-day comprises as it has always comprised since it was established, men prominent in the business life of Canada, leaders in the commercial and financial life of the Dominion. They meet weekly for the transaction of business, and all matters of importance affecting the interests of estate receive the benefit of their judgment. Included in the Directorate are: President, Hon. Featherston Osler, K.C., D.C.L.; Vice-Presidents, Hamilton Cassels, K.C., LL.D., Director North American Life Assurance Company; Major-General Sir John M. Gibson, K.C.M.G., K.C., LL.D., Director The Canadian Bank of Commerce, Canada Life Assurance Co., etc; J. G. Scott, K.C., Former Master of Titles; Wellington Francis, K.C., President Standard Bank, Vice-President Consumers' Gas Co., President Toronto Mortgage Co.; Hon. A. C. Hardy, Senator Dominion of Canada, Director G. T. Fulford Co., Limited; Lieut.-Col. R. W. Leonard, President Coniagas Mines, Limited, Past President Canadian Engineering Institute; J. Bruce Macdonald; Hon. Sir Daniel H.

Interior Winnipeg Office.

McMillan, K.C.M.G., Director The Great-West Life Assurance Company; Lieut.-Col. John F. Michie, President Michie Co., Limited, Toronto, Director Confederation Life Association, Imperial Bank of Canada; Sir Edmund B. Osler, President The Dominion Bank, Director The Canadian Pacific Railway Company, etc.; Sir Edmund Walker, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., President The Canadian Bank of Commerce; Chairman of the Board of Governors University of Toronto; E. C. Whitney, Director Bank of Nova Scotia; E. T. Malone, K.C., Vice-President The Imperial Life Assurance Company of Canada, Director Globe Printing Co., The Central Canada Loan and Savings Company; H. H. Williams, Director Dominion Bank, Imperial Life Assurance Company of Canada; Robert Hobson, President Steel Company of Canada; Thomas Bradshaw, F.I.A., Director Life Assurance Co., General Manager Massey-Harris Co., Limited; Wilmot L. Matthews Director Confederation Life Association, Dominion Bank, etc.; Charles S. Blackwell, Director Dominion Bank, Chairman Board of Trustees, Toronto General Hospital, and A. D. Langmuir, General Manager, The Toronto General Trusts Corporation, President G. T. Fulford Co., Limited. Vice-President, The Homewood Sanitarium of Guelph, Ontario, Limited.

The staff of the Corporation now numbers over one hundred and fifty, and of this number only two have been connected with it since the beginning, viz., Mr. A. D. Langmuir, the present General Manager, and Mr. James Davey, manager of the Ottawa Branch.



Memorial Tablet at Head Office to Members of the Staff who fell in the Great War.

In the Great War over twenty-five per cent. of the staff enlisted for active service, five of whom made the supreme sacrifice.

The year 1915 was marked by the retirement of Mr. J. W. Langmuir, the first General Manager and founder of the Corporation, from the active management owing to advancing years and indifferent health, an event which caused considerable regret to all connected with the Institution. In his last address to the shareholders at the annual meeting on February 3rd, 1915, Mr. Langmuir expressed the opinion of all interested when he said, that it was a matter of great satisfaction to all connected with the Corporation last August (on the outbreak of the Great War) and during the following month, to feel that, notwithstanding the acute situation which then arose, owing to the policy which had always prevailed, the Corporation was entirely free from any anxiety whatever as to its financial position or its obligations to any class of its beneficiaries.

In 1919 a milestone in the Corporations' financial history was reached when the total assets under its administration exceeded one hundred millions. In this connection it is interesting to note that the acquisition of the first fifty millions of assets covered a period of thirty years, and that the second fifty millions were acquired in the succeeding seven years. During

the past three years the total new business entrusted to the care of the Corporation exceeds fifty-five million dollars.

As might be expected the Corporation has acquired at various intervals, larger offices for its ever expanding business. For some years it carried on business at the corner of Yonge and Colborne Streets, but, about 1912 the question of securing larger premises again became acute. A site at the northeast corner of Bay and Melinda Strets was accordingly acquired and on it the present handsome head office building erected. In the basement of this building is one of the most up-to-date safe deposit and storage vaults in the country. The safe deposit vault alone contains over 3,000 boxes, which are being rapidly rented.

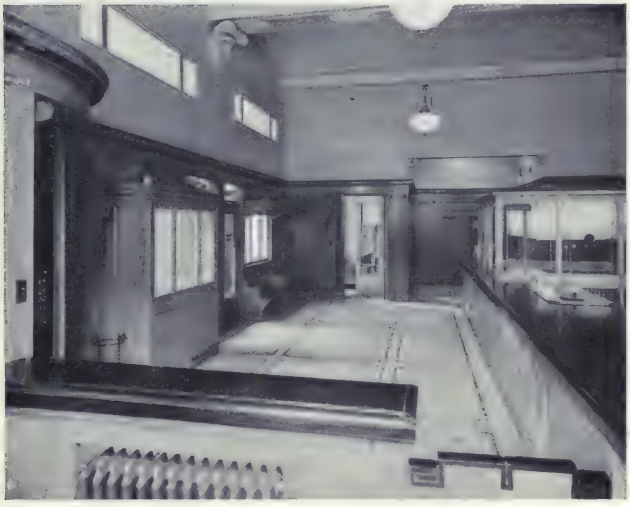
No better evidence could be obtained of the increasing confidence of the general public in the administration of estates by a corporate trustee rather than an individual than is shown in the greatly increasing volume of business entrusted to the Corporation during the past forty years, as follows:

For Ten Years ending 1892....	$ 9,111,896
For Ten Years ending 1901....	28,098,895
For Ten Years ending 1911....	43,781,191
For Ten Years ending 1921....	124,203,902

At the fortieth annual meting of the Corporation held at the Head Office on February 1st of this year, the character of the Corporation's business was clearly set forth by one who for many years has had an intimate knowledge of it, namely Major-General Sir John M. Gibson, K.C.M.G. In the course of an address seconding the motion for the adoption of the annual report, Sir John spoke as follows: "You are interested here in a thoroughly genuine and legitimate Trust Company. There are trust companies and trust companies, and some are called trust companies to make use of a name that will attract business and at the same time carry on a business which does not come strictly within the law, and do not confine themselves in their operations to the business which comes strictly within the meaning of the word 'trust'. This leads me to think back a number of years when I was a junior member of the Government, of which Mr. Mowat was

Vault in Winnipeg Office.

Doorway, Vancouver Office.



Interior Vancouver Office.

Head Office and Safety Deposit Vaults.

the Premier, as Provincial Secretary of that Government when this company was the only Trust Company in the country. Sir Oliver Mowat was always accused of being very conservative in many ways. He was strongly impressed with the necessity of not allowing trust companies to grow up like mushrooms but that they should only be allowed to increase in number as the growth in wealth and the development of the Province warranted it.

"Now the object I had in making these remarks at all was to call your attention to the fact that this is a genuine, absolutely genuine trust company. I have not seen, since I have been connected with it, the first item or the first trace of anything of a suspicious nature—nothing that savored of speculation or making blocks of money by special means. The fact that this Corporation's business is so genuinely that of a trust company is becoming pretty well known throughout the country and this accounts for the fact that so many are naming it to administer their estates. The confidence of the community throughout the country, step by step, grows as rapidly as its business and the character of its business becomes known."

Financial Agents. 33 King-street East, where
THE TORONTO GENERAL TRUSTS COMPANY.
27 and 29 Wellington-street East.
Trust Funds to Loan on Mortgage
$250,000 AT 6 PER CENT.
J. W. LANGMUIR,
MANAGER.
MONTREAL TELEGRAPH

First Advertisement to Appear of a Canadian Trust Company, in April, 1882.

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